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WINTER STUDIES

AND

SUMMER RAMBLES

IN CANADA.

BY MRS. JAMESON,

AUTHOR OF

"CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," "FEMALE SOVEREIGNS,"
&c., &c.

Leid und Kunst, und Scherz.
RAHEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SUMMER RAMBLES

IN CANADA.

——————— You shall
Go forth upon your arduous task alone,
None shall assist you, none partake your toil,
None share your triumph! still you must retain
Some one to trust your glory to—to share
Your rapture with.

PARACELSUS.

Port Talbot, July 10.

"MAN is, properly speaking, based upon hope. He has no other possession but hope. This world of his is emphatically the place of hope:"* and more emphatically than of any other spot on the face of the globe, it is true of this new world of ours, in which I am now a traveller and a sojourner. This is the land of hope, of faith, ay, and of charity, for a man who hath not all three had better not come here; with them he may, by strength of his own right hand and trusting heart, achieve miracles: witness Colonel Talbot.

Of the four days in which I have gone wandering and wondering up and down, let me now tell you something—*all* I cannot tell you; for the information I have gained, and the reflections and feelings

* *Vide* Sartor Resartus.

which have passed through my mind, would fill a volume—and I have little time for scribbling.

And first of Colonel Talbot himself. This remarkable man is now about sixty-five, perhaps more, but he does not look so much. In spite of his rustic dress, his good-humoured, jovial, weather-beaten face, and the primitive simplicity, not to say rudeness, of his dwelling, he has in his features, air, and deportment, that *something* which stamps him gentleman. And that *something* which thirty-four years of solitude has not effaced, he derives, I suppose, from blood and birth, things of more consequence, when philosophically and philanthropically considered, than we are apt to allow. He must have been very handsome when young; his resemblance now to our royal family, particularly to the King, (William the Fourth,) is so very striking as to be something next to identity. Good-natured people have set themselves to account for this wonderful likeness in various ways, possible and impossible; but after a rigid comparison of dates and ages, and assuming all that latitude which scandal usually allows herself in these matters, it remains unaccountable, unless we suppose that the Talbots have, *par la grace de Dieu*, a family knack at resembling kings. You may remember that the extraordinary resemblance which his ancestor Dick Talbot, (Duke of Tyrconnel,) bore to Louis the Fourteenth, gave occasion to the happiest and most memorable repartee ever recorded in the chronicle of wit.*

* As it is just possible that the reader may not have met with this anecdote, it is here repeated—perhaps for the thousandth

Colonel Talbot came out to Upper Canada as aide-de-camp to Governor Simcoe in 1793, and accompanied the governor on the first expedition he made to survey the western district, in search (as it was said) of an eligible site for the new capital he was then projecting. At this time the whole of the beautiful and fertile region situated between the lakes was a vast wilderness. It contained not one white settler, except along the borders, and on the coast opposite to Detroit: a few wandering tribes of Hurons and Chippewas, and the Six Nations settled on Grand River, were its only inhabitants.

It was then that the idea of founding a colony took possession of Col. Talbot's mind, and became the ruling passion and sole interest of his future life. For this *singular* project, wise people have set themselves to account much in the same manner as for his likeness to William the Fourth. That a man of noble birth, high in the army, young and handsome, and eminently qualified to shine in society, should voluntarily banish himself from all intercourse with the civilized world, and submit, not for a temporary frolic, but for long tedious years, to the most horrible privations of every kind, appeared too incomprehensible to be attributed to any of the ordinary motives and feelings of a reasonable human being; so

time: When Richard Talbot was sent ambassador to France, the king, struck by that likeness to himself which had excited the attention of his courtiers, addressed him on some occasion, "M. l'Ambassadeur, est-ce que madame votre mère a jamais été dans la cour du Roi mon père?" Talbot replied with a low bow, "Non, sire—mais mon père y était!"

they charitably set it down to motives and feelings very extraordinary indeed,—and then "they looked the lie they dared not speak." Others went no farther than to insinuate or assert that early in life he had met with a disappointment in love, which had turned his brain. I had always heard and read of him, as the "eccentric" Colonel Talbot. Of his eccentricity I heard much more than of his benevolence, his invincible courage, his enthusiasm, his perseverance; but perhaps, according to the worldly nomenclature, these qualities come under the general head of "eccentricity," when devotion to a favourite object cannot possibly be referred to self-interest.

On his return to England, he asked and obtained a grant of 100,000 acres of land along the shores of Lake Erie, on condition of placing a settler on every two hundred acres. He came out again in 1802, and took possession of his domain, in the heart of the wilderness. Of the life he led for the first sixteen years, and the difficulties and obstacles he encountered, he drew, in his discourse with me, a strong, I might say a *terrible*, picture: and observe that it was not a life of wild wandering freedom—the life of an Indian hunter, which is said to be so fascinating that "no man who has ever followed it for any length of time, *ever* voluntarily returns to civilized society!"* Col. Talbot's life has been one of persevering, heroic self-devotion to the completion of a magnificent plan, laid down in the first instance, and followed up with unflinching tenacity of pur-

* Dr. Dunlop.

pose. For sixteen years he saw scarce a human being, except the few boors and blacks employed in clearing and logging his land: he himself assumed the blanket-coat and axe, slept upon the bare earth, cooked three meals a day for twenty woodsmen, cleaned his own boots, washed his own linen, milked his cows, churned the butter, and made and baked the bread. In this latter branch of household economy he became very expert, and still piques himself on it.

To all these heterogeneous functions of sowing and reaping, felling and planting, frying, boiling, washing, wringing, brewing, and baking, he added another, even more extraordinary;—for many years he solemnized all the marriages in his district!

While Europe was converted into a vast battle-field, an arena

> "Where distract ambition compassed
> And was encompass'd,"

and his brothers in arms, the young men who had begun the career of life with him, were reaping bloody laurels, to be gazetted in the list of killed and wounded, as heroes—then forgotten;—Col. Talbot, a true hero after another fashion, was encountering, amid the forest solitude, uncheered by sympathy, unbribed by fame, enemies far more formidable, and earning a far purer, as well as a more real and lasting immortality.

Besides natural obstacles, he met with others far more trying to his temper and patience. His continual quarrels with the successive governors, who were jealous of the independent power he exercised

in his own territory, are humorously alluded to by Dr. Dunlop.

"After fifteen years of unremitting labour and privation," says the Doctor, "it became so notorious in the province, that even the executive government at Toronto became aware that there was such a place as the Talbot Settlement, where roads were cut and farms in progress; and hereupon they rejoiced—for it held out to them just what they had long felt the want of, a well-settled, opened, and cultivated country, wherein to obtain estates for themselves, their children, born and unborn, and their whole kith, kin, and allies. When this idea, so creditable to the paternal feelings of these worthy gentlemen, was intimated to the Colonel, he could not be brought to see the fitness of things in an arrangement which would confer on the next generation, or the next again, the fruits of the labour of the present; and accordingly, though his answer to the proposal was not couched in terms quite so diplomatic as might have been wished, it was brief, soldier-like, and not easily capable of misconstruction; it was in these words—"I'll be d—d if you get one foot of land here;" and thereupon the parties joined issue.

"On this, war was declared against him by his Excellency in council, and every means were used to annoy him here, and misrepresent his proceedings at home; but he stood firm, and by an occasional visit to the colonial office in England, he opened the eyes of ministers to the proceedings of both parties, and for a while averted the danger. At length, some

five years ago, finding the enemy was getting too strong for him, he repaired once more to England, and returned in triumph with an order from the Colonial Office, that nobody was in any way to interfere with his proceedings; and he has now the pleasure of contemplating some hundreds of miles of the best roads in the province, closely settled on each side by the most prosperous farmers within its bounds, who owe all they possess to his judgment, enthusiasm, and perseverance, and who are grateful to him in proportion to the benefits he has bestowed upon them, though in many instances sorely against their will at the time."

The original grant must have been much extended, for the territory now under Colonel Talbot's management, and bearing the general name of the Talbot Country, contains, according to the list I have in his own handwriting, twenty-eight townships, and about 650,000 acres of land, of which 98,700 are cleared and cultivated. The inhabitants, including the population of the towns, amount to about 50,000. "You see," said he gaily, "I may boast, like the Irishman in the farce, of having peopled a whole country with my own hands."

He has built his house, like the eagle his eyry, on a bold high cliff overhanging the lake. On the east there is a precipitous descent into a wild woody ravine, along the bottom of which winds a gentle stream, till it steals into the lake: this stream is in winter a raging torrent. The storms and the gradual action of the waves have detached large portions of the cliff in front of the house, and with them

huge trees. Along the lake-shore I found trunks and roots of trees half buried in the sand, or half overflowed with water, which I often mistook for rocks. I remember one large tree, which, in falling headlong, still remained suspended by its long and strong fibres to the cliff above; its position was now reversed—the top hung downwards, shivered and denuded: the large spread root, upturned, formed a platform, on which new earth had accumulated, and a new vegetation sprung forth, of flowers, and bushes, and sucklings. Altogether it was a most picturesque and curious object.

Lake Erie, as the geography book says, is two hundred and eighty miles long, and here, at Port Talbot, which is near the centre, about seventy miles across. The Colonel tells me that it has been more than once frozen over from side to side, but I do not see how this fact could be ascertained, as no one has been known to cross to the opposite shore on the ice. It is true that more ice accumulates in this lake than in any other of the great lakes, by reason of its shallowness; it can be sounded through its whole extent, while the other lakes are found in some parts unfathomable.

But to return to the chateau: it is a long wooden building, chiefly of rough logs, with a covered porch running along the south side. Here I found suspended, among sundry implements of husbandry, one of those ferocious animals of the feline kind, called here the cat-a-mountain, and by some the American tiger, or panther, which it more resembles. This one, which had been killed in its attack on the fold

or poultry-yard, was at least four feet in length, and glared on me from the rafters above, ghastly and horrible. The interior of the house contains several comfortable lodging-rooms; and one really handsome one, the dining room. There is a large kitchen with a tremendously hospitable chimney, and underground are cellars for storing wine, milk and provisions. Around the house stands a vast variety of outbuildings, of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and disposed without the slighest regard to order or symmetry. One of these is the very log-hut which the Colonel erected for shelter when he first "sat down in the bush," four-and-thirty years ago, and which he is naturally unwilling to remove. Many of these outbuildings are to shelter the geese and poultry, of which he rears an innumerable quantity. Beyond these is the cliff, looking over the wide blue lake, on which I have counted six schooners at a time with their white sails; on the left is Port Stanley. Behind the house lies an open tract of land, prettily broken and varied, where large flocks of sheep and cattle were feeding—the whole enclosed by beautiful and luxuriant woods, through which runs the little creek or river abovementioned.

The farm consists of six hundred acres: but as the Colonel is not quite so active as he used to be, and does not employ a bailiff or overseer, the management is said to be slovenly, and not so productive as it might be.

He has sixteen acres of orchard-ground, in which he has planted and reared with success all the common European fruits, as apples, pears, plums, cher-

ries, in abundance; but what delighted me beyond everything else, was a garden of more than two acres, very neatly laid out and enclosed, and in which he evidently took exceeding pride and pleasure; it was the first thing he showed me after my arrival. It abounds in roses of different kinds, the cuttings of which he had brought himself from England in the few visits he had made there. Of these he gathered the most beautiful buds, and presented them to me with such an air as might have become Dick Talbot presenting a bouquet to Miss Jennings.* We then sat down on a pretty seat under a tree, where he told me he often came to meditate. He described the appearance of the spot when he first came here, as contrasted with its present appearance, or we discussed the exploits of some of his celebrated and gallant ancestors, with whom my acquaintance was (luckily) almost as intimate as his own. Family and aristocratic pride I found a prominent feature in the character of this remarkable man. A Talbot of Malahide, of a family representing the same barony from father to son for six hundred years, he set, not unreasonably, a high value on his noble and unstained lineage; and, in his lonely position, the simplicity of his life and manners lent to these lofty and not unreal pretensions a kind of poetical dignity.

I told him of the surmises of the people relative

* Dick Talbot married Frances Jennings—*la belle Jennings* of De Grammont's Memoirs, and elder sister of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough.

to his early life and his motives for emigrating, at which he laughed.

"Charlevoix," said he, "was, I believe, the true cause of my coming to this place. You know he calls this the 'Paradise of the Hurons.' Now I was resolved to get to paradise by hook or by crook, and so I came here."

He added, more seriously, "I have accomplished what I resolved to do—it is done. But I would not, if any one was to offer me the universe, go through again the *horrors* I have undergone in forming this settlement. But do not imagine I repent it; I like my retirement."

He then broke out against the follies and falsehoods and restrictions of artificial life, in bitter and scornful terms; no ascetic monk or *radical* philosopher could have been more eloquently indignant.

I said it was granted to few to live a life of such complete retirement, and at the same time such general utility; in flying from the world he had benefitted it: and I added, that I was glad to see him so happy.

"Why, yes, I'm very happy here"—and then the old man sighed.

I understood that sigh, and in my heart echoed it. No, "it is not good for man to be alone;" and this law, which the Father of all life pronounced himself at man's creation, was never yet violated with impunity. Never yet was the human being withdrawn from, or elevated above, the social wants and sympathies of his human nature, without paying a tremendous price for such isolated independence.

With all my admiration for what this extraordinary man has achieved, and the means, the powers, through which he has achieved it, there mingles a feeling of commiseration, which has more than once brought the tears to my eyes while listening to him. He has passed his life in worse than solitude. He will admit no equal in his vicinity. His only intercourse has been with inferiors and dependents, whose servility he despised, and whose resistance enraged him—men whose interests rested on his favour—on his will, from which there was no appeal. Hence despotic habits, and contempt even for those whom he benefitted: hence, with much natural benevolence and generosity, a total disregard, or rather total ignorance, of the feelings of others;—all the disadvantages, in short, of royalty, only on a smaller scale. Now, in his old age, where is to him the solace of age? He has honour, power, obedience; but where are the love, the troops of friends, which also should accompany old age? He is alone—a lonely man. His constitution has suffered by the dreadful toils and privations of his earlier life. His sympathies have had no natural outlet, his affections have wanted their natural food. He suffers, I think; and not being given to general or philosophical reasoning, causes and effects are felt, not known. But he is a great man who has done great things, and the good which he has done will live after him. He has planted, at a terrible sacrifice, an enduring name and fame, and will be commemorated in this "brave new world," this land of hope, as Triptolemus among the Greeks.

For his indifference or dislike to female society, and his determination to have no settler within a certain distance of his own residence, I could easily account when I knew the man; both seemed to me the natural result of certain habits of life acting upon a certain organization. He has a favourite servant, Jeffrey by name, who has served him faithfully for more than five-and-twenty years, ever since he left off cleaning his own shoes and mending his own coat. This honest fellow, not having forsworn female companionship, began to sigh after a wife—

> "A wife! ah! Saint Marie Benedicité,
> How might a man have any adversité
> That hath a wife?"

And, like the good knight in Chaucer, he did

> "Upon his bare knées pray God him to send
> A wife to last unto his life's end."

So one morning he went and took unto himself the woman nearest at hand—one, of whom we must needs suppose that he chose her for her virtues, for most certainly it was not for her attractions. The Colonel swore at him for a fool; but, after a while, Jeffrey, who is a favourite, smuggled his wife into the house; and the Colonel, whose increasing age renders him rather more dependent on household help, seems to endure very patiently this addition to his family, and even the presence of a white-headed

chubby little thing, which I found running about without let or hindrance.

The room into which I first introduced you, with its rough log-walls, is Colonel Talbot's library and hall of audience. On leaving my apartment in the morning, I used to find groups of strange figures lounging round the door, ragged, black-bearded, gaunt, travel-worn and toil-worn emigrants, Irish, Scotch, and American, come to offer themselves as settlers. These he used to call his land-pirates; and curious, and characteristic, and dramatic beyond description, were the scenes which used to take place between this grand bashaw of the wilderness and his hungry, importunate clients and petitioners.

Another thing which gave a singular interest to my conversations with Colonel Talbot, was the sort of indifference with which he regarded all the stirring events of the last thirty years. Dynasties rose and disappeared; kingdoms were passed from hand to hand like wine decanters; battles were lost and won;—he neither knew, nor heard, nor cared. No post, no newspaper brought to his forest-hut the tidings of victory and defeat, of revolutions of empires, "of rumours of unsuccessful and successful war."

When he first took to the bush, Napoleon was consul; when he emerged from his solitude, the tremendous game of ambition had been played out, and Napoleon and his deeds and his dynasty were numbered with the things o'erpast. With the stream of events had flowed by equally unmarked the stream

of mind, thought, literature—the progress of social improvement—the changes in public opinion. Conceive what a gulf between us! but though I could go to him, he could not come to me—my sympathies had the wider range of the two.

The principal foreign and domestic events of his reign are the last American war, in which he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by a detachment of the enemy, who ransacked his house, and drove off his horses and cattle; and a visit which he received some years ago from three young Englishmen of rank and fortune, Lord Stanley, Mr. Stuart Wortley, and Mr. Labouchere, who spent some weeks with him. These events, and his voyages to England, seemed to be the epochs from which he dated. His last trip to England was about three years ago. From these occasional flights he returns like an old eagle to his perch on the cliff, whence he looks down upon the world he has quitted with supreme contempt and indifference, and around on that which he has created, with much self-applause and self-gratulation.

"Alles was Du siehst und so wie Du's siehst,—was Dir das Liebste, das Schrecklichste, das Peinlichste, das Heimlichste, das Verführerischeste ist, das kehre hervor—"

RAHEL.

IT was not till the sixth day of my sojourn at Port Talbot that the good colonel could be persuaded to allow of my departure.

He told me, with good-humoured peremptoriness, that he was the grand autocrat of the forest, and that to presume to order horses, or take any step towards departing, without his express permission, was against "his laws." At last he was so good as to issue his commands—with flattering reluctance, however—that a vehicle should be prepared, and a trusty guide provided; and I bade farewell to this extraordinary man with a mixture of delighted, and grateful, and melancholy feelings not easily to be described, nor ever forgotten.

My next journey was from Port Talbot to Chatham, on the River Thames, whence it was my intention to cross Lake St. Clair to Detroit, and there take my chance of a vessel going up Lake Huron to Michillinachinac. I should, however, advise any future traveller, not limited to any particular time or plan of observation, to take the road along the shore of the lake to Amherstberg and Sandwich, instead of turning off to Chatham. During the first day's journey I was promised a good road, as it lay

through the Talbot settlements; what was to become of me the second day seemed a very doubtful matter.

The best vehicle which the hospitality and influence of Col. Talbot could provide was a farmer's cart, or team, with two stout horses. The bottom of the cart was well filled with clean soft straw, on which my luggage was deposited. A seat was slung for me on straps, and another in front for the driver, who had been selected from among the most respectable settlers in the neighbourhood as a fit guide and protector for a lone woman. The charge for the two days' journey was to be twelve dollars.

As soon as I had a little recovered from the many thoughts and feelings which came over me as we drove down the path from Col. Talbot's house, I turned to take a survey of my driver, and from his physiognomy, his deportment, and the tone of his voice, to divine, if I could, what chance I had of comfort during the next two days. The survey was, on the whole, encouraging, though presenting some inconsistencies I could by no means reconcile. His dress and figure were remarkably neat, though plain and homely; his broad-brimmed straw hat, encircled with a green ribbon, was pulled over his brow, and from beneath it peered two sparkling, intelligent eyes. His accent was decidedly Irish. It was indeed a brogue as "nate and complate" as ever was sent forth from Cork or Kerry; but then his face was not an Irish face; its expression had nothing of the Irish character; the cut of his features and his manner and figure altogether in no respect harmonized with his voice and accent.

After proceeding about three miles, we stopped in

front of a neat farm-house, surrounded with a garden and spacious outbuildings, and forth came a very pretty and modest-looking young woman, with a lovely child in her arms, and leading another by the hand. It was the wife of my driver; and I must confess she did not seem well pleased to have him taken away from her. They evidently parted with reluctance. She gave him many special charges to take care of himself, and commissions to execute by the way. The children were then held up to be kissed heartily by their father, and we drove off. This little family scene interested me, and augured well, I thought, for my own chances of comfort and protection.

When we had jogged and jolted on at a reasonable pace for some time, and I had felt my way sufficiently, I began to make some inquiries into the position and circumstances of my companion. The first few words explained those discrepancies in his features, voice, and appearance, which had struck me.

His grandfather was a Frenchman. His father had married an Irishwoman, and settled in consequence in the south of Ireland. He became, after some changes of fortune, a grazier and cattle-dealer; and having realized a small capital which could not be safely or easily invested in the old country, he had brought out his whole family, and settled his sons on farms in this neighbourhood. Many of the first settlers about this place, generally emigrants of the poorest and lowest description, after clearing a certain portion of the land, gladly disposed of their farms at an advanced price; and thus it is that a

considerable improvement has taken place within these few years by the introduction of settlers of a higher grade, who have purchased half-cleared farms, rather than waste toil and time on the wild land.

My new friend, John B——, had a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, for which, with a log-house and barn upon it, he had paid 800 dollars, (about 200*l.*); he has now one hundred acres of land cleared and laid down in pasture. This is the first instance I have met with in these parts of a grazing farm, the land being almost uniformly arable, and the staple produce of the country, wheat. He told me that he and his brother had applied most advantageously their knowledge of the management and rearing of live stock; he had now thirty cows and eighty sheep. His wife being clever in the dairy, he was enabled to sell a good deal of butter and cheese off his farm, which the neighbourhood of Port Stanley enabled him to ship with advantage. The wolves, he said, were his greatest annoyance; during the last winter they had carried off eight of his sheep and thirteen of his brother's flock, in spite of all their precautions.

The Canadian wolf is about the size of a mastiff, in colour of a dirty yellowish brown, with a black stripe along his back, and a bushy tail of about a foot in length. His habits are those of the European wolf; they are equally bold, "hungry, and gaunt, and grim," equally destructive, ferocious, and troublesome to the farmer. The Canadian wolves hunt in packs, and their perpetual howling during the winter nights has often been described to me as frightful.

The reward given by the magistracy for their destruction (six dollars for each wolf's head) is not enough. In the United States the reward is fifteen and twenty dollars a head, and from their new settlements the wolves are quickly extirpated. *Here*, if they would extend the reward to the Indians, it would be of some advantage; for at present they never think it worth while to expend their powder and shot on an animal whose flesh is uneatable, and the skin of little value; and there can be no doubt that it is the interest of the settlers to get rid of the wolves by all and any means. I have never heard of their destroying a man, but they are the terror of the sheepfold—as the wild cats are of the poultry yard. Bears become scarcer in proportion as the country is cleared, but there are still a great number in the vast tracts of forest land which afford them shelter. These, in the severe winters, advance to the borders of the settlements, and carry off the pigs and young cattle. Deer still abound, and venison is common food in the cottages and farmhouses.

My guide concluded his account of himself by an eloquent and heartfelt eulogium on his wife, to whom, as he assured me, "he owed all his *peace of mind* from the hour he was married!" Few men, I thought, could say the same. *She*, at least, is not to be numbered among the drooping and repining women of Upper Canada; but then she has left no family—no home on the other side of the Atlantic—all her near relations are settled here in the neighbourhood.

The road continued very tolerable during the greater part of this day, running due west, at a dis-

tance of about six or ten miles from the shore of Lake Erie. On either side I met a constant succession of farms partially cleared, and in cultivation, but no village, town, or hamlet. One part of the country through which I passed to-day is settled chiefly by Highlanders, who bring hither all their clannish attachments, and their thrifty, dirty habits—add also their pride and their honesty. We stopped about noon at one of these Highland settlements, to rest the horses and procure refreshments. The house was called Campbell's Inn, and consisted of a log-hut and a cattle-shed. A long pole, stuck into the decayed stump of a tree in front of the hut, served for a sign. The family spoke nothing but Gaelic; a brood of children, ragged, dirty, and without shoes or stockings, (which latter I found hanging against the wall of the best room, as if for a show,) were running about—and all stared upon me with a sort of half-scared, uncouth curiosity, which was quite savage. With some difficulty I made my wants understood, and procured some milk and Indian corn cakes. This family, notwithstanding their wretched appearance, might be considered prosperous. They have a property of two hundred acres of excellent land, of which sixty acres are cleared, and in cultivation: five cows and forty sheep. They have been settled here sixteen years,—had come out destitute, and obtained their land gratis. For them, what a change from abject poverty and want to independence and plenty! But the advantages are all outward; if there be any inward change, it is apparently retrogradation, not advancement.

I know it has been laid down as a principle, that the more and the closer men are congregated together, the more prevalent is vice of every kind; and that an isolated or scattered population is favourable to virtue and simplicity. It may be so, if you are satisfied with negative virtues and the simplicity of ignorance. But here, where a small population is scattered over a wide extent of fruitful country, where there is not a village or a hamlet for twenty or thirty or forty miles together—where there are no manufactories—where there is almost entire equality of condition—where the means of subsistence are abundant—where there is no landed aristocracy—no poor laws, nor poor rates, to grind the souls and the substance of the people between them, till nothing remains but chaff,—to what shall we attribute the gross vices, the profligacy, the stupidity, and basely vulgar habits of a great part of the people, who know not even how to enjoy or to turn to profit the inestimable advantages around them?—And, alas for them! there seems to be no one as yet to take an interest about them, or at least infuse a new spirit into the next generation. In one log-hut in the very heart of the wilderness, where I might well have expected primitive manners and simplicity, I found vulgar finery, vanity, affectation, under the most absurd and disgusting forms, combined with a want of the commonest physical comforts of life, and the total absence of even elementary knowledge. In another I have seen drunkenness, profligacy, stolid indifference to all religion; and in another, the most senseless fanaticism. There are people, I know, who think—who fear, that the advancement of

knowledge and civilization must be the increase of vice and insubordination; who deem that a scattered agricultural population, where there is a sufficiency of daily food for the body; where no schoolmaster interferes to infuse ambition and discontent into the abject, self-satisfied mind; where the labourer reads not, writes not, thinks not—only loves, hates, prays, and toils—that such a state must be a sort of Arcadia. Let them come here!—there is no march of intellect here!—there is no "schoolmaster abroad" here! And what are the consequences? Not the most agreeable to contemplate, believe me.

I passed in these journeys some school-houses built by the wayside: of these, several were shut up for want of schoolmasters; and who that could earn a subsistence in any other way, would be a schoolmaster in the wilds of Upper Canada? Ill fed, ill clothed, ill paid, or not paid at all—boarded at the houses of the different farmers in turn, I found indeed some few men, poor creatures! always either Scotch or Americans, and totally unfit for the office they had undertaken. Of female teachers I found none whatever, except in the towns. Among all the excellent societies in London for the advancement of religion and education, are there none to send missionaries here?—such missionaries as we want, be it understood—not sectarian fanatics. Here, without means of instruction, of social amusement, of healthy and innocent excitements—can we wonder that whiskey and camp-meetings assume their place, and "season toil" which is unseasoned by anything better?

Nothing, believe me, that you may have heard or

read of the frantic disorders of these Methodist love-feasts and camp-meetings in Upper Canada can exceed the truth; and yet it is no less a truth that the Methodists are in most parts the only religious teachers, and that without them the people were utterly abandoned. What then are our church and our government about?* Here, as in the old country, they are quarrelling about the tenets to be inculcated, the means to be used; and so, while the shepherds are disputing whether the sheep are to be fed on old hay or fresh grass—out of the fold or in the fold—the poor sheep starve, or go astray.

This night I met with a bed and supper at the house of Mrs. Wheatly, the widow of an officer in the commissariat. She keeps the post-office of the Howard township. She told me, as a proof of the increasing population of the district, that the receipts of the post-office, which six years ago had been below ten dollars a quarter, now exceed forty dollars.

* "When we consider the prevalent want of a missionary spirit in that branch of the Church of England which has been transplanted to this colony, we doubt whether its members will not be regarded rather as novices in their holy religion, mistrustful of their qualifications to become the instructors of the ignorant; or, which is worse, *in the light of men half persuaded themselves, and therefore hesitating to attempt the conversion of others.*"—*Vide* Report of the Church Society for converting and civilizing the Indians, and propagating the Gospel among destitute settlers.

The poor emigrants who have not been long from the old country, round whose hearts tender remembrances of parents, and home, and home friends, yet cling in all the strength of fresh regret and unsubdued longing, sometimes present themselves at the post-offices, and on finding that their letters cost three shillings and four pence, or perhaps five or six shillings, turn away in despair. I have seen such letters not here only, but often and in greater numbers at the larger post-offices;* and have thought with pain how many fond, longing hearts must have bled over them. The torture of Tantalus was surely nothing to this.

I supped here on eggs and radishes, and milk and bread. On going to my room, (Mrs. Wheatly had given me up her own,) I found that the door, which had merely a latch, opened into the road. I expressed a wish to fasten it, on which the good lady brought a long nail, and thrust it lengthways over the latch, saying, "That's the way we lock doors in Canada!" The want of a more secure defence did not trouble my rest, for I slept well till morning. After break-

* At Brandtford I saw forty-eight such letters, and an advertisement from the postmaster, setting forth that these letters, if not claimed and paid for by such a time, would be sent to the dead-letter office.

The management of the post-office in Upper Canada will be found among the "grievances" enumerated by the discontented party; and without meaning to attach any blame to the functionaries, I have said enough to show that the letter-post of Canada does not fulfil its purpose of contributing to the solace and advantage of the people, whatever profit it may bring to the revenue.

fast, my guide, who had found what he called "a shake-down" at a neighbouring farm, made his appearance, and we proceeded.

For the first five or six miles the road continued good, but at length we reached a point where we had to diverge from the Talbot road, and turn into what they call a "town line," a road dividing the Howard from the Harwich township. My companion stopped the team to speak to a young man who was mixing lime, and as he stood talking to us, I thought I had never seen a better figure and countenance: his accent was Irish; his language and manner infinitely superior to his dress, which was that of a common workman. I soon understood that he was a member of one of the richest and most respectable families in the whole district, connected by marriage with my driver, who had been boasting to me of their station, education, and various attainments. There were many and kind greetings and inquiries after wives, sisters, brothers, and children. Towards the conclusion of this family conference, the following dialogue ensued:

"I say, how are the roads before us?"

"Pretty bad!" (with an ominous shake of the head.)

"Would we get on at all, do you think?"

"Well, I don't know but you may."

"If only we a'n't *mired down* in that big hole up by Harris's, plaze God, we'll do finely! Have they done anything up there?"

"No, I don't know that they have; but (with a glance and a good-humoured smile at me) don't be

frightened! you have a good stout team there. I dare say you'll get along—first or last!"

"How are the mosquitos?"

"Pretty bad too; it is cloudy, and then they are always worse; but there is some wind, and that's in your favour again. However, you've a long and a hard day's work, and I wish you well through it; if you cannot manage, come back to *us*—that's all! Good-bye!" And lifting the gay handkerchief knotted round his head, he bowed us off with the air of a nobleman.

Thus encouraged, we proceeded; and though I was not *mired down*, nor yet absolutely eaten up, I suffered from both the threatened plagues, and that most severely. The road was scarcely passable; there were no longer cheerful farms and clearings, but the dark pine forest, and the rank swamp, crossed by those terrific corduroy paths, (my bones ache at the mere recollection!) and deep holes and pools of rotted vegetable matter, mixed with water, black, bottomless sloughs of despond! The very horses paused on the brink of some of these mud-gulfs, and trembled ere they made the plunge downwards. I set my teeth, screwed myself to my seat, and commended myself to Heaven—but I was well nigh dislocated! At length I abandoned my seat altogether, and made an attempt to recline on the straw at the bottom of the cart, disposing my cloaks, carpet-bags, and pillow, so as to afford some support—but all in vain; myself and all my well-contrived edifice of comfort were pitched hither and thither, and I expected at every moment to be thrown over head-

long; while to walk, or to escape by any means from my disagreeable situation, was as impossible as if I had been in a ship's cabin in the midst of a rolling sea.

But the worst was yet to come. At the entrance of a road through the woods,

> If road that might be called where road was none
> Distinguishable,

we stopped a short time to gain breath and courage, and refresh the poor horses before plunging into a forest of about twenty miles in extent.

The inn—the only one within a circuit of more than five-and-thirty miles, presented the usual aspect of these forest inns; that is, a rude log-hut, with one window and one room, answering all purposes, a lodging or sleeping place being divided off at one end by a few planks; outside, a shed of bark and boughs for the horses, and a hollow trunk of a tree disposed as a trough. Some of the trees around it were in full and luxuriant foliage; others, which had been girdled, stood bare and ghastly in the sunshine. To understand the full force of the scripture phrase, "desolate as a lodge in a wilderness," you should come here! The inmates, from whom I could not obtain a direct or intelligible answer to any question, continued during the whole time to stare upon me with stupid wonder. I took out a card to make a sketch of the place. A man stood near me, looking on, whose appearance was revolting beyond description—hideous, haggard, and worn, sinewy, and fierce, and squalid. He led in one hand a wild-looking

urchin of three or four years old; in the other he was crushing a beautiful young pigeon, which panted and struggled within his bony grasp in agony and terror. I looked on it, pitying.

"Don't hurt it!"

He replied with a grin, and giving the wretched bird another squeeze, "No, no, I won't hurt it."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, I have a farm hard by—in the bush here."

"How large is it?"

"One hundred and forty acres."

"How much cleared?"

"Five or six acres—thereabout."

"How long have you been on it?"

"Five years."

"And only five acres cleared? That is very little in five years. I have seen people who had cleared twice that quantity of land in half the time."

He replied, almost with fierceness, "Then they had money, or friends, or hands to help them; I have neither. I have in this wide world only myself! and set a man with only a pair of hands at one of them big trees there!—see what he'll make of it! You may swing the axe here from morning to night for a week before you let the daylight in upon you."

"You are right!" I said, in compassion and self-reproach, "and I was wrong! pray excuse me!"

"No offence."

"Are you from the old country?"

"No, I was *raised* here."

"What will you do with your pigeon there?"

"O, it will do for the boy's supper, or may be he may like it best to play with."

I offered to redeem its life at the price of a shilling, which I held out. He stretched forth immediately one of his huge hands and eagerly clutched the shilling, at the same moment opening the other, and releasing his captive; it fluttered for a moment helplessly, but soon recovering its wings, wheeled round our heads, and then settled in the topmost boughs of a sugar-maple. The man turned away with an exulting laugh, thinking, no doubt, that he had the best of the bargain—but upon this point we differed.

Turning the horses' heads again westward, we plunged at once into the deep forest, where there was absolutely no road, no path, except that which is called a *blazed* path, where the trees marked on either side are the only direction to the traveller. How savagely, how solemnly wild it was! So thick was the overhanging foliage, that it not only shut out the sunshine, but almost the daylight; and we travelled on through a perpetual gloom of vaulted boughs and intermingled shade. There were no flowers here—no herbage. The earth beneath us was a black, rich vegetable mould, into which the cart-wheels sank a foot deep; a rank, reedy grass grew round the roots of the trees, and sheltered rattlesnakes and reptiles. The timber was all hard timber, walnut, beech, and bass-wood, and oak and

maple of most luxuriant growth; here and there the lightning had struck and shivered one of the loftiest of these trees, riving the great trunk in two, and flinging it horizontally upon its companions. There it lay, in strangely picturesque fashion, clasping with its huge boughs their outstretched arms as if for support. Those which had been hewn to open a path lay where they fell, and over their stumps and roots the cart had to be lifted or dragged. Sometimes a swamp or morass lay in our road, partly filled up or laid over with trunks of fallen trees, by way of bridge.

As we neared the limits of the forest, some new clearings broke in upon the solemn twilight monotony of our path: the aspect of these was almost uniform, presenting an opening of felled trees of about an acre or two; the commencement of a log-house; a patch of ground surrounded by a snake-fence, enclosing the first crop of wheat, and perhaps a little Indian corn; great heaps of timber-trees and brushwood laid together and burning; a couple of oxen, dragging along another enormous trunk to add to the pile. These were the general features of the picture, framed in, as it were, by the dark mysterious woods. Here and there I saw a few cows, but no sheep. I remember particularly one of these clearings, which looked more desolate than the rest; there was an unfinished log-house, only one half roofed in and habitable, and this presented some attempt at taste, having a small rustic porch or portico, and the windows on either side framed. No ground was fenced in, and the newly-felled timber

lay piled in heaps ready to burn; around lay the forest, its shadows darkening, deepening as the day declined. But what rivetted my attention was the light figure of a female, arrayed in a silk gown and a handsome shawl, who was pacing up and down in front of the house, with a slow step and pensive air. She had an infant lying on her arm, and in the other hand she waved a green bough, to keep off the mosquitos. I wished to stop—to speak, though at the hazard of appearing impertinent; but my driver represented so strongly the danger of being benighted within the verge of the forest, that I reluctantly suffered him to proceed,

> "And oft look'd back upon that vision fair,
> And wondering ask'd, whence and how came it there?"

At length we emerged from the forest-path into a plain, through which ran a beautiful river (my old acquaintance the Thames,) "winding at his own sweet will," and farmhouses with white walls and green shutters were scattered along its banks, and cheerful voices were heard, shouts of boys at play, sounds of labour and of life; and over all lay the last glow of the sinking sun. How I blessed the whole scene in my heart! Yes, I can well conceive what the exulting and joyous life of the hunter may be, roaming at large and independent through these boundless forests; but, believe me, that to be dragged along in a heavy cart through their impervious shades, tormented by mosquitos, shut in on every side from the light and from the free air of heaven, is quite another thing; and its effect upon me, at least,

was to bring down the tone of the mind and reflections to a gloomy, inert, vague resignation, or rather dejection, which made it difficult at last to speak. The first view of the beautiful little town of Chatham made my sinking spirits bound like the sight of a friend. There was, besides, the hope of a good inn; for my driver had cheered me on during the last few miles by a description of "Freeman's Hotel," which he said was one of the best in the whole district. Judge then of my disappointment to learn that Mr. Freeman, in consequence of the "high price of wheat," could no longer afford to take in hungry travellers, and had "no accommodation." I was driven to take refuge in a miserable little place, where I fared as ill as possible. I was shown to a bedroom without chair or table; but I was too utterly beaten down by fatigue and dejection, too sore in body and spirit, to remonstrate, or even to stir hand or foot. Wrapping my cloak round me, I flung myself on the bed, and was soon in a state of forgetfulness of all discomforts and miseries. Next morning I rose refreshed and able to bestir myself; and by dint of bribing, and bawling, and scolding, and cajoling, I at length procured plenty of hot and cold water, and then a good breakfast of eggs, tea, and corn-cakes;—and then I set forth to reconnoitre.

So westward tow'rd the unviolated woods
I bent my way—
But that pure archetype of human greatness
I found him not. There in his stead appeared
A creature squalid, vengeful, and impure,
Remorseless, and submissive to no law,
But superstitious fear or abject sloth.

WORDSWORTH.

At Chatham, in the Western District, and on board the steamboat, between Chatham and Detroit. July 12, 13.

I CAN hardly imagine a more beautiful or more fortunate position for a new city than this of Chatham; (you will find it on the map just upon that neck of land between Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie.) It is sufficiently inland to be safe, or easily secured against the sudden attacks of a foreign enemy; the river Thames is navigable from the mouth up to the town, a distance of sixteen miles, for all kinds of lake craft, including steamers and schooners of the largest class. Lake St. Clair, into which the Thames discharges itself, is between Lake Erie and Lake Huron; the banks are formed of extensive prairies of exhaustless fertility, where thousands of cattle might roam and feed at will. As a port and depot for commerce, its position and capabilities can hardly be surpassed, while as an agricultural coun-

try it may be said literally to flow with milk and honey. A rich soil, abundant pasture, no rent, no taxes—what here is wanting but more intelligence and a better employment of capital to prevent the people from sinking into brutified laziness, and stimulate to something like mental activity and improvement? The profuse gifts of nature are here running to waste, while hundreds and thousands in the old country are trampling over each other in the eager, hungry conflict for daily food.

This land of Upper Canada is in truth the very paradise of hope. In spite of all I see and hear, which might well move to censure, to regret, to pity,—how much there is in which the trustful spirit may reasonably rejoice! It would be possible, looking at things under one aspect, to draw such a picture of the mistakes of the government, the corruption of its petty agents, the social backwardness and moral destitution of the people, as would shock you, and tempt you to regard Canada as a place of exile for convicts. On the other hand, I could, without deviating from the sober and literal truth, give you such vivid pictures of the beauty and fertility of this land of the west, of its glorious capabilities for agriculture and commerce, of the goodness and kindliness and resources of poor, much-abused human nature, as developed amid all the crushing influences of oppression, ignorance, and prejudice; and of the gratitude and self-complacency of those who have exchanged want, servitude, and hopeless toil at home, for plenty and independence and liberty here,—as would transport you in fancy into an earthly elysi-

um. Thus, as I travel on, I am disgusted, or I am enchanted; I despair or I exult by turns; and these inconsistent and apparently contradictory emotions and impressions I set down as they arise, leaving you to reconcile them as well as you can, and make out the result for yourself.

It is seldom that in this country the mind is ever carried backward by associations or recollections of any kind. Horace Walpole said of Italy, that it was "a land in which the memory saw more than the eye," and in Canada hope must play the part of memory. It is all the difference between seed-time and harvest. We are rich in anticipation, but poor in possession—more poor in memorials. Some vague and general traditions, of no interest whatever to the ignorant settlers, do indeed exist, of horrid conflicts between the Hurons and the Iroquois, all along these shores, in the time and before the time of the French dominion; of the enterprise and daring of the early fur traders; above all, of the unrequited labours and sacrifices of the missionaries, whether Jesuits or Moravians, or Methodists, some of whom perished in tortures; others devoted themselves to the most horrible privations—each for what he believed to be the cause of truth, and for the diffusion of the light of salvation; none near to applaud the fortitude with which they died, or to gain hope and courage from their example. During the last war between Great Britain and the United States*—that war, in its commencement dishonourable to the Americans, in its conclusion shameful to the British, and in its pro-

* In 1813.

gress disgraceful and demoralising to both;—that war, which began and was continued in the worst passions of our nature, cupidity and vengeance;—which brought no advantage to any one human being—not even the foolish noise and empty glory which wait oftentimes on human conflicts; a war scarce heard of in Europe, even by the mother country, who paid its cost in millions, and in the blood of some of her best subjects; a war obscure, fratricidal, and barbarous, which has left behind no effect but a mutual exasperation and distress along the frontiers of both nations; and a hatred which, like hatred between near kinsmen, is more bitter and irreconcilable than any hostility between the mercenary armies of rival nations; for here, not only the two governments quarrelled, but the people, their institutions, feelings, opinions, prejudices, local and personal interests, were brought into collision;—during this vile, profitless, and unnatural war, a battle was fought near Chatham, called by some the battle of the Thames, and by others the battle of the Moravian towns, in which the Americans, under General Harrison, beat General Proctor with considerable loss. But it is chiefly worthy of notice, as the last scene of the life of Tecumseh, a Shawanee chief, of whom it is possible you may not have heard, but who is the historical hero of these wild regions. Some American writers call him the "Indian Napoleon; both began their plans of policy and conquest about the same time, and both about the same time terminated their career, the one by captivity, the other by death. But the genius of the Indian

warrior and his exploits were limited to a narrow field along the confines of civilization, and their record is necessarily imperfect. It is clear that he had entertained the daring and really magnificent plan formerly embraced by Pontiac—that of uniting all the Indian tribes and nations in a league against the whites. That he became the ally of the British was not from friendship to us, but hatred to the Americans, whom it was his first object to repel from any further encroachments on the rights and territories of the Red men—in vain! The attempts of a noble and a fated race, to oppose, or even to delay for a time, the rolling westward of the great tide of civilization, are like efforts to dam up the rapids of Niagara. The moral world has its laws, fixed as those of physical nature. The hunter must make way before the agriculturist, and the Indian must learn to take the bit between his teeth, and set his hand to the ploughshare, or *perish*. As yet I am inclined to think that the idea of the Indians becoming what *we* call a civilized people, seems quite hopeless; those who entertain such benevolent anticipations should come here, and behold the effect which three centuries of contact with the whites have produced on the nature and habits of the Indian. The benevolent theorists in England should come and see with their own eyes that there is a bar to the civilization of the Indians, and the increase or even preservation of their numbers, which no power can overleap. Their own principle, that "the Great Spirit did indeed create both the red man and the white man, but created them essentially different in

nature and manners," is not perhaps far from the truth.

There is a large settlement of Moravian Indians located above Chatham, on the river Thames. They are a tribe of Delawares, and have been for a number of years congregated under the care of Moravian Missionaries, and living on the lands reserved for them by the British Government; a fertile and beautiful region, comprehending about one hundred thousand acres of the richest soil of the province. Part of this district has been purchased from them by the present Lieutenant-governor; a measure for which he has been severely censured, for the tribe were by no means unanimous in consenting to part with their possessions. About one hundred and fifty refused to agree, but they were in the minority, and twenty-five thousand acres of rich land have been ceded to the government, and are already lotted out in townships.*

The Moravian missionary from whom I had these particulars, seemed an honest, common-place man, pious, conscientious, but very simple, and very ignorant on every subject but that of his mission. He told me further, that the Moravians had resided among these Delawares from generation to generation, since the first establishment of the mission in

* The terms are 150*l.* a year for ever—a sum which the governor truly calls "trifling." The "for ever," is like to be of short duration, for the tribe will soon be lost beyond the Missouri, or extinct, or amalgamated: these pensions also are seldom paid in dollars, but in goods, on which there is always a profit.

the Southern States, in 1735; from that period to 1772, seven hundred and twenty Indians had been baptized. The War of the Revolution, in all its results, had fallen heavily on them; they had been driven northwards from one settlement to another, from the banks of the Delaware to that of the Ohio—from the Ohio beyond the lakes—and now they were driven from this last refuge. His assistant, Brother Volger, was about to emigrate west with the one hundred and fifty families who objected to the sale of their lands. They were going to join a remnant of their nation beyond the Missouri; and he added, that he himself would probably soon follow with the rest, for he did not expect that they would be able to retain the residue of their lands; no doubt they would be required for the use of the white settlers, and if government urged on the purchase, they had no means of resisting. He admitted that only a small portion of the tribe under his care and tuition could be called Christians; there were about two hundred and thirty baptized out of seven hundred, principally women and children, and yet the mission had been established and supported for more than a century. Their only chance, he said, was with the children; and on my putting the question to him in a direct form, he replied decidedly, that he considered the civilization and conversion of the Indians, *to any great extent*, a hopeless task.

He admitted the reasonableness and the truth of those motives and facts, which had induced the Lieutenant-governor to purchase so large a portion of the Delaware hunting-grounds: that they lay in the

midst of the white settlements, and were continually exposed to the illegal encroachments, as well as the contagious example, of the whites: that numbers of the tribe were half-cast—that nearly the whole were in a frightful state of degeneration, addicted to the use of ardent spirits, which they found it easy to procure; and, from the gradual diminution of the wild animals, and their own depravity and indolence, miserably poor and wretched; and that such was the diminution of their numbers from year to year, there seemed no hope for them but in removing them as far as possible from the influence of the whites. All this he allowed, and it certainly excuses the Governor, if you consider only the expediency and the benevolence, independent of the justice, of the measure.

God forbid that I should attempt to make light of the zeal and the labors of the missionaries in this land. *They* only stand between the Indian and his oppressors, and by their generous self-devotion in some measure atone for the injuries and soften the mischiefs which have been inflicted by their countrymen and fellow Christians; but while speaking with this worthy, simple-minded man, I could not help wishing that he had united more knowledge and judgment with his conscientious piety—more ability with good-will—more discretion with faith and zeal. The spirit was willing, but it was weak. The ignorance and intolerance of some of these enthusiastic, well-meaning men, have done as much injury to the good cause for which they suffered and preached, as their devotion and self-sacrifices have done honor to the same cause and to human nature. Take, for in-

stance, the following scene, as described with great *naiveté* by one of these very Moravians. After a conference with some of the Delaware chief men, in which they were informed that the missionaries had come to teach them a better and purer religion, of which the one fundamental principle, leading to eternal salvation, was belief in the Redeemer, and atonement through his blood for the sins of all mankind—all which was contained in the book which he held in his hand,—"Wangoman, a great chief and medicine-man among them, rose to reply. He began by tracing two lines on the ground, and endeavoured to explain that there were two ways which led alike to God and to happiness, the way of the Red man, and the way of the White man, but the way of the Red man, he said, was the straighter and the shorter of the two."

The missionary here interposed, and represented that God himself had descended on earth to teach men the *true* way. Wangoman declared that "he had been intimately acquainted with God for many years, and had never heard that God became a man and shed his blood, and therefore the God of whom Brother Zeisberger preached could not be the true God, or he, Wangoman, would have been made acquainted with the circumstance."

The missionary then declared, "in the power of the Spirit, that the God in whom Wangoman and his Indians believed, was no other than the devil, the father of lies." Wangoman replied in a very moderate tone, "I cannot understand your doctrine; it is quite new and strange to me. If it be true," he added,

"that the Great Spirit came down into the world, became a man, and suffered so much, I assure you the Indians are not in fault, but the white men alone. God has given us the beasts of the forest for food, and our employment is to hunt them. We know nothing of your book—we cannot learn it; it is much too difficult for an Indian to comprehend."

Brother Zeisberger replied, "I will tell you the reason of it. Satan is the prince of darkness: where he reigns all is dark, and he dwells in you—therefore you can comprehend nothing of God and his word; but when you return from the evil of your ways, and come as a wretched lost sinner to Jesus Christ, it may be that he will have mercy upon you. Do not delay therefore; make haste and save your poor souls!" &c.*

I forbear to repeat the rest, because it would seem as if I intended to turn it into ridicule, which Heaven knows I do not; for it is of far too serious import. But if it be in this style that the simple and sublime precepts of Christianity are first presented to the understanding of the Indians, can we wonder at the little progress hitherto made in converting them to the truth? And with regard to all attempts to civilize them, what should the red man see in the civilization of the white man which should move him to envy or emulation, or raise in his mind a wish to exchange his "own unshackled life, and his innate capacities of soul," for our artificial social habits, our

* History of the Missions of the United Brethren among the Indians of North America, translated from the German.

morals, which are contradicted by our opinions, and our religion, which is violated both in our laws and our lives? When the good missionary said, with emphasis, that there was no hope for the conversion of the Indians, but in removing them as far as possible from all intercourse with Europeans, he spoke a terrible truth, confirmed by all I see and hear—by the opinion of every one I have spoken to, who has ever had any intercourse with these people. It will be said, as it has often been said, that *here* it is the selfishness of the white man which speaks; that it is for his interest, and for his worldly advantage, that the red man should be removed out of his way, and be thrust back from the extending limits of civilization—even like these forests, which fall before us, and vanish from the earth, leaving for a while some decaying stumps and roots over which the plough goes in time, and no vestige remains to say that here they *have been*. True; it *is* for the advantage of the European agriculturist or artisan, that the hunter of the woods, who requires the range of many hundred square miles of land for the adequate support of a single family, should make way for populous towns, and fields teeming with the means of subsistence for thousands. There is no denying this; and if there be those who think that in the present state of things, the interests of the red man and the white man can ever be blended, and their natures and habits brought to harmonize, then I repeat, let them come here, and behold and see the heathen and the so-called Christian placed in near neighbourhood and comparison, and judge what are the chances for both!

Wherever the Christian comes, he brings the Bible in one hand, disease, corruption, and the accursed fire-water, in the other; or flinging down the book of peace, he boldly and openly proclaims that might gives right, and substitutes the sabre and the rifle for the slower desolation of starvation and whiskey.

Every means hitherto provided by the Canadian government for the protection of the Indians against the whites has failed. Every prohibition of the use or sale of ardent spirits among them has proved a mere mockery. The refuse of the white population along the back settlements have no perception of the genuine virtues of the Indian character. They see only their inferiority in the commonest arts of life; their subjection to our power; they contemn them, oppress them, cheat them, corrupt their women, and deprave them by the means and example of drunkenness. The missionaries alone have occasionally succeeded in averting or alleviating these evils, at least in some degree; but their influence is very, very limited. The chiefs and warriors of the different tribes are perfectly aware of the monstrous evils introduced by the use of ardent spirits. They have held councils, and made resolutions for themselves and their people to abstain from their use; but the very first temptation generally oversets all these good resolves. My Moravian friend described this intense passion for intoxicating liquors with a sort of awe and affright, and attributed it to the direct agency of the devil. Another missionary relates that soon after the Delaware Indians had agreed among themselves to reject every temptation of the kind,

and punish those who yielded to it, a white dealer in rum came among them, and placing himself in the midst of one of their villages, with a barrel of spirits beside him, he introduced a straw into it, and with many professions of civility and friendship to his Indian friends, he invited every one to come and take a suck through the straw *gratis*. A young Indian approached with a grave and pensive air and slow step, but suddenly turning round, he ran off precipitately as one terrified. Soon after he returned, he approached yet nearer, but again ran off in the same manner as before. The third time he suffered himself to be persuaded by the white man to put his lips to the straw. No sooner had he tasted of the fiery drink, than he offered all his wampum for a dram; and subsequently parted with every thing he possessed, even his rifle and his blanket, for more.

I have another illustrative anecdote for you, which I found among a number of documents, submitted to the society established at Toronto, for converting and civilizing the Indians. There can be no doubt of its truth, and it is very graphically told. The narrator is a travelling schoolmaster, who has since been taken into the service of the society, but whose name I have forgotten.

"In the winter of 1832, I was led, partly by business, and partly by the novelty of the enterprise, to walk from the Indian Establishment of Coldwater, to

the Sault St. Marie, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

"The lake was well frozen, and the ice moderately covered with snow; with the assistance of snow-shoes, we were enabled to travel a distance of fifty miles in a day; but my business not requiring any expedition, I was tempted to linger among the thousand isles of Lake Huron. I hoped to ascertain some facts with regard to the real mode of life of the Indians frequenting the north side of the lake. With this view, I made a point of visiting every wigwam that we approached, and could, if it were my present purpose, detail many interesting pictures of extreme misery and destitution. Hunger, filth, and ignorance, with an entire absence of all knowledge of a Supreme Being, here reign triumphant.*

"Near the close of a long and fatiguing day, my Indian guide came on the recent track of a single Indian, and, anxious to please me, pursued it to the head of a very deep bay. We passed two of those holes in the ice which the Indians use for fishing, and at one of them noticed, from the quantity of blood on the snow, that the spear had lately done considerable execution. At a very short distance from the shore, the track led us past the remains of a wigwam, adjoining to which we observed a large canoe and a small hunting canoe, both carefully laid

* We should perhaps read, "An entire absence of all knowledge of a Supreme Being, as revealed to us in the Gospel of Christ;" for I never heard of any tribe of north-west Indians, however barbarous, who had not the notion of a God, (the Great Spirit,) and of a future life.

up for the winter. After a considerable ascent, a narrow winding path brought us into a deep hollow, about four hundred yards from the bay. Here, surrounded on every side by hills, on the margin of one of the smallest inland lakes, we came to a wigwam, the smoke from which showed us that it was occupied. The path for a considerable distance was lined on both sides by billets of firewood, and a blanket, cleaner than usual, suspended before the entrance, gave me at the very first a favorable opinion of the inmates. I noticed on the right hand a dog-train, and on the left two pair of snow-shoes, and two barrels of salt fish. The wigwam was of the square form, and so large, that I was surprised to find it occupied by two Indians only—a young man and his wife.

"We were soon made welcome, and I had leisure to look round me in admiration of the comfort displayed in the arrangement of the interior. A covering of fresh branches of the young hemlock-pine was neatly spread all round. In the centre of the right hand side, as we entered, the master of the lodge was seated on a large mat; his wife occupied the station at his left hand; good and clean mats were spread for myself and my guide—my own being opposite the entrance, and my guide occupying the remaining side of the wigwam. Three dogs, well conditioned, and of a large breed, lay before the fire. So much for the live stock. At the back of the wife, I saw, suspended near the door, a tin can full of water, with a small tin cup; next to it, a mat bag filled with tin dishes, and wooden spoons of Indian manu-

facture; above that were several portions of female dress—ornamented leggings, two showy shawls, &c. A small chest and bag were behind her on the ground. At the back of the Indian were suspended two spear heads, of three prongs each; an American rifle, an English fowling-piece, and an Indian chief piece, with shot and bullet pouches, and two powder horns; there were also a highly ornamented capuchin, and a pair of new blanket leggings. The corner was occupied by a small red-painted chest; a mokkuk of sugar was placed in the corner on my right hand, and a barrel of flour, half empty, on the right hand of my Indian; and between that and the door were hanging three large salmon trout, and several pieces of dried deer flesh. In the centre, as usual, we had a bright blazing fire, over which three kettles gave promise of one of the comforts of weary travellers. Our host had arrived but a few minutes before us, and was busied in pulling off his moccasins and blankets when we entered. We had scarcely time to remove our leggings and change our moccasins, preparatory to a full enjoyment of the fire, when the Indian's wife was prepared to set before us a plentiful mess of boiled fish; this was followed in a short space by soup made of deer flesh and Indian corn, and our repast terminated with hot cakes baked in the ashes, in addition to the tea supplied from my own stores.

"Before daylight on the following morning we were about to set out, but could not be allowed to depart without again partaking of refreshment. Boiled and broiled fish were set before us, and to my surprise, the young Indian, before partaking of it, knelt to pray

aloud. His prayer was short and fervent, and without that whining tone in which I had been accustomed to hear the Indians address the Deity. It appeared to combine the manliness and humility which one would naturally expect to find in an address spoken from the heart, and not got up for theatrical effect.

"On taking our departure, I tried to scan the countenance of our host, and I flatter myself I could not mistake the marks of unfeigned pleasure at having exercised the feelings of hospitality, mixed with a little pride in the display of the riches of his wigwam.

"You may be sure I did not omit the opportunity of diving into the secret of all his comfort and prosperity. It could not escape observation that here was real civilization, and I anxiously sought for some explanation of the difference between the habits of this Indian and his neighbours. The story was soon told:—He had been brought up at the British Settlement on Drummond Island, where, when a child, he had, in frequent conversations, but in no studied form, heard the principles of religion explained, and he had been told to observe the Sabbath, and to pray to the Almighty. Industry and prudence had been frequently enjoined, and, above all things, an abhorrence of ardent spirits. Under the influence of this wholesome advice, his hunting, fishing, and sugar-making, had succeeded to such an extent, as to provide him with every necessary and many luxuries. He already had abundance, and still retained some few skins, which he hoped, during the

winter, to increase to an amount sufficient to purchase him the indulgence of a barrel of pork, and additional clothing for himself and his wife.

"Further explanation was unnecessary, and the wearisomeness of this day's journey was pleasingly beguiled by reflections on the simple means by which a mind, yet in a state of nature, may be saved from degradation, and elevated to the best feelings of humanity.

"Shall I lift the same blanket after the lapse of eighteen months?—The second summer has arrived since my last visit; the wigwam on the Lake shore, the fit residence of summer, is unoccupied—the fire is still burning in the wigwam of winter; but the situation, which has warmth and quiet to recommend it at that season when cold is our greatest enemy, is now gloomy and dark.—Wondering what could have induced my friends to put up with the melancholy of the deep forest, instead of the sparkling of the sun-lit wave, I hastened to enter. How dreadful the change! There was, indeed, the same Indian girl that I had left healthy, cheerful, contented, and happy; but whiskey, hunger, and distress of mind, had marked her countenance with the furrows of premature old age. An infant, whose aspect was little better than its mother's, was hanging at her breast, half dressed and filthy. Every part of the wigwam was ruinous and dirty, and, with the exception of one kettle, entirely empty. Not one single article of furniture, clothing, or provision remained. Her husband had left in the morning to go out to fish, and she had not moved from the spot; this I

thought strange, as his canoe and spear were on the beach. In a short time he returned, but without any food. He had, indeed, set out to fish, but had lain down to sleep in the bush, and had been awakened by his dog barking on our arrival. He appeared worn down and helpless both in body and mind, and seated himself in listless silence in his place in the wigwam.

"Producing pork and flour from my travelling stores, I requested his wife to cook them. They were prepared, and I looked anxiously at the Indian, expecting to hear his accustomed prayer. He did not move. I therefore commenced asking a blessing, and was astonished to observe him immediately rise and walk out of the wigwam.

"However, his wife and child joined us in partaking of the food, which they ate voraciously. In a little time the Indian returned and lay down. My curiosity was excited, and although anxious not to distress his feelings, I could not avoid seeking some explanation of the change I observed. It was with difficulty I ascertained the following facts:—

"On the opening of the spring of 1833, the Indian, having got a sufficiency of furs for his purpose, set off to a distant trading post to make his purchase. The trader presented him with a plug of tobacco and a pipe on his entrance, and offered him a glass of whiskey, which he declined; the trader was then occupied with other customers, but soon noticed the respectable collection of furs in the pack of the poor Indian. He was marked as his victim, and not expecting to be able to impose upon him unless he made

him drunk, he determined to accomplish this by indirect means.

"As soon as the store was clear of other customers, he entered into conversation with the Indian, and invited him to join him in drinking a glass of cider, which he unhesitatingly accepted; the cider was mixed with brandy, and soon began to affect the mind of the Indian; a second and a third glass were taken, and he became completely intoxicated. In this state the trader dealt with him; but it was not at first that even the draught he had taken could overcome his lessons of prudence. He parted with only one skin; the trader was, therefore, obliged to continue his contrivances, which he did with such effect, that for three weeks the Indian remained eating, drinking, and sleeping in his store. At length all the fur was sold, and the Indian returned home with only a few ribbons and beads, and a bottle of whiskey. The evil example of the husband, added to vexation of mind, broke the resolution of the wife, and she, too, partook of the accursed liquor. From this time there was no change. The resolution of the Indian once broken, his pride of spirit, and consequently his firmness, were gone; he became a confirmed drinker—his wife's and his own ornamented dresses, and at length all the furniture of his wigwam, even the guns and traps on which his hunting depended, were all sold to the store for whiskey. When I arrived, they had been two days without food, and the Indian had not energy to save himself and his family from starvation.

"All the arguments that occurred to me I made

use of to convince the Indian of his folly, and to induce him even now to begin life again, and redeem his character. He heard me in silence. I felt that I should be distressing them by remaining all night, and prepared to set out again, first giving to the Indian a dollar, desiring him to purchase food with it at the nearest store, and promising shortly to see him again.

"I had not proceeded far on my journey, when it appeared to me, that by remaining with them for the night, and in the morning renewing my solicitations to them, I might assist still more to effect a change. I therefore turned back, and in about two hours arrived again at the wigwam. The Indian had set off for the store, but had not returned. His wife still remained seated where I left her, and during the whole night (the Indian never coming back) neither moved nor raised her head. Morning came; I quickly despatched breakfast, and leaving my baggage, with the assistance of my guide set out for the trader's store. It was distant about two miles. I inquired for the Indian. He came there the evening before with a dollar: he purchased a pint of whiskey, for which he paid half a dollar, and with the remainder bought six pounds of flour. He remained until he had drunk the whiskey, and then requested to have the flour exchanged for another pint of whiskey. This was done, and having consumed that also, he was so "stupidly drunk," (to use the words of the trader,) that it was necessary to shut him out of the store on closing it for the night. Search was immediately made for him, and at the distance of a few yards he was found lying on his face, dead."

THAT the poor Indians to whom reserved lands have been granted, and who, on the faith of treaties, have made their homes and gathered themselves into villages on such lands, should, whenever it is deemed expedient, be driven out of their possessions, either by purchase, or by persuasion, or by force, or by measures which include all three, and sent to seek a livelihood in distant and strange regions—as in the case of these Delawares—is horrible, and bears cruelty and injustice on the face of it. To say that they cannot exist in amicable relation with the whites, without depravation of their morals, is a fearful imputation on us as Christians;—but thus it is. And I do wish that those excellent and benevolent people who have taken the cause of the aborigines to heart, and are making appeals in their behalf to the justice of the government and the compassion of the public, would, instead of theorising in England, come out here and behold the actual state of things with their own eyes—and having seen all, let them say *what* is to be done, and what chances exist, for the independence, and happiness, and morality of a small remnant of Indians residing on a block of land, six miles square, surrounded on every side by a white population. To insure the accomplishment of those benevolent and earnest aspirations, in which so many good people indulge, what is required? what is expected? Of the white men such a pitch of lofty and self-sacrificing virtue, of humane philo-

sophy and christian benevolence, that the future welfare of the wronged people they have supplanted shall be preferred above their own immediate interest—nay, their own immediate existence: of the red man, that he shall forget the wild hunter blood flowing through his veins, and take the plough in hand, and wield the axe and the spade instead of the rifle and the fish-spear! Truly they know not what they ask, who ask this; and among all those with whom I have conversed—persons familiar from thirty to forty years together with the Indians and their mode of life—I never heard but one opinion on the subject. Without casting the slightest imputation on the general honesty of intention of the missionaries and others delegated and well paid by various societies to teach and protect the Indians, still I will say that the enthusiasm of some, the self-interest of others, and an unconscious mixture of pious enthusiasm and self-interest in many more, render it necessary to take their testimony with some reservation; for often with them "the wish is father to the thought" set down; and feeling no lack of faith in their cause or in themselves, they look for miracles, such as waited on the missions of the apostles of old. But in the mean time, and by human agency, what is to be done? Nothing so easy as to point out evils and injuries, resulting from foregone events, or deep-seated in natural and necessary causes, and lament over them with resistless eloquence in verse and prose, or hold them up to the sympathy and indignation of the universe; but let the real friends of religion, humanity, and the poor Indians, set down a

probable and feasible remedy for their wrongs and miseries; and follow it up, as the advocates for the abolition of the slave-trade followed up their just and glorious purpose. With a definite object and plan, much might be done; but mere declamation against the evil does little good. The people who propose remedies forget that there are two parties concerned. I remember to have read in some of the early missionary histories, that one of the Jesuit fathers, (Father le Jeune,) full of sympathy and admiration for the noble qualities and lofty independence of the converted Indians, who could not and would not work, suggested the propriety of sending out some of the French peasantry to work and till the ground for them, as the only means of keeping them from running off to the woods. A doubtful sort of philanthropy, methinks! but it shows how *one-sided* a life's devotion to one particular object will make even a benevolent and a just man.

Higher up, on the river Thames, and above the Moravian settlements, a small tribe of the Chippewa nation has been for some time located. They have apparently attained a certain degree of civilization, live in log-huts instead of bark wigwams, and have, from necessity, turned their attention to agriculture. I have now in my pocket-book an original document sent up from these Indians to the Indian agency at Toronto. It runs thus:

"We, the undersigned chiefs of the Chippewa Indians of Colborne on the Thames, hereby request Mr. Superintendent Clench to procure for us—

"One yoke of working oxen.

"Six ploughs.

"Thirty-three tons of hay.

"One hundred bushels of oats.

"The price of the above to be deducted from our land-payments."

Signed by ten chiefs, or, more properly, chief men, of the tribe, of whom one, the Beaver, signs his name in legible characters; the others, as is usual with the Indians, affix each their *totem*, (crest or sign-manual,) being a rude scratch of a bird, fish, deer, &c. Another of these papers, similarly signed, contains a requisition for working tools and mechanical instruments of various kinds. This looks well, and it *is* well; but what are the present state and probable progress of this Chippewa settlement? Why, one half the number at least are half-cast, and as the whole population closes and thickens around them, we shall see in another generation or two none of entire Indian blood; they will become, at length, almost wholly amalgamated with the white people. Is this *civilizing the Indians?** I should observe, that when an Indian woman gives herself to a white man,

* The Indian village of Loretto, near Quebec, which I visited subsequently, is a case in point. Seven hundred Indians, a wretched remnant of the Huron tribe, had once been congregated here under the protection of the Jesuits, and had always been cited as examples of what might be accomplished in the task of conversion and civilization. When I was there, the number was under two hundred; many of the huts deserted, the inhabitants having fled to the woods and taken up the hunter's life again; in those who remained, there was scarce a trace of native Indian blood.

she considers herself as his wife to all intents and purposes. If forsaken by him, she considers herself as injured, not disgraced. There are great numbers of white settlers and traders along the borders living thus with Indian women. Some of these have been persuaded by the missionaries or magistrates to go through the ceremony of marriage; but the number is few in proportion.

You must not imagine, after all I have said, that I consider the Indians as an inferior race, merely because they have no literature, no luxuries, no steam-engines; nor yet, because they regard our superiority in the arts with a sort of lofty indifference, which is neither contempt nor stupidity, look upon them as cast beyond the pale of our sympathies. It is possible I may, on a nearer acquaintance, change my opinion, but they do strike me as an *untameable* race. I can no more conceive a city filled with industrious Mohawks and Chippewas, than I can imagine a flock of panthers browsing in a penfold.

The dirty, careless habits of the Indians, while sheltered only by the bark-covered wigwam, matter very little. Living almost constantly in the open air, and moving their dwellings perpetually from place to place, the worst effects of dirt and negligence are neither perceived nor experienced. But I have never heard of any attempt to make them stationary and congregate in houses, that has not been followed by disease and mortality, particularly among the children; a natural result of close air, confinement, heat, and filth. In our endeavours to civilize the Indians, we have not only to convince the mind

and change the habits, but to overcome a cer
physical organization to which labour and constr
and confinement appear to be fatal. This canno
done in less than three generations, if at all, in
unmixed race; and meantime—they perish!

It is time, however, that I should introduce you to our party on board the litttle steamboat, which is now puffing and snorting, and gliding at no rapid rate over the blue tranquil waters of Lake St. Clair.* First, then, there are the captain, and his mate or steersman, two young men of good manners and appearance; one English—the other Irish; one a military, the other a naval officer; both have land, and are near neighbours up somewhere by Lake Simcoe; but both being wearied out by three years solitary life in the bush, they have taken the steamboat for this season on speculation, and it seems likely to answer. The boat was built to navigate the ports of Lake Huron from Penetanguishine, to Goderich and St. Joseph's Island, but there it utterly failed. It is a wretched little boat, dirty and ill contrived. The upper deck, to which I have fled from the close hot cabin, is an open platform, with no defence or railing around it, and I have here my establishment—a chair, a little table, with pencil and paper, and a great umbrella; a gust of wind or a pitch of the vessel would inevitably send me sliding overboard. The passengers consist of my acquaintance, the Moravian missionary, with a family of women and children, (his own wife and the relatives of

Most of the small steamboats on the American lakes have high-pressure engines, which make a horrible and perpetual snorting like the engine on a railroad.

his assistant Volger,) who are about to emigrate with the Indians beyond the Missouri. These people speak a dialect of German among themselves, being descended from the early German Moravians. I find them civil, but neither prepossessing nor intelligent; in short, I can make nothing of them; I cannot extract an idea beyond eating, drinking, dressing, and praying; nor can I make out with what feelings, whether of regret, or hope, or indifference, they contemplate their intended exile to the far, far west. Meantime the children squeal, and the women chatter incessantly.

We took in at Chatham a large cargo of the usual articles of exportation from Canada to the United States, viz., barrels of flour, sacks of grain, and emigrants proceeding to Michigan and the Illinois. There are on board, in the steerage, a great number of poor Scotch and Irish of the lowest grade, and also one large family of American emigrants, who have taken up their station on the deck, and whose operations amuse me exceedingly. I wish I could place before you this very original *ménage*, even as it is before me now while I write. Such a group could be encountered nowhere on earth, methinks, but here in the west, or among the migratory Tartar hordes of the east.

They are from Vermont, and on their way to the Illinois, having been already eleven weeks travelling through New York and Upper Canada. They have two wagons covered in with canvass, a yoke of oxen, and a pair of horses. The chief or patriarch of the set is an old Vermont farmer, upwards of sixty at least,

whose thin shrewd face has been burnt to a deep brickdust colour by the sun and travel, and wrinkled by age or care into a texture like that of tanned sail-canvass,—(the simile nearest to me at this moment.) The sinews of his neck and hands are like knotted whipcord; his turned-up nose, with large nostrils, snuffs the wind, and his small light blue eyes have a most keen, cunning expression. He wears a smock-frock over a flannel shirt, blue woollen stockings, and a broken pipe stuck in his straw hat, and all day long he smokes or chews tobacco. He has with him fifteen children of different ages by three wives. The present wife, a delicate, intelligent, care-worn looking woman, seems about thirty years younger than her helpmate. She sits on the shaft of one of the wagons I have mentioned, a baby in her lap, and two of the three younger children crawling about her feet. Her time and attention are completely taken up in dispensing to the whole brood, young and old, rations of food, consisting of lard, bread of Indian corn, and pieces of sassafras root. The appearance of all (except of the poor anxious mother) is equally robust and cheerful, half-civilized, coarse, and by no means clean; all are barefooted except the two eldest girls, who are uncommonly handsome, with fine dark eyes. The eldest son, a very young man, has been recently married to a very young wife, and these two recline together all day, hand in hand, under the shade of a sail, neither noticing the rest nor conversing with each other, but, as it seems to me, in silent contentment with their lot. I found these people, most unlike others of their class I have met

with before, neither curious nor communicative, answering to all my questions and advances with cautious monosyllables, and the old man with even laconic rudeness. The contrast which the gentle anxious wife and her baby presented to all the others, interested me; but she looked so overpowered by fatigue, and so disinclined to converse, that I found no opportunity to satisfy my curiosity without being impertinently intrusive; so, after one or two ineffectual advances to the shy, wild children, I withdrew, and contented myself with observing the group at a distance.

The banks of the Thames are studded with a succession of farms, cultivated by the descendants of the early French settlers—precisely the same class of people as the *Habitans* in Lower Canada. They go on exactly as their ancestors did a century ago, raising on their rich fertile lands just sufficient for a subsistence, wholly uneducated, speaking only a French *patois*, without an idea of advance or improvement of any kind submissive to their priests, gay, contented, courteous, and apparently retaining their ancestral tastes for dancing, singing, and flowers.

In the midst of half-dilapidated, old-fashioned farm-houses, you could always distinguish the priest's dwelling, with a flower-garden in front, and the little chapel or church surmounted by a cross,—both being generally neat, clean, fresh-painted, and forming a strange contrast with the neglect and slovenliness around.

Ague prevails very much at certain seasons along the banks of the river, and I could see by the manner in which the houses are built, that it overflows its banks annually; it abounds in the small fresh-water turtle (the Terrapin;) every log floating on the water, or muddy islet, was covered with them.

We stopped half way down the river to take in wood. Opposite to the landing-place stood an extensive farmhouse, in better condition than any I had yet seen; and under the boughs of an enormous tree, which threw an ample and grateful shade around, our boat was moored. Two Indian boys, about seven or eight years old, were shooting with bow and arrows at a mark stuck up against the huge trunk of the tree. They wore cotton shirts, with a crimson belt round the waist ornamented with beads, such as is commonly worn by the Canadian Indians; one had a gay handkerchief knotted round his head, from beneath which his long black hair hung in matted elf locks on his shoulders. The elegant forms, free movements, and haughty indifference of these Indian boys, were contrasted with the figures of some little dirty, ragged Canadians, who stood staring upon us with their hands in their pockets, or importunately begging for cents. An Indian hunter and his wife, the father and mother of the boys, were standing by, and at the feet of the man a dead deer lay on the grass. The steward of the boat was bargaining with the squaw for some venison, while the hunter stood leaning on his rifle, haughty and silent. At the window of the farmhouse sat a well-dressed female, engaged in needlework. After looking up at

me once or twice as I stood upon the deck gazing on this picture—just such a one as Edwin Landseer would have delighted to paint—the lady invited me into her house; an invitation I most gladly accepted. Everything within it and around it spoke riches and substantial plenty; she showed me her garden, abounding in roses, and an extensive orchard, in which stood two Indian wigwams. She told me that every year families of Chippewa hunters came down from the shore of Lake Huron, and encamped in her orchard, and those of her neighbours, without asking permission. They were perfectly inoffensive, and had never been known to meddle with her poultry, or injure her trees. "They are," said she, "an honest, excellent people; but I must shut the gates of my orchard upon them to-night—for this bargain with your steward will not conclude without whiskey, and I shall have them all *ivres morte* before to-morrow morning."

Detroit, at night.

I passed half an hour in pleasant conversation with this lady, who had been born, educated, and married in the very house in which she now resided. She spoke English well and fluently, but with a foreign accent, and her deportment was frank and easy, with that sort of graceful courtesy which seems inherent in the French manner, or used to be so. On parting, she presented me with a large bouquet of roses, which has proved a great delight, and served

all the purposes of a fan. Nor should I forget that in her garden I saw the only humming-birds I have yet seen in Canada; there were two lovely little gem-like creatures disporting among the blossoms of the scarlet-bean. They have been this year less numerous than usual, owing to the lateness and severity of the spring.

The day had been most intolerably hot; even on the lake there was not a breath of air. But as the sun went down in his glory, the breeze freshened, and the spires and towers of the city of Detroit were seen against the western sky. The schooners at anchor, or dropping into the river—the little canoes flitting across from side to side—the lofty buildings—the enormous steamers—the noisy port, and busy streets, all bathed in the light of a sunset such as I had never seen, not even in Italy—almost turned me giddy with excitement. I have emerged from the solitary forests of Canada to be thrown suddenly into the midst of crowded civilized life; and the effect for the present is a nervous flutter of the spirits which banishes sleep and rest; though I have got into a good hotel, (the American,) and have at last, after some trouble, obtained good accommodation.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done;
A game where each man took his part—
A race where all must run—
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know;
Content as men at arms to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

MILNES.

Detroit, June —.

THE roads by which I have at length reached this beautiful little city were not certainly the smoothest and the easiest in the world; nor can it be said of Upper Canada as of wisdom, "that all her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are paths of peace." On the contrary, one might have fancied oneself in the road to paradise for that matter. It was difficult, and narrow, and foul, and steep enough to have led to the seventh heaven; but in heaven I am not yet—

* * * * * *

Since my arrival at Detroit, some malignant planet reigns in place of that favourable and guiding star which has hitherto led me so deftly on my way,

"Through brake, through brier,
Through mud, through mire."

Here, where I expected all would go so well, everything goes wrong, and cross, and contrary.

A severe attack of illness, the combined effect of heat, fatigue, and some deleterious properties in the water at Detroit, against which travellers should be warned, has confined me to my room for the last three days. This *mal-apropos* indisposition has prevented me from taking my passage in the great steamer which has just gone up Lake Huron; and I must now wait here six days longer, till the next boat, bound for Mackinaw and Chicago, comes up Lake Erie from Buffalo. What is far worse, I have lost, for the time being, the advantage of seeing and knowing Daniel Webster, and of hearing a display of that wonderful eloquence which they say takes captive all ears, hearts, and souls. He has been making public speeches here, appealing to the people against the money transactions of the government; and the whole city has been in a ferment. He left Detroit two days after my arrival, to my no small mortification. I had letters for him; and it so happens that several others to whom I had also letters, have fled from the city on summer tours, or to escape the heat. Some have gone east, some west, some up the lakes, some down the lakes; so I am abandoned to my own resources in a miserable state of languor, lassitude, and weakness.

It is not, however, the first time I have had to endure sickness and solitude together in a strange land; and the worst being over, we must needs make the best of it, and send the time away as well as we can.

Of all the places I have yet seen in these far western regions, Detroit is the most interesting. It is,

moreover, a most ancient and venerable place, dating back to the dark immemorial ages, *i. e.* almost a century and a quarter ago! and having its history and antiquities, and traditions and heroes, and epochs of peace and war. "No place in the United States presents such a series of events interesting in themselves, and permanently affecting, as they occurred, both its progress and prosperity. Five times its flag has changed; three different sovereignties have claimed its allegiance; and since it has been held by the United States, its government has been thrice transferred: twice it has been besieged by the Indians, once captured in war, and once burned to the ground:"—truly, a long list of events for a young city of a century old! Detroit may almost rival her old grandam Quebec, who sits bristling defiance on the summit of her rocky height, in warlike and tragic experience.

Can you tell me why we gave up this fine and important place to the Americans, without leaving ourselves even a fort on the opposite shore? Dolts and blockheads as we have been in all that concerns the partition and management of these magnificent regions, now that we have ignorantly and blindly ceded whole countries, and millions and millions of square miles of land and water to our neighbours, they say we are likely to quarrel and go to war about a partition line through the barren tracts of the east! Well, this is not your affair nor mine—let our legislators look to it. Colonel Talbot told me that when he took a map, and pointed out to one of the English commissioners the foolish bargain they had made,

the real extent, value, and resources of the countries ceded to the United States, the man covered his eyes with his clenched hands, and burst into tears.

The position of Detroit is one of the finest imaginable. It is on a strait between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, commanding the whole internal commerce of these great "successive seas." Michigan, of which it is the capital, being now received into the Union, its importance, both as a frontier town and a place of trade, increases every day.

The origin of the city was a little palisadoed fort, erected here in 1702 by the French under La Motte Cadillac, to defend their fur-trade. It was then called Fort Portchartrain. From this time till 1760 it remained in possession of the French, and continued to increase slowly. So late as 1721, Charlevoix speaks of the vast herds of buffalos ranging the plains west of the city. Meantime, under the protection of the fort, the settlement and cultivation of the neighbouring districts went on in spite of the attacks of some of the neighbouring tribes of Indians, particularly the Ottagamies, who, with the Iroquois, seem to have been the only decided and irreconcilable enemies whom the French found in this province. The capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe being followed by the cession of the whole of the French territory in North America to the power of Great Britain, Detroit, with all the other trading posts in the west, was given up to the English. It is curious that the French submitted to this change of masters more easily than the Indians, who were by no means inclined to exchange the French for the

English alliance. "Whatever may have been the cause," says Governor Cass, "the fact is certain, that there is in the French character a peculiar adaptation to the habits and feelings of the Indians, and to this day the period of French domination is the era of all that is happy in Indian reminiscences."

The conciliating manners of the French towards the Indians, and the judgment with which they managed all their intercourse with them, has had a permanent effect on the minds of those tribes who were in friendship with them. At this day, if the British are generally preferred to the Americans, the French are always preferred to either. A Chippewa chief addressing the American agent, at the Sault St. Marie, so late as 1826, thus fondly referred to the period of the French dominion:—"When the Frenchmen arrived at these Falls, they came and kissed us. They called us children, and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge, and we had always wherewithal to clothe us. They never mocked at our ceremonies, and they never molested the places of our dead. Seven generations of men have passed away, but we have not forgotten it. Just, very just, were they towards us!"*

The discontent of the Indian tribes upon the transfer of the forts and trading posts into the possession of the British, showed itself early, and at length gave rise to one of the most prolonged and savage of all the Indian wars, that of Pontiac, in 1763.

* *Vide* Historical Sketches of Michigan.

Of this Pontiac you have read, no doubt, in various books of travels and anecdotes of Indian chiefs.* But it is *one* thing to read of these events by an English fireside, where the features of the scene—the forest wilds echoing to the war-whoop—the painted warriors—the very words scalping, tomahawk, bring no definite meaning to the mind, only a vague horror;—and quite *another* thing to recall them here on the spot, arrayed in all their dread yet picturesque reality. Pontiac is the hero *par excellence* of all these regions; and in all the histories of Detroit, when Detroit becomes a great capital of the west, he will figure like Caractacus or Arminius in the Roman history. The English cotemporaries call him king and emperor of the Indians; but there is absolutely no sovereignty among these people. Pontiac was merely a war chief, chosen in the usual way, but exercising a more than usual influence, not by mere bravery—the universal savage virtue—but by talents of a rarer kind; a power of reflection and combination rarely met with in the character of the red warrior. Pontiac was a man of genius, and would have ruled his fellow-men under any circumstances, and in any country. He formed a project similar to that which Tecumseh entertained fifty years later. He united all the north-western tribes of Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowatamies, in one great confederacy against the British, "the dogs in red coats;" and had very nearly caused the overthrow, at least the temporary overthrow, of our pow-

* There is a Life of Pontiac in Thatcher's Indian Biography.

er. He had planned a simultaneous attack on all the trading posts in the possession of the English, and so far succeeded that ten of these forts were surprised about the same time, and all the English soldiers and traders massacred, while the French were spared. Before any tidings of these horrors and outrages could reach Detroit, Pontiac was here in friendly guise, and all his measures admirably arranged for taking this fort also by stratagem, and murdering every Englishman within it. All had been lost, if a poor Indian woman, who had received much kindness from the family of the commandant, (Major Gladwyn,) had not revealed the danger. I do not yet quite understand why Major Gladwyn, on the discovery of Pontiac's treachery, and having him in his power, did not make him and his whole band prisoners; such a stroke would have ended, or rather it would have prevented, the war. But it must be remembered that Major Gladwyn was ignorant of the systematic plan of extermination adopted by Pontiac; the news of the massacres at the upper forts had not reached him; he knew of nothing but the attempt on himself, and from motives of humanity he suffered them to leave the fort and go free. No sooner were they on the outside of the palisades, than they set up the war-yell, "like so many devils," as a bystander expressed it, and turned and discharged their rifles on the garrison. The war, thus savagely declared, was accompanied by all those atrocious barbarities, and turns of fate, and traits of heroism, and hair-breadth escapes, which render these

Indian conflicts so exciting, so terrific, so picturesque.*

Detroit was in a state of siege by the Indians for twelve months, and gallantly and successfully defended by Major Gladwyn, till relieved by General Bradstreet.

The first time I was able to go out, my good-natured landlord drove me himself in his wagon, (*Anglicé*, gig,) with as much attention and care for my comfort as if I had been his near relation. The evening was glorious; the sky perfectly Italian—a genuine Claude Lorraine sky, that beautiful intense amber light reaching to the very zenith, while the purity and transparent loveliness of the atmospheric effects carried me back to Italy and times long past. I felt it all, as people feel things after a sharp fit of indisposition, when the nervous system, languid at once and sensitive, thrills and trembles to every breath of air. As we drove slowly and silently

* The following extract from a cotemporary letter given in the Life of Pontiac is at least very graphic.

"DETROIT, July 9, 1763.

"You have heard long ago of our pleasant situation, but the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling, and eating our companions? to see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay, to spite the rascals. They boiled and ate Sir Robert Devers, and we are informed by Mr. Pauly, who escaped the other day from one of the stations surprised at the breaking out of the war, and commanded by himself, that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson's arm for a tobacco pouch."

along, we came to a sluggish, melancholy-looking rivulet, to which the man pointed with his whip. "I expect," said he, "you know all about the battle of Bloody Run?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance, not without a slight shudder at the hateful, ominous name which sounded in my ear like an epitome of all imaginable horrors.

This was the scene of a night attack made by three hundred British upon the camp of the Indians, who were then besieging Detroit. The Indians had notice of their intention, and prepared an ambush to receive them. They had just reached the bank of this rivulet, when the Indian foe fell upon them suddenly. They fought hand to hand, bayonet and tomahawk, in the darkness of the night. Before the English could extricate themselves, seventy men and most of the officers fell and were scalped on the spot. "Them Indians," said my informant, "fought like brutes and devils," (as most do, I thought, who fight for revenge and existence,) "and they say the creek here, when morning came, ran red with blood; and so they call it the Bloody Run."

There certainly *is* much in a name, whatever Juliet may say, and how much in fame! Do you remember the brook Sanguinetto, which flows into Lake Thrasymene? The meaning and the derivation are the same, but what a difference in sound! The Sanguinetto! 'tis a word one might set to music. *The Bloody Run!* pah! the very utterance pollutes one's fancy!

And in associations, too, how different, though the

circumstances were not unlike! This Indian Fabius, this Pontiac, wary and brave, and unbroken by defeat, fighting for his own land against a swarm of invaders, has had no poet, no historian to immortalize him, else all this ground over which I now tread had been as *classical* as the shores of Thrasymene.

As they have called Tecumseh the Indian Napoleon, they might style Pontiac the Indian Alexander—I do not mean him of Russia, but the Greek. Here, for instance, is a touch of magnanimity quite in the *Alexander-the-great* style. Pontiac, before the commencement of the war, had provided for the safety of a British officer, Major Rogers by name, who was afterwards employed to relieve Detroit, when besieged by the Indians. On this occasion he sent Pontiac a present of a bottle of brandy, to show he had not forgotten his former obligations to him. Those who were around the Indian warrior when the present arrived, particularly some Frenchmen, warned him not to taste it, as it might be poisoned. Pontiac instantly took a draught from it, saying, as he put the bottle to his lips, that "it was not *in the power* of Major Rogers to hurt him who had so lately saved his life." I think this story is no unworthy pendant to that of Alexander and his physician.

But what avails it all! who knows or cares about Pontiac and his Ottawas?

> "Vain was the chief's, the warrior's pride!
> He had no poet—and he died!"

If I dwell on these horrid and obscure conflicts, it is partly to amuse the languid idle hours of conva-

lescence, partly to inspire you with some interest for the localities around me:—and I may as well, while the pen is in my hand, give you the conclusion of the story.

Pontiac carried on the war with so much talent, courage, and resources, that the British government found it necessary to send a considerable force against him. General Bradstreet came up here with three thousand men, wasting the lands of the Miami and Wyandot Indians, "burning their villages, and destroying their corn-fields;" and I pray you to observe that in all the accounts of our expeditions against the Indians, as well as those of the Americans under General Wayne and General Harrison, mention is made of the destruction of corn-fields (plantations of Indian corn) to a great extent, which show that *some* attention must have been paid to agriculture, even by these wild hunting tribes.* I find mention also of a very interesting and beautiful tradition

* I believe it is a prevalent notion that the Indians of the north-west never cultivated grain to any extent until under the influence of the whites. This, apparently, is a mistake. When General Wayne (in 1794) destroyed the settlements of the Wyandots and Miamis along the Miami river, and on the south shores of Lake Erie, he wrote thus in his official despatch:—"The very extensive and cultivated *fields* and *gardens* show the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miami of the Lake and Au Glaize, appear like one continued village for a number of miles, both above and below this place. *Nor have I ever beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida.*" And all this fair scene was devastated and laid waste! and we complain that the Indians make no advance in civilization!

connected with these regions. To the east of the Detroit territory, there was settled from ancient times a band of Wyandots or Hurons, who were called the neutral nation; they never took part in the wars and conflicts of the other tribes. They had two principal villages, which were like the cities of refuge among the Israelites; whoever fled there from an enemy found a secure and inviolable sanctuary. If two enemies from tribes long at deadly variance met there, they were friends while standing on that consecrated ground. To what circumstances this extraordinary institution owed its existence is not known. It was destroyed after the arrival of the French in the country—not by them, but by some national and internal feud.

But to return to Pontiac. With all his talents he could not maintain a standing or permanent army, such a thing being contrary to all the Indian usages, and quite incompatible with their mode of life. His warriors fell away from him every season, and departed to their hunting grounds to provide food for their families. The British pressed forward, took possession of their whole country, and the tribes were obliged to beg for peace. Pontiac disdained to take any part in these negociations, and retired to the Illinois, where he was murdered, from some motive of private animosity, by a Peoria Indian. The Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowattomies, who had been allied under his command, thought it incumbent on them to avenge his death, and nearly exterminated the whole nation of the Peorias—and this was the life and the fall of Pontiac.

The name of this great chief is commemorated in that of a flourishing village, or rising town, about twenty miles west of Detroit, which is called *Pontiac*, as one of the townships in Upper Canada is styled *Tecumseh:* thus literally illustrating those beautiful lines in Mrs. Sigourney's poem on Indian names:—

> "Their memory liveth on your hills,
> *Their baptism on your shore*;
> Your everlasting rivers speak
> Their dialect of yore!"

For rivers, bearing their old Indian names, we have here the Miami, (or Maumee,) the Huron, the Sandusky: but most of the points of land, rivers, islands, &c., bear the French appellations, as Point Pelée, River au Glaize, River des Canards, Gros-Isle, &c.

The *mélange* of proper names in this immediate neighbourhood is sufficiently curious. Here we have Pontiac, Romeo, Ypsilanti, and Byron, all within no great distance of each other.

Long after the time of Pontiac, Detroit and all the country round it became the scene of even more horrid and unnatural conflicts between the Americans and British, during the war of the Revolution, in which the Indians were engaged against the Americans. When peace was proclaimed, and the independence of the United States recognized by Great Britain, this savage war on the frontiers still con-

tinued, and mutual aggressions and injuries have left bitter feelings rankling on both sides. Let us hope that in another generation they may be effaced. For myself, I cannot contemplate the possibility of another war between the English and the Americans without a mingled disgust and terror, as something cruel, unnatural, fratricidal. Have we not the same ancestry, the same father-land, the same language? "Though to drain our blood from out their being were an aim," they cannot do it!

The ruffian refuse of the two nations—the most ignorant, common-minded, and vulgar among them, may hate each other, and give each other nicknames—but every year diminishes the number of such; and while the two governments are shaking hands across the Atlantic, it were indeed supremely ridiculous if they were to go to cuffs across the Detroit and Niagara!

"In vain sedate reflections we would make
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take."
Pope.

Detroit.

When the intolerable heat of the day has subsided, I sometimes take a languid stroll through the streets of the city, not unamused, not altogether unobserving, though unable to profit much by what I see and hear. There are many new houses building, and many new streets laid out. In the principal street, called the Jefferson Avenue, there are rows of large and handsome brick houses; the others are generally of wood, painted white, with bright green doors and windows. The footway in many of the streets is, like that of Toronto, of planks, which, for my own part, I like better than the burning brick or stone *pavé*. The crowd of emigrants constantly pouring through this little city on their way to the back settlements of the west, and the number of steamers, brigs, and schooners always passing up and down the lakes, occasion a perpetual bustle, variety, and animation on the shore and in the streets. Forty-two steamers touch at the port. In one of the Detroit papers (there are five or six published here either daily or weekly) I found a long column, headed Marine Intelligence, giving an account of the arrival and departure of the shipping.

Last year the profits of the steamboats averaged seventy or eighty per cent., one with another: this year it is supposed that many will lose. There are several boats which ply regularly between Detroit and some of the new-born cities on the south shore of Lake Erie—Sandusky, Cleveland, Port Clinton, Monroe, &c. The navigation of the Detroit river is generally open from the beginning of April to the end of November. In the depth of winter they pass and repass from the British to the American shore on the ice.

There are some excellent shops in the town, a theatre, and a great number of taverns and gaming-houses. There is also a great number of booksellers' shops; and I read in the papers long lists of books, newly arrived and unpacked, which the public are invited to inspect.

Wishing to borrow some books, to while away the long solitary hours in which I am *obliged* to rest, I asked for a circulating library, and was directed to the only one in the place. I had to ascend a steep staircase—so disgustingly dirty, that it was necessary to draw my drapery carefully round me to escape pollution. On entering a large room, unfurnished except with bookshelves, I found several men sitting or rather sprawling upon chairs, and reading the newspapers. The collection of books was small; but they were not of a common or vulgar description. I found some of the best modern publications in French and English. The man—gentleman I should say, for all are gentlemen here—who stood behind the counter, neither moved his hat from his head, nor bowed on

my entrance, nor showed any officious anxiety to serve or oblige; but, with this want of what we English consider due courtesy, there was no deficiency of real civility—far from it. When I inquired on what terms I might have some books to read, this gentleman desired I would take any books I pleased, and not think about payment or deposit. I remonstrated, and represented that I was a stranger at an inn—that my stay was uncertain, &c.; and the reply was, that from a lady and a stranger he could not think of receiving remuneration: and then gave himself some trouble to look out the books I wished for, which I took away with me. He did not even ask the name of the hotel at which I was staying; and when I returned the books, persisted in declining all payment from "a lady and a stranger."

Whatever attention and politeness may be tendered to me, in either character, as a lady or as a stranger, I am always glad to receive from any one, in any shape. In the present instance, I could indeed have dispensed with the *form:* a pecuniary obligation, small or large, not being much to my taste; but what was meant for courtesy, I accepted courteously—and so the matter ended.

Nations differ in their idea of good manners, as they do on the subject of beauty—a far less conventional thing. But there exists luckily a standard for each, in reference to which we cannot err, and to which the progress of civilization will, it is to be hoped, bring us all nearer and nearer still. For the type of perfection in physical beauty we go to Greece, and for that of politeness we go to the gospel. As

it is written in a charming little book I have just bought here,—"He who should embody and manifest the virtues taught in Christ's sermon on the Mount, would, though he had never seen a drawing-room, nor even heard of the artificial usages of society, commend himself to all nations, the most refined as well as the most simple."*

If you look upon the map, you will find that the Detroit River, so called, is rather a strait or channel about thirty miles in length, and in breadth from one to two or three miles, dividing the British from the American shore. Through this channel all the waters of the upper lakes, Michigan, Superior, and Huron, come pouring down on their way to the ocean. Here, at Detroit, the breadth of the river does not exceed a mile. A pretty little steamer, gaily painted, with streamers flying, and shaded by an awning, is continually passing and re-passing from shore to shore. I have sometimes sat in this ferry-boat for a couple of hours together, pleased to remain still, and enjoy, without exertion, the cool air, the sparkling redundant waters, and green islands :—amused, meantime, by the variety and conversation of the passengers, English emigrants, and FrenchCanadians ; brisk Americans ; dark, sad-looking Indians folded in their blankets ; farmers, storekeepers, speculators in wheat ; artisans ; trim girls with black eyes and short petticoats, speaking a Norman *patois*, and bringing baskets of fruit to the Detroit market ; over-dressed, long-waisted, damsels of the city, attended by their

* "Home," by Miss Sedgwick.

beaux, going to make merry on the opposite shore. The passage is not of more than ten minutes duration, yet there is a tavern bar on the lower deck, and a constant demand for cigars, liquors, and mint julep—by the *men* only, I pray you to observe, and the Americans chiefly; I never saw the French peasants ask for drink.

Yesterday and to-day, feeling better, I have passed some hours straying or driving about on the British shore.

I hardly know how to convey to you an idea of the difference between the two shores; it will appear to you as incredible as it is to me incomprehensible. Our shore is said to be the most fertile, and has been the longest settled; but to float between them (as I did to-day in a little canoe made of a hollow tree, and paddled by a half-breed imp of a boy)—to behold on one side a city, with its towers and spires and animated population, with villas and handsome houses stretching along the shore, and a hundred vessels or more, gigantic steamers, brigs, schooners, crowding the port, loading and unloading; all the bustle, in short, of prosperity and commerce; —and, on the other side, a little straggling hamlet, one schooner, one little wretched steamboat, some windmills, a catholic chapel or two, a supine ignorant peasantry, all the symptoms of apathy, indolence, mistrust, hopelessness!—can I, can any one,

help wondering at the difference, and asking whence it arises? There must be a cause for it surely—but what is it? Does it lie in past or in present—in natural or accidental circumstances?—in the institutions of the government, or the character of the people? Is it remediable? is it a necessity? is it a mystery? what and whence is it?—Can you tell? or can you send some of our colonial officials across the Atlantic to behold and solve the difficulty?

The little hamlet opposite to Detroit is called Richmond. I was sitting there to-day on the grassy bank above the river, resting in the shade of a tree, and speculating on all these things, when an old French Canadian stopped near me to arrange something about his cart. We entered forthwith into conversation; and though I had some difficulty in making out his *patois*, he understood my French, and we got on very well. If you would see the two extremes of manner brought into near comparison, you should turn from a Yankee storekeeper to a French Canadian! It was quite curious to find in this remote region such a perfect specimen of an old-fashioned Norman peasant—all bows, courtesy, and good-humour. He was carrying a cart-load of cherries to Sandwich, and when I begged for a ride, the little old man bowed and smiled, and poured forth a voluble speech, in which the words *enchanté! honneur!* and *madame!* were all I could understand; but these were enough. I mounted the cart, seated myself in an old chair surrounded with baskets heaped with ripe cherries, lovely as those of Shenstone—

"Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
And must be bought, though penury betide!"

No occasion, however, to risk penury here; for after permission asked, and granted with a pleasant smile and a hundredth removal of the ragged hat, I failed not to profit by my situation, and dipped my hand pretty frequently into these tempting baskets. When the French penetrated into these regions a century ago, they brought with them not only their national courtesy, but some of their finest national fruits,—plums, cherries, apples, pears, of the best quality—excellent grapes, too, I am told—and all these are now grown in such abundance as to be almost valueless. For his cart-load of cherries my old man expected a sum not exceeding two shillings.

Sandwich is about two miles below Detroit. It is the chief place in the Western District, the county town; yet the population does not much exceed four hundred.

I had to regret much the absence of Mr. Prince, the great proprietor of the place, and a distinguished member of our House of Assemby, both for ability and eloquence; but I saw sufficient to convince me that Sandwich makes no progress. The appearance of the place and people, so different from all I had left on the opposite side of the river, made me melancholy, or rather thoughtful. What can be the reason that all flourishes *there*, and all languishes *here?*

Amherstberg, another village about ten miles farther, contains about six hundred inhabitants, has a good harbour, and all natural capabilities; but here also no progress is making. There is a wretched

little useless fort, commanding, or rather *not* commanding, the entrance to the Detroit river on our side, and memorable in the history of the last American war as Fort Malden. There are here a few idle soldiers, detached from the garrison at Toronto; and it is said that even these will be removed. In case of an attack or sudden outbreak, all this exposed and important line of shore is absolutely without defence.*

Near Amherstberg there is a block of reserved land, about seven miles square, the property of a tribe of Huron or Wyandot Indians: it extends along the banks of the Detroit river, and is one of the finest regions for climate, soil, and advantages of every kind, in the whole province; of great importance too, as lying opposite to the American shore, and literally a stumbling-*block* in the way of the white settlements, diminishing very considerably the value and eligibility of the lands around. Our government has been frequently in negociation with these Indians to induce them to dispose of their lands, and I understood that fifteen thousand acres have lately been purchased from them. It is most certain, however, that in all these transactions they consider themselves aggrieved.

I have in my possession an original petition of these Wyandot Indians, addressed to Sir John Colborne. It appears that in 1829, the other lake tribes, the Chippewas, Pottowattomies, and Ottawas,

* This was written on the spot. Since the late troubles in Upper Canada, it is understood to be the intention of Sir John Colborne to fortify this coast.

claimed an equal right to these lands, and offered to dispose of them to our government. The Hurons resisted this claim, and were most unwilling to relinquish their right to keep and reside on their "own little piece of land." The petition, which has been translated by one of their missionaries in a style rather too ambitious and flowery, contains some very touching and beautiful passages. They open their statement of grievances thus :—

"FATHER!

"Your Red children the Hurons approach you "under the gathering clouds of affliction. Father, "we visit you to tell you the sorrows of our hearts. "We have learned at a council that the three nations "of Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowattomies, claim "our lands. We understand, with grief and sur-"prise, that they proposed at that council to traffic "with you for our Huron reserve."

They then allude to their ancient contests with the Iroquois, by which they were driven up the lakes, as far as beyond Lake Michigan; and their return to their former hunting-grounds when these contests ceased.

"Our fires were quenched, and their ashes scat-"tered; but, Father, we collected them again, "removed to our present homes, and there rekindled "the embers."

They allude to their services in the late war, as giving them a peculiar claim to protection.

"Father, when the war-hatchet was sent by our "great Father to the Americans, we too raised it

"against them. Father, we fought your enemies "on the very spot we now inherit. The pathway "to our doors is red with our blood. Every track "to our homes reminds us, 'here fell a brother'— "fell, Father! in the hour of strife for you. But, "Father, we mourn not for them. The memory of "their exploits lives sacred in our breasts. We "mourn not for them; we mourn for ourselves and "our children. We would not recal them to the "pains and sufferings through which the steps of "the living Huron must pass. Theirs is the morn- "ing of stillness after the tempest: the day of "peace after the fury of the battle! Father, their "brave spirits look down upon you. By their blood "we implore you to stretch your protecting arm "over us. The war-club has been glutted with the "havoc of our nation. We look round for our "young men, our warriors, our chiefs: where is "now the Huron? gone, Father, laid low in the "earth; nerveless are now the hands that grasped "the Huron tomahawk. Father, in our might we "aided you: let us not lament in our weakness that "our vigour has been wasted."

They then attempt to substantiate their claim by pointing out the places which bear their name, as the ancient inhabitants of the soil; and it is certain that in the time of Charlevoix all these regions were in possession of the Huron tribes.

"The great lake is called the *Huron* Lake. There "are no less than three rivers in our vicinity which "bear the name of the Huron: the Huron river on "the north side of Lake St. Clair—the Huron river

"on the north side of Lake Erie—and the Huron "river on the south side of Lake Erie. Upper and "Lower Sandusky* owe their names to our language. "Father, what is the soil in dispute everywhere "termed? The Ottawa or Chippewa Reserve?— "no, Father; but simply the Huron Reserve. Thus "your maps designate it. We had a village at Big "Rock, in the entrance to the westerly channel of "the river Detroit, called Brown's Town, from one "of our chiefs. Another at Maguaga, in the same "channel. But Amherstberg now covers the space "where were once our principal town and settle- "ment, extending to the mouth of the river Des "Canards, our present abode."

"Yet, Father, the Ottawas ask our lands as their "property; they offer to you the sale of crops they "have not tilled—of barns they have not raised—of "houses they have not built—of homes wherein they "never slept. Father, they would reap where the "ancient Huron only has sown."

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"Father, we have had the strongest declarations "that we should not be molested, from Governor "Simcoe, on the behalf of our great Father; also "from the Governor-general, Lord Dorchester; from "Governor Gore, and from every other Governor to "the present day. The same has been repeated to us "by your commanding officers stationed at Amherst- "berg. Father, on the faith of these repeated promi- "ses, we retained our habitations among you. Deem-

* Two rising towns on the American shore of Lake Erie.

"ing your protection certain, we have cleared our "fields and cultivated them, raised barns for our grain, "and houses for our families. We have taught our "children to smoke the pipe of peace, and follow the "precepts of the gospel. Our feet are unaccus- "tomed to the chase—their swiftness is no more; "our hands unfamiliar with the bow, and the sure- "ness of the arrow is lost."

They attribute these new claims to their lands to the devices of their white neighbours, and they allude to their fallen state and diminished numbers as pleas for the white man's forbearance.

"We conjure you not to expel us from our homes, "rendered dear to us by many recollections. The "morning and the noon-day of our nation has passed "away—the evening is fast settling in darkness "round us. It is hardly worth an effort to hasten "the close of night," &c.

"Father, the dejected Huron throws himself upon "your clemency and justice."

This petition is signed by their principal chief, Split-log, and nine other chiefs, of whom three sign their names in rude but legible manuscript; the others affix their mark only.

Is there not much reason as well as eloquence in this appeal? Apparently it was successful, as I find the Wyandots still on their land, and no question at present of the rights of the other tribes. Warrow and Split-log, two of the chiefs who sign this petition, were distinguished in the last war; they were present at the council at Fort Malden, and fought in the battle in which Tecumseh was slain.

Split-log is still living, and has been baptized a Christian, by the name of Thomas.

This same Huron reserve has been more lately (in 1836) the subject of dispute between the Lieutenant-governor and the House of Assembly. The Indians petitioned the house against the encroachments of the whites and half-breeds, and the conduct of the superintendent; and complained that the territory of their fathers was taken from them without their acquiescence.

Hereupon the House of Assembly sent up an address, requesting that the subject of this petition, and the proceedings of the government thereon, should be laid before the house. Sir Francis Head declined acceding to this request, and gave his reasons at length, arguing that the management of the Indian affairs belonged to the Executive alone, and that the interference of the provincial legislature was an undue invasion of the king's prerogative.*

* The following is part of his Excellency's answer to the address of the House of Assembly.

"Without reverting to the anomalous history of the aborigines of this land, I will merely observe that in Upper Canada the Indians have hitherto been under the exclusive care of his Majesty, the territories they inhabit being tracts of crown lands devoted to their sole use as his allies. Over these lands his Majesty has never exercised his paramount right, except at their request and for their *manifest advantage*,"—(this is doubtful, I presume.) "Within their own communities they have hitherto governed themselves by their own unwritten laws and customs; their lands and properties have never been subjected to tax or assessment, or themselves liable to personal service. As they are not subject to such liabilities, neither do they yet possess the political privileges of his Majesty's sub-

I am hardly competent to give an opinion either way, but it seemeth to me, in my simple wit, that

jects generally. The superintendents, missionaries, schoolmasters, and others, who reside among them for their protection and civilization, are appointed and paid by the king. To his representative all appeals have until now been made, and with him all responsibility has rested. In every respect they appear to be most constitutionally within the jurisdiction and prerogative of the Crown; and as I declare myself not only ready but desirous to attend to every complaint they may offer me, I consider it would be highly impolitic (especially for the object of redressing a trifling grievance) to sanction the adoption of a new course for their internal government."

I believe that Sir Francis Head entertained an enthusiastic admiration for the Indian character, and was sincerely interested in the welfare of this fated people. It was his deliberate conviction that there was no salvation for them but in their removal as far as possible from the influence and dominion of the white settlers; and in this I agree with his Excellency; but seeing that the Indians are not virtually British subjects, no measure should be adopted, even for their supposed benefit, without their acquiescence. They are quite capable of judging for themselves in every case in which their interests are concerned. The fault of our executive is, that we acknowledge the Indians our *allies*, yet treat them, as well as call them, our *children*. They acknowledge in our government a *father;* they never acknowledged any master but the "Great Master of Life," and the rooted idea, or rather instinct of personal and political independence in which every Indian is born or reared, no earthly power can obliterate from his soul. One of the early missionaries expresses himself on this point with great *naïveté*. "The Indians," he says, "are convinced that every man is born free; that no one has a right to make any attempt upon his personal liberty, and that nothing can make him amends for its loss." He proceeds—"We have even had much pains to undeceive those converted to Christianity on this head,

this is a case in which the government of the Crown, always supposing it to be wisely and paternally administered, must be preferable to the interposition of the colonial legislature, seeing that the interests of the colonists and settlers, and those of the Indians, are brought into perpetual collision, and that the colonists can scarcely be trusted to decide in their own case. As it is, the poor Indian seems hardly destined to meet with *justice*, either from the legislative or executive power.

Of the number here I can form no exact idea; they say there are about two hundred. At present they are busied in preparations for their voyage up Lake Huron to the Great Manitoolin Island to receive their annual presents, and one fleet of canoes has already departed.

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and to make them understand that in consequence of the corruption of our nature, which is the effect of sin, an unrestrained liberty of doing evil differs little from the necessity of doing it, considering the strength of the inclination which carries us to it; and that the law which restrains us brings us nearer to our first liberty in seeming to deprive us of it."

That a man, because he has the free use of his will and his limbs, must therefore necessarily do evil, is a doctrine which the Indian can never be brought to understand. He is too polite to contradict us, but he insists that it was made for the pale-faces, who, it may be, are naturally inclined to all evil; but has nothing to do with the red skins, whom the Great Spirit created free. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" but about liberty there may be as many differing notions as about charity.

Fort Malden and the whole of this coast (on both sides of the river) were the scene of various vicissitudes during the last war of 1813. The shameful retreat of the American General Hull, and his surrender with his whole army to General Brock; the equally shameful retreat of the British General Proctor, and his defeat by General Harrison, are fresh in the recollection of all people; and these national disgraces, with mutual wrongs and injuries, have left, I fear, much mutual animosity along both shores. Here it was that Tecumseh attempted in vain to prevent the retreat or rather flight of General Proctor from Fort Malden. "We are astonished," exclaimed the Indian chief, "to see our Father tying up everything and preparing to run away, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground. But now, Father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our Father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our Father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father! you have got the arms and ammunition which our great Father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and, if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

You may find the whole of this famous speech in Thatcher's Indian Biography. Neither Tecumseh's

reasoning, nor his ludicrous and scornful simile of the fat dog, had any effect on General Proctor, who continued his retreat. It is not generally known that Tecumseh, exasperated by the faint-heartedness of the British general, threatened (before the battle of the Moravian Towns) to tomahawk him if he would not fight. This fact I had from one who served most honourably in this very war—Colonel Fitzgibbon.

As yet, these bloody and obscure conflicts are little known beyond the locality, and excite but little interest when read cursorily in the dry chronicles of the time. But let some eloquent historian arise to throw over these events the light of a philosophical mind, and all the picturesque and romantic interest of which they are capable; to trace the results which have already arisen, and must in future arise, from this collision between two great nations, though fought out on a remote and half barbarous stage, with little sympathy and less applause:—we shall then have these far-off shores converted into classic ground, and the name of Pontiac, Tecumseh, Isaac Brock, become classic names familiar on all lips as household words—such at least they will become *here*.*

* The events of our wars with America, both the war of independence and the last war of 1813, are not a popular study in England, and imperfectly known except to those who make this part of modern history a particular study for a particular object. We cannot be surprised that exactly the reverse is the case in America, where, I remember, I got myself into irretrievable disgrace by not recollecting the battle of New Orleans.

Sunday Evening.

My business here is to observe, as well as lassitude and sickness will let me; but—I must needs confess it—I never spent six fine sunshiny summer days, though in solitude, with less of profit or pleasure. Two summers ago I was lingering thus alone, and convalescent, on the banks of the Traun-See in Upper Austria. O that I could convey to you in intelligible words all the difference between *there* and *here!*—between *then* and *now!*—between *that* solitude and *this* solitude! There I was alone with nature and my own heart, bathed in mountain torrents, and floated for hours together on the bosom of that delicious lake, not thinking, not observing, only enjoying and dreaming! As on that lake I have seen a bird hang hovering, poised on almost motionless wing, as if contemplating the reflection of its own form, suspended between two heavens, that above and that beneath it; so my mind seemed lost to earth's objects, and beheld only itself and heaven! What a contrast between that still, sublime loneliness, that vague, tender, tranquil, blessed mood, and the noisy excitement of this restless yet idle existence, where attention is continually fatigued and never satisfied! and the nerves, unstrung and languid, are fretted out of all repose! What a contrast between my pretty Tyrolean *batelière* singing as she slowly pulled her oar, and my wild Indian boy flourishing

his paddle!—between the cloud-capped Traunstein and gleaming glaciers, and these flat marshy shores —and *that* little cupful of water not twenty miles in circumference, and *these* inland oceans covering thousands of leagues!

But it is well to have known and seen both. Nothing so soon passes away from the mind as the recollection of physical inconvenience and pain—nothing is so permanent as the picture once impressed on the fancy; and *this* picture will be to me a pleasure and an inalienable property, like that of the Traun-See, when this irksome languor of the sinking spirit will be quite forgotten and effaced.

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So, as I have said, my business here being not to dream, but to observe, and this morning being Sunday morning, I crept forth to attend the different church services merely as a spectator. I went first to the Roman Catholic church, called the Cathedral, and the largest and oldest in the place. The catholic congregation is by far the most numerous here, and is composed chiefly of the lower classes and the descendants of the French settlers. On entering the porch, I found a board suspended with written regulations, to the effect that all Christians, of whatever denomination, were welcome to enter; but it was requested that all would observe the outward ceremonial, and that all gentlemen (*tous les messieurs*) would lay aside their pipes and cigars, take off their hats, and wipe their shoes. The interior of the church was similar to that of many other provincial Roman Catholic churches, exhibiting the usual as-

sortment of wax tapers, gilding, artificial flowers, and daubed Madonnas. The music and singing were not good. In the course of the service, the officiating priest walked up and down the aisles, flinging about the holy water on either side, with a silver-handled brush. I had my share, though unworthy, of this sprinkling, and then left the church, where the heat and the smell of incense, *et cetera*, were too overpowering. On the steps, and in the open space before the door, there was a crowd of peasants, all talking French—laughing, smoking, tobacco chewing, *et cetera, et cetera*. One or two were kneeling in the porch. Thence I went to the Methodist chapel, where I found a small congregation of the lower classes. A very ill-looking man, in comparison to whom Liston's Mawworm were no caricature, was holding forth in a most whining and lugubrious tone; the poor people around joined in sobs and ejaculations, which soon became howling, raving, and crying. In the midst of this woful assembly I observed a little boy who was grinning furtively, kicking his heels, and sliding bits of apple from his pocket into his mouth. Not being able to endure this long with proper seriousness, I left the place.

I then went into the Baptist church, on the opposite side of the road. It is one of the largest in the town, plain in appearance, but the interior handsome, and in good taste. The congregation was not crowded, but composed of most respectable, serious, well-dressed people. As I entered, the preacher was holding forth on the unpardonable sin, very incoherently and unintelligibly; but on closing his sermon

he commenced a prayer; and I have seldom listened to one more eloquently fervent. Both the sermon and prayer were extemporaneous. He prayed for all people, nations, orders and conditions of men throughout the world, including the king of Great Britain: but the prayer for the president of the United States seemed to me a little original, and admirably calculated to suit the two parties who are at present divided on the merits of that gentleman. The suppliant besought the Almighty, that "if Mr. Van Buren were a good man, he might be made better, and if a bad man, he might be speedily regenerated."

I was still in time for the Episcopal church, a very spacious and handsome building, though "somewhat Gothic." On entering, I perceived at one glance that the Episcopal church is here, as at New-York, the *fashionable* church of the place. It was crowded in every part: the women well dressed—but, as at New York, too much dressed, too fine for good taste and real fashion. I was handed immediately to the "strangers' pew," a book put into my hand, and it was whispered to me that the bishop would preach. Our English idea of the exterior of a bishop is an old gentleman in a wig and lawn sleeves, both equally *de rigueur;* I was therefore childishly surprised to find in the Bishop of Michigan a young man of very elegant appearance, wearing his own fine hair, and in a plain black silk gown. The sermon was on the well-worn subject of charity as it consists in *giving*—the least and lowest it may be of all the branches of charity, though indeed that depends on what we give, and how we give it. We

may give our heart, our soul, our time, our health, our life, as well as our money; and the greatest of these, as well as the least, is still but charity. At home I have often thought that when people gave money they gave counters; here, when people give money they are really charitable—they give a portion of their time and their existence, both of which are devoted to money-making.

On closing his sermon, which was short and unexceptionable, the bishop leaned forward over the pulpit, and commenced an extemporaneous address to his congregation. I have often had occasion in the United States to admire the ready, graceful fluency of their extemporaneous speakers and preachers, and I have never heard anything more eloquent and more elegant than this address; it was in perfect good taste, besides being very much to the purpose. He spoke in behalf of the domestic missions of his diocese. I understood that the missions hitherto supported in the back settlements are, in consequence of the extreme pressure of the times, likely to be withdrawn, and the new, thinly-peopled districts thus left without any ministry whatever. He called on the people to give their aid towards sustaining these domestic missionaries, at least for a time, and said, among other things, that if each individual of the Episcopal Church in the United States subscribed one cent per week for a year, it would amount to more than 300,000 dollars. This address was responded to by a subscription on the spot of above 400 dollars—a large sum for a small town, suffering, like all other places, from the present commercial difficulties.

With keen eye'd hope, with memory at her side,
And the glad muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious as we float
Gently along! regardless who shall chide—
If the heavens smile—

WORDSWORTH.

July 18.

THIS evening the Thomas Jefferson arrived in the river from Buffalo, and starts early to-morrow morning for Chicago. I hastened to secure a passage as far as the island of Mackinaw; when once there, I must trust to Providence for some opportunity of going up Lake Huron to the Sault Ste. Marie to visit my friends the MacMurrays; or down the lake to the great Manitoolin Island, where the annual distribution of presents to the Indians is to take place under the auspices of the governor. If both these plans—wild plans they are, I am told—should fail, I have only to retrace my way and come down the lake, as I went up, in a steamer; but this were horridly tedious and prosaic, and I *hope* better things. So *evviva la speranza!* and Westward Ho!

On board the Jefferson, River St. Clair, July 19.

This morning I came down early to the steamboat, attended by a *cortège* of amiable people, who had heard of my sojourn at Detroit, too late to be of any

solace or service to me, but had seized this last and only opportunity of showing politeness and good-will. General Schwarz and his family, the sister of the governor, two other ladies and a gentleman, came on board with me at that early hour, and remained on deck till the paddles were in motion. The talk was so pleasant, I could not but regret that I had not seen some of these kind people earlier, or might hope to see more of them; but it was too late. Time and steam wait neither for man nor woman; all expressions of hope and regret on both sides were cut short by the parting signal, which the great bell swung out from on high; all compliments and questions "fumbled up into a loose adieu;" and these new friendly faces—seen but for a moment, then to be lost, yet not quite forgotten—were soon left far behind.

The morning was most lovely and auspicious; blazing hot though, and scarce a breath of air; and the magnificent machine, admirably appointed in all respects, gaily painted and guilt, with flags waving, glided over the dazzling waters with an easy, stately motion.

I had suffered so much at Detroit, that as it disappeared and melted away in the bright southern haze like a vision, I turned from it with a sense of relief, put the past out of my mind, and resigned myself to the present—like a wise woman—or wiser child.

The captain told me that last season he had never gone up the lakes with less than four or five hundred passengers. This year, fortunately for my individual

comfort, the case is greatly altered: we have not more than one hundred and eighty passengers, consequently an abundance of accommodation, and air, and space—inestimable blessings in this sultry weather, and in the enjoyment of which I did not sympathise in the lamentations of the good-natured captain as much as I ought to have done.

We passed a large and beautifully green island, formerly called Snake Island, from the immense number of rattlesnakes which infested it. These were destroyed by turning large herds of swine upon it, and it is now, in compliment to its last conquerors and possessors, the swinish multitude, called Hog Island. This was the scene of some most horrid Indian atrocities during the Pontiac war. A large party of British prisoners, surprised while they were coming up to relieve Detroit, were brought over here, and, almost within sight of their friends in the fort, put to death with all the unutterable accompaniments of savage ferocity.

I have been told that since this war the custom of torturing persons to death has fallen gradually into disuse among the Indian tribes of these regions, and even along the whole frontier of the States an instance has not been known within these forty years.*

Leaving the channel of the river and the cluster of islands at its entrance, we stretched northwards across Lake St. Clair. This beautiful lake, though three times the size of the Lake of Geneva, is a mere pond compared with the enormous seas in its neigh-

* This was subsequently confirmed by Mr. Schoolcraft.

bourhood. About one o'clock we entered the river St. Clair, (which, like the Detroit, is rather a strait or channel than a river,) forming the communication between Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron. Ascending this beautiful river, we had, on the right, part of the western district of Upper Canada, and on the left the Michigan territory. The shores on either side, though low and bounded always by the line of forest, were broken into bays and little promontories, or diversified by islands, richly wooded, and of every variety of form. The bateaux of the Canadians, or the canoes of the Indians, were perpetually seen gliding among these winding channels, or shooting across the river from side to side, as if playing at hide-and-seek among the leafy recesses. Now and then a beautiful schooner, with white sails relieved against the green masses of foliage, passed us, gracefully curtseying and sidling along. Innumerable flocks of wild fowl were disporting among the reedy islets, and here and there the great black loon was seen diving and dipping, or skimming over the waters.

As usual, the British coast is here the most beautiful and fertile, and the American coast the best settled and cleared. Along the former I see a few isolated log-shanties, and groups of Indian lodges; along the latter, several extensive clearings, and some hamlets and rising villages. The facility afforded by the American steam-boats for the transport of goods and sale of produce, &c., is one reason of this. There is a boat, for instance, which leaves Detroit every morning for Fort Gratiot, stopping at the intermediate "landings." We are now moored

at a place called "Palmer's Landing," for the purpose of taking in wood for the Lake voyage. This process has already occupied two hours, and is to detain us two more, though there are fourteen men employed in flinging logs into the wood-hold. Meantime I have been sketching and lounging about the little hamlet, where there is a good grocery-store, a sawing-mill worked by steam, and about twenty houses. Now I rest, and scribble this for you.

I was amused at Detroit to find the phraseology of the people imbued with metaphors taken from the most familiar mode of locomotion. "Will you take in wood?" signifies, will you take refreshment? "Is your steam up?" means, are you ready? The common phrase, "go ahead," has, I suppose, the same derivation. A witty friend of mine once wrote to me not to be lightly alarmed at the political and social ferments in America, nor mistake the *whizzing of the safety-valves for the bursting of the boilers!*

But all this time I have not yet introduced you to my companions on board; and one of these great American steamers is really a little world, a little social system in itself, where a near observer of faces and manners may find endless subjects of observation, amusement, and interest. At the other end of the vessel we have about one hundred emigrants on their way to the Illinois and the settlements to the west of Lake Michigan. Among them I find a large party of Germans and Norwegians, with their wives and families, a very respectable, orderly community, consisting of some farmers and some artisans, having with them a large quantity of stock and utensils—just the

sort of people best calculated to improve and enrich their adopted country, wherever that may be. Then we have twenty or thirty poor ragged Irish emigrants, with good-natured potato-faces, and strong arms and willing hearts. Men are smoking; women nursing, washing, sewing; children squalling and rolling about.

The ladies' saloon and upper deck exhibit a very different scene: there are about twenty ladies and children in the cabin and state-rooms, which are beautifully furnished and carpeted, with draperies of blue silk, &c. On the upper deck, shaded by an awning, we have sofas, rocking-chairs, and people lounging up and down; some reading, some chattering, some sleeping; there are missionaries and missionaries' wives, and officers on their way to the garrisons on the Indian frontier; and settlers, and traders, and some few nondescripts—like myself.

Also among the passengers I find the Bishop of Michigan, whose preaching so delighted me on Sunday last. The governor's sister, Miss Mason, introduced us at starting, and bespoke his good offices for me. His conversation has been a great resource and interest for me during the long day. He is still a young man, who began life as a lawyer, and afterwards, from a real vocation, adopted his present profession: his talents and popularity have placed him in the rank he now holds. He is on his way to visit the missions and churches in the back settlements, and at Green Bay. His diocese, he tells me, extends about eight hundred miles in length and four hundred in breadth. And then if you think of the scat-

tered population, the *sort* of population, the immensity of this spiritual charge and the amount of labour and responsibility it necessarily brings with it are enough to astound one. The amount of power is great in proportion; and the extensive moral influence exercised by such a man as this Bishop of Michigan, struck me very much. In conversing with him and the missionaries on the spiritual and moral condition of his diocese, and these newly settled regions in general, I learned many things which interested me very much; and there was one thing discussed which especially surprised me. It was said that two thirds of the misery which came under the immediate notice of a popular clergyman, and to which he was called to minister, arose from the infelicity of the conjugal relations; there was no question here of open immorality and discord, but simply of infelicity and unfitness. The same thing has been brought before me in every country, every society in which I have been a sojourner and an observer; but I did not look to find it so broadly placed before me here in America, where the state of morals, as regards the two sexes, is comparatively pure; where the marriages are early, where conditions are equal, where the means of subsistence are abundant, where the women are much petted and considered by the men—too much so.

For a result then so universal, there must be a cause or causes as universal, not depending on any particular customs, manners, or religion, or political institutions. And what are these causes? Many things do puzzle me in this strange world of ours—

many things in which the new world and the old world are equally incomprehensible. I cannot understand why an evil everywhere acknowledged and felt is not remedied somewhere, or discussed by some one, with a view to a remedy; but no, it is like putting one's hand into the fire, only to touch upon it; it is the universal bruise, the putrefying sore, on which you must not lay a finger, or your patient (that is, society) cries out and resists, and, like a sick baby, scratches and kicks its physician.

Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes, the passion of love in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician—let *them* reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every-day existence, our moral welfare and eternal salvation? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas, it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness; mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why then should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing. Love and Death,

the alpha and omega of human life, the author and finisher of existence, the two points on which God's universe turns; which He, our Father and Creator, has placed beyond our arbitration—beyond the reach of that election and free will which He has left us in all other things!

Death must come, and Love must come—but the state in which they find us?—whether blinded, astonished, and frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings?—*this*, I suppose, depends on ourselves; and for want of self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue!—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy; cureless insanity:—the death that comes early, and the love that comes late, reversing the primal laws of our nature.

It is of little consequence how unequal the conventional difference of rank, as in Germany—how equal the condition, station, and means, as in America,—if there be inequality between the sexes; and if the sentiment which attracts and unites them to each other, and the contracts and relations springing out of this sentiment, be not equally well understood by both, equally sacred with both, equally binding on both.

* * * * *

Another of my deck companions is a son of the celebrated Daniel Webster, with whom I began an acquaintance over Philip van Artevelde. He was reading that most charming book for the first time—

a pleasure that I half envied him: but as I have it well nigh by heart, I could at least help him to admire, I know nothing prettier than this sort of sympathy over a favourite book—and then there was no end to the talk it gave rise to, for Philip van Artevelde is *àpropos* to everything—war, love, politics, religion. Mr. Webster was naturally anxious to know something of an author who had so much interested him, and I was sorry I could not better satisfy the curiosity and interest he expressed.

There is yet another person on board who has attracted my attention, and to whom I was especially introduced. This is General Brady, an officer of high distinction in the American army. He has taken a conspicuous part in all the Indian wars on the frontiers since Wayne's war in 1794, in which he served as lieutenant; and was not only present, but also a distinguished actor in most of the scenes I have alluded to. I did certainly long to ask him a thousand things; and here was a good opportunity of setting myself right on doubtful points. But General Brady, like many men who are especially men of action and daring, and whose lives have been passed amid scenes of terrific adventure, seems of a silent and modest temper; and I did not conceive that any longing or curiosity on my part gave me a right to tax his politeness, or engross his attention, or torment him with intrusive questions. So, after admiring for some time his fine military bearing, as

he paced up and down the deck alone, and as if in deep thought,—I turned to my books, and the corner of my sofa.

At Detroit I had purchased Miss Sedgwick's tale of "The Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man," and this sent away two hours delightfully, as we were gliding over the expanse of Lake St. Clair. Those who glanced on my book while I was reading always smiled—a significant sympathising smile, very expressive of that unenvious, affectionate homage and admiration which this genuine American writer inspires among her countrymen. I do not think I ever mentioned her name to any of them, that the countenance did not light up with pleasure and gratified pride. I have also a sensible little book, called "Three Experiments in Living," attributed to Miss Sedgwick—but I should think not hers* —it must be popular, and *true* to life and nature, for the edition I bought is the tenth. I have also another book to which I must introduce you more particularly—"The Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry." Did you ever hear of such a man? No. Listen then, and perpend.

This Mr. Henry was a fur-trader who journeyed over these lake regions about seventy years ago, and is quoted as first-rate authority in more recent books of travels. His book, which was lent to me at Toronto, struck me so much as to have had some influence in directing the course of my present tour. Plain, unaffected, telling what he has to tell in few

* It is written by Mrs. Lee of Boston.

and simple words, and without comment—the internal evidence of truth—the natural sensibility and power of fancy, betrayed rather than displayed—render not only the narrative, but the man himself, his personal character, unspeakably interesting. Wild as are the tales of his hairbreadth escapes, I never heard the slightest impeachment of his veracity. He was living at Montreal so late as 1810 or 1811, when a friend of mine saw him, and described him to me as a very old man past eighty, with white hair, and still hale-looking and cheerful, so that his hard and adventurous life, and the horrors he had witnessed and suffered had in no respect impaired his spirits or his constitution. His book has been long out of print. I had the greatest difficulty in procuring the loan of a copy, after sending to Montreal, Quebec, and New York, in vain. Mr. Henry is to be my travelling companion, or rather *our* travelling companion, for I always fancy *you* of the party. I do not know how he might have figured as a squire of dames when living, but I assure you that being dead he makes a very respectable hero of epic or romance. He is the Ulysses of these parts, and to cruise among the shores, rocks, and islands of Lake Huron without Henry's travels, were like coasting Calabria and Sicily without the Odyssey in your head or hand,—only here you have the island of Mackinaw instead of the island of Circe; the land of the Ottawas instead of the shores of the Lotophagi; cannibal Chippewas, instead of man-eating Læstrygons; Pontiac figures as Polypheme; and Wa-wa-tam plays the part of good king Alcinous. I can find no type for the women, as Henry does not

tell us his adventures among the squaws, but no doubt he might have found both Calypsos and Nausicaas, and even a Penelope, among them.

June 20.

Before I went down to my rest yesterday evening, I beheld a strange and beautiful scene. The night was coming on, the moon had risen round and full, like an enormous globe of fire, we were still in the channel of the river, when to the right I saw a crowd of Indians on a projecting point of land—the very Hurons from near Amherstberg, already mentioned. They were encamping for the night, some hauling up their canoes, some building up their wigwams; there were numerous fires blazing amid the thick foliage, and the dusky figures of the Indians were seen glancing to and fro, and I heard loud laughs and shouts as our huge steamer swept past them. In another moment we turned a point, and all was dark; the whole had vanished like a scene in a melodrama. I rubbed my eyes, and began to think I was already dreaming.

At the entrance of the river St. Clair the Americans have a fort and garrison, (Fort Gratiot,) and a lighthouse, which we passed in the night. On the opposite side we have no station; so that, in case of any misunderstanding between the two nations, it would be in the power of the Americans to shut the entrance of Lake Huron upon us. (Pray have a map before you when you read all this!)

At seven this morning, when I went on deck, we had advanced about one hundred miles into Lake

Huron; we were coasting along the south shore about four miles from the land, while, on the other side, we had about two hundred miles of open *sea*, and the same expanse before us: soon after, we had to pass the entrance of Sagginaw Bay. Here we lost sight of land for the first time. Sagginaw Bay, I should suppose, is as large as the Gulf of Genoa; it runs seventy or eighty miles up into the land, and is as famous for storms as the Bay of Biscay. Here, if there be a capful of wind or a cupful of sea, one is sure to have the benefit of it, for even in the finest weather there is a considerable swell. We were about three hours crossing from the Pointe Aux Barques to Cape Thunder, and during this time a number of my companions were put *hors de combat*. The rest is silence. After a vain struggle against the fates and the destinies I fainted away, and was consigned to my berth—a very wretch.

All this part of Michigan is unsettled, and is said to be sandy and barren. Along the whole horizon was nothing visible but the dark omnipresent pine forest. The Sagginaw Indians, whose hunting grounds extend along the shore, are, I believe, a tribe of Ottawas. I should add, that the Americans have built a lighthouse on a little island near Thunder Bay. A situation more terrific in its solitude you cannot imagine than that of the keeper of this lonely tower, among rocks, tempests, and savages. All their provisions come from a distance of at least one hundred miles, and a long course of stormy weather, which sometimes occurs, would place them in danger of starvation.

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of flecker'd clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE next morning, at earliest dawn, I was wakened by an unusual noise and movement on board, and putting out my head to inquire the cause, was informed that we were arrived at the island of Mackinaw, and that the captain being most anxious to proceed on his voyage, only half an hour was allowed to make all my arrangements, take out my luggage, and so forth. I dressed in all haste and ran up to the deck, and there a scene burst at once on my enchanted gaze, such as I never had imagined, such as I wish I could place before you in words,—but I despair, unless words were of light, and lustrous hues, and breathing music. However, here is the picture as well as I can paint it. We were lying in a tiny bay, crescent-shaped, of which the two horns or extremities were formed by long narrow promontories projecting into the lake. On the east, the whole sky was flushed with a deep amber glow, fleckered with softest shades of rose-colour—the same intense splendour being reflected in the lake; and upon the extremity of the point, between the glory above and the glory below, stood the little

Missionary church, its light spire and belfry defined against the sky. On the opposite side of the heavens hung the moon, waxing paler and paler, and melting away, as it seemed, before the splendour of the rising day. Immediately in front rose the abrupt and picturesque heights of the island, robed in richest foliage, and crowned by the lines of the little fortress, snow-white, and gleaming in the morning light. At the base of these cliffs, all along the shore, immediately on the edge of the lake, which, transparent and unruffled, reflected every form as in a mirror, an encampment of Indian wigwams extended far as my eye could reach on either side. Even while I looked, the inmates were beginning to bestir themselves, and dusky figures were seen emerging into sight from their picturesque dormitories, and stood gazing on us with folded arms, or were busied about their canoes, of which some hundreds lay along the beach.

There was not a breath of air; and while heaven and earth were glowing with light, and colour, and life, an elysian stillness—a delicious balmy serenity wrapt and interfused the whole. O how passing lovely it was! how wondrously beautiful and strange! I cannot tell how long I may have stood, lost—absolutely lost, and fearing even to wink my eyes, lest the spell should dissolve, and all should vanish away like some air-wrought phantasy, some dream out of fairy land,—when the good Bishop of Michigan came up to me, and with a smiling benevolence waked me out of my ecstatic trance; and reminding me that I had but two minutes left, seized upon

some of my packages himself, and hurried me on to the little wooden pier just in time. We were then conducted to a little inn, or boarding-house, kept by a very fat half-cast Indian woman, who spoke Indian, bad French, and worse English, and who was addressed as *Madame*. Here I was able to arrange my hasty toilette, and we, that is, General Brady, his aide-de-camp, the bishop, two Indian traders, myself, and some others, sat down to an excellent breakfast of white-fish, eggs, tea and coffee, for which the charge was twice what I should have given at the first hotel in the United States, and yet not unreasonable, considering that European luxuries were placed before us in this remote spot. By the time breakfast was discussed it was past six o'clock, and taking my sketch-book in my hand, I sauntered forth alone to the beach till it should be a fitting hour to present myself at the door of the American agent, Mr. Schoolcraft.

The first object which caught my eye was the immense steamer gliding swiftly away towards the straits of Michilimackinac, already far, far to the west. Suddenly the thought of my extreme loneliness came over me—a momentary wonder and alarm to find myself so far from any human being who took the least interest about my fate. I had no letter to Mr. Schoolcraft, and if Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray had not passed this way, or had forgotten to mention me, what would be my reception? what should I do? Here I must stay for some days at least. All the accommodation that could be afforded by the half French, half Indian "Madame," had

been already secured, and, without turning out the bishop, there was not even a room for me. These thoughts and many others, some natural doubts, and fears, came across my mind, but I cannot say that they remained there long, or that they had the effect of rendering me uneasy and anxious for more than half a minute. With a sense of enjoyment keen and unanticipative as that of a child—looking neither before nor after—I soon abandoned myself to the present, and all its delicious exciting novelty, leaving the future to take care of itself,—which I am more and more convinced is the truest wisdom, the most real philosophy, after all.

The sun had now risen in cloudless glory—all was life and movement. I strayed and loitered for full three hours along the shore, I hardly knew whither, sitting down occasionally under the shadow of a cliff or cedar fence to rest, and watching the operations of the Indian families. It were endless to tell you of each individual group or picture as successively presented before me. But there were some general features of the scene which struck me at once. There were more than one hundred wigwams, and round each of these lurked several ill-looking, half-starved, yelping dogs. The women were busied with their children, or making fires and cooking, or pounding Indian corn, in a primitive sort of mortar, formed of part of a tree hollowed out, with a heavy rude pestle which they moved up and down as if churning. The dress of the men was very various—the cotton shirt, blue or scarlet leggings, and deer-skin moccasins and blanket coat, were most general;

but many had no shirt nor vest, merely the cloth leggings, and a blanket thrown round them as drapery; the faces of several being most grotesquely painted. The dress of the women was more uniform; a cotton shirt, and cloth leggings and moccasins, and a dark blue blanket. Necklaces, silver armlets, silver earrings, and circular plates of silver fastened on the breast, were the usual ornaments of both sexes. There may be a general equality of rank among the Indians; but there is evidently all that inequality of condition which difference of character and intellect might naturally produce; there were rich wigwams and poor wigwams; whole families ragged, meagre, and squalid, and others gay with dress and ornaments, fat and well-favoured: on the whole, these were beings quite distinct from any Indians I had yet seen, and realised all my ideas of the wild and lordly savage. I remember I came upon a family group, consisting of a fine tall young man and two squaws; one had a child swaddled in one of their curious bark cradles, which she composedly hung up against the side of the wigwam. They were then busied launching a canoe, and in a moment it was dancing upon the rippling waves: one woman guided the canoe, the other paddled; the young man stood in the prow in a striking and graceful attitude, poising his fish-spear in his hand. When they were about a hundred yards from the shore, suddenly I saw the fish-spear darted down into the water, and disappear beneath it; as it sprang up again to the surface, it was rapidly seized, and a large fish was sticking to the prongs; the same process was repeated with unerr-

ing success, and then the canoe was paddled back to the land. The young man flung his spear into the bottom of the canoe, and, drawing his blanket round him, leapt on shore, and lounged away without troubling himself farther; the women drew up the canoe, kindled a fire, and suspended the fish over it, to be cooked *à la mode Indienne.*

There was another group which amused me exceedingly: it was a large family, and, compared with some others, they were certainly people of distinction and substance, rich in beads, blankets and brass kettles, with "all things handsome about them;" they had two wigwams and two canoes. But I must begin by making you understand the construction of a wigwam,—such, at least, as those which now crowded the shore.

Eight or twelve long poles are stuck in the ground in a circle, meeting at a point at the top, where they are all fastened together. The skeleton thus erected is covered over, thatched in some sort with mats, or large pieces of birch bark, beginning at the bottom, and leaving an opening at top for the emission of smoke: there is a door about four feet high, before which a skin or blanket is suspended; and as it is summer time, they do not seem particular about closing the chinks and apertures.* As to the canoes, they

* I learned subsequently, that the cone-like form of the wigwam is proper to the Ottawas and Pottowattomies, and that the oblong form, in which the branches or poles are bent over at top in an arch, is proper to the Chippewa tribe. But as this latter is more troublesome to erect, the former construction is usually adopted by the Chippewas also in their temporary encampments.

are uniformly of birch bark, exceedingly light, flat-bottomed, and most elegant in shape, varying in size from eighteen to thirty-six feet in length, and from a foot and a half to four feet in width. The family I have mentioned were preparing to embark, and were dismantling their wigwams and packing up their goods, not at all discomposed by my vicinity, as I sat on a bank watching the whole process with no little interest. The most striking personage in this group was a very old man, seated on a log of wood, close upon the edge of the water; his head was quite bald, excepting a few gray hairs which were gathered in a tuft at the top, and decorated with a single feather —I think an eagle's feather; his blanket of scarlet cloth was so arranged as to fall round his limbs in graceful folds, leaving his chest and shoulders exposed; he held a green umbrella over his head, (a gift or purchase from some white trader,) and in the other hand a long pipe—and he smoked away, never stirring, nor taking the slighest interest in anything which was going on. Then there were two fine young men, and three women, one old and hideous, with matted grizzled hair, the youngest really a beautiful girl about fifteen. There were also three children; the eldest had on a cotton shirt, the breast of which was covered with silver ornaments. The men were examining the canoes, and preparing to launch them; the women were taking down their wigwams, and as they uncovered them, I had an opportunity of observing the whole interior economy of their dwellings.

The ground within was spread over with mats,

two or three deep, and skins and blankets, so as to form a general couch: then all around the internal circle of the wigwam were ranged their goods and chattels in very tidy order; I observed wooden chests, of European make, bags of woven grass, baskets and cases of birch bark (called *mokkuks*,) also brass kettles, pans, and, to my surprise, a large coffee-pot of queen's metal.

When all was arranged, and the canoes afloat, the poles of the wigwams were first placed at the bottom, then the mats and bundles, which served apparently to sit on, and the kettles and chests were stowed in the middle; the old man was assisted by the others into the largest canoe; women, children, and dogs followed; the young men stood in the stern with their paddles as steersmen; the women and boys squatted down, each with a paddle;—with all this weight, the elegant buoyant little canoes scarcely sank an inch deeper in the water—and in this guise away they glided with surprising swiftness over the sparkling waves, directing their course eastwards for the Manitoolin Islands, where I hope to see them again. The whole process of preparation and embarkation did not occupy an hour.

About ten o'clock I ventured to call on Mr. Schoolcraft, and was received by him with grave and quiet politeness. They were prepared, he said, for my arrival, and then he apologised for whatever might be deficient in my reception, and for the absence of

his wife, by informing me that she was ill, and had not left her room for some days.

I leave you to imagine how much I was discomposed—how shocked to find myself an intruder under such circumstances. I said so, and begged that they would not think of me—that I could easily provide for myself—and so I could and would. I would have laid myself down in one of the Indian lodges rather than have been *de trop*. But Mr. Schoolcraft said, with much kindness, that they knew already of my arrival by one of my fellow-passengers—that a room was prepared for me, a servant already sent down for my goods, and Mrs. Schoolcraft, who was a little better that morning, hoped to see me. Here, then, I am installed for the next few days—and I know not how many more—so completely am I at the mercy of "fates, destinies, and such branches of learning!"

I am charmed with Mrs. Schoolcraft. When able to appear, she received me with true lady-like simplicity. The damp, tremulous hand, the soft, plaintive voice, the touching expression of her countenance, told too painfully of resigned and habitual suffering. Mrs. Schoolcraft's features are more decidedly Indian than those of her sister Mrs. MacMurray. Her accent is slightly foreign—her choice of language pure and remarkably elegant. In the course of an hour's talk, all my sympathies were enlisted in her behalf, and I thought that I perceived that she, on her part, was inclined to return these benignant

feelings. I promised myself to repay her hospitality by all the attention and gratitude in my power. I am here a lonely stranger, thrown upon her sufferance; but she is good, gentle, and in most delicate health, and there are a thousand quiet ways in which woman may be kind and useful to her sister woman. Then she has two sweet children about eight or nine years old—no fear, you see, that we shall soon be the best friends in the world!

This day, however, I took care not to be *à charge*, so I ran about along the lovely shore, and among the Indians, inexpressibly amused, and occupied, and excited by all I saw and heard. At last I returned —O so wearied out—so spent in body and mind! I was fain to go to rest soon after sunset. A nice little room had been prepared for me, and a *wide* comfortable bed, into which I sank with such a feeling of peace, security, and thankfulness, as could only be conceived by one who had been living in comfortless inns and close steamboats for the last fortnight.

"Un pezzo del cielo caduto in terra."

Mackinaw.

On a little platform not quite half-way up the wooded height which overlooks the bay, embowered in foliage, and sheltered from the tyrannous breathing of the north by the precipitous cliff, rising almost perpendicularly behind, stands the house in which I find myself at present a grateful and contented inmate. The ground in front sloping down to the shore, is laid out in a garden, with an avenue of fruit trees, the gate at the end opening on the very edge of the lake. From the porch I look down upon the scene I have endeavoured—how inadequately!—to describe to you: the little crescent bay; the village of Mackinaw; the beach thickly studded with Indian lodges; canoes, fishing, or darting hither and thither, light and buoyant as sea-birds; a tall graceful schooner swinging at anchor. Opposite rises the island of Bois-blanc, with its tufted and most luxuriant foliage. To the east we see the open lake, and in the far western distance the promontory of Michilimackinac, and the strait of that name, the portal of Lake Michigan. The exceeding beauty of this little paradise of an island, the attention which has been excited by its enchanting scenery, and the salubrity of its summer climate, the facility of communication lately afforded by the lake steamers, and its situation half-way between Detroit and the newly-

settled regions of the west, are likely to render Mackinaw a sort of watering-place for the Michigan and Wisconsin fashionables, or, as the bishop expressed it, the "Rockaway of the west;" so at least it is anticipated.

How far such an accession of fashion and reputation may be desirable, I know not; I am only glad it has not yet taken place, and that I have beheld this lovely island in all its wild beauty. I am told that last year there were several strangers staying here, in spite of the want of all endurable accommodation. This year there is only one *permanent* visiter —if I may so express myself—a most agreeable little Irish-woman, with the Irish warmth of heart and ease of manner, who emigrated with her husband some years ago, and settled near St. Joseph's, in Michigan. She has brought her children here for the summer, and has her piano, her French and Italian books, and we have begun an acquaintance which is likely to prove very pleasant.

When I left my room this morning, I remained for some time in the parlour, looking over the Wisconsin Gazette, a good sized, well printed newspaper, published on the west shore of Lake Michigan. I was reading a most pathetic and serious address from the new settlers in Wisconsin to *the down-east girls*, (*i.e.* the women of the eastern states,) who are invited to go to the relief of these hapless hard-working bachelors in the backwoods. They are promised affluence and love,—the "picking and choosing among a set of the finest young fellows in the world," who were ready to fall at their feet, and make the most adoring and

the most obedient of husbands! Can you fancy what a pretty thing a Wisconsin pastoral might be? Only imagine one of these despairing backwoodsmen inditing an Ovidian epistle to his unknown mistress—"*down east*,"—wooing her to come and be wooed! Well, I was enjoying this comical effusion, and thinking that women must certainly be at a premium in these parts, when suddenly the windows were darkened, and looking up, I beheld a crowd of faces, dusky, painted, wild, grotesque—with flashing eyes and white teeth, staring in upon me. I quickly threw down the paper and hastened out. The porch, the little lawn, the garden walks, were crowded with Indians, the elder chiefs and warriors sitting on the ground, or leaning silently against the pillars; the young men, women, and boys lounging and peeping about, with eager and animated looks, but all perfectly well conducted, and their voices low and pleasing to the ear. They were chiefly Ottawas and Pottowattomies, two tribes which "call brother," that is, claim relationship, and are usually in alliance, but widely different. The Ottawas are the most civilized, the Pottowattomies the least so of all the lake tribes. The Ottawa I soon distinguished by the decency of his dress, and the handkerchief knotted round the head—a custom borrowed from the early French settlers, with whom they have had much intercourse: the Pottowattomie by the more savage finery of his costume, his tall figure, and a sort of swagger in his gait. The dandyism of some of these Pottowattomie warriors is inexpressibly amusing

and grotesque; I defy all Regent Street and Bond Street to go beyond them in the exhibition of self-decoration and self-complacency. One of these exquisites, whom I distinguished as Beau Brummel, was not indeed much indebted to a tailor, seeing he had neither a coat nor any thing else that gentlemen are accustomed to wear; but then his face was most artistically painted, the upper half of it being vermilion, with a black circle round one eye, and a white circle round the other; the lower half of a bright green, except the tip of his nose, which was also vermilion. His leggings of scarlet cloth were embroidered down the sides, and decorated with tufts of hair. The band, or garter, which confines the leggings, is always an especial bit of finery; and his were gorgeous, all embroidered with gay beads, and strings and tassels of the liveliest colours hanging down to his ankle. His moccasins were also beautifully worked with porcupine quills; he had armlets and bracelets of silver, and round his head a silver band stuck with tufts of moose-hair, died blue and red; and conspicuous above all, the eagle feather in his hair, showing he was a warrior, and had taken a scalp—*i. e.* killed his man.

Over his shoulders hung a blanket of scarlet cloth, very long and ample, which he had thrown back a little, so as to display his chest, on which a large outspread hand was painted in white. It is impossible to describe the air of perfect self-complacency with which this youth strutted about. Seeing my attention fixed upon him, he came up and shook

hands with me, repeating "Bojou! bojou!"* Others immediately pressed forward also to shake hands, or rather take my hand, for they do not *shake* it; and I was soon in the midst of a crowd of perhaps thirty or forty Indians, all holding out their hands to me, or snatching mine, and repeating "bojou" with every expression of delight and good humour.

This must suffice in the way of description, for I cannot further particularize dresses; they were very various, and few so fine as my young Pottowattomie. I remember another young man, who had a common black beaver hat, all round which, in several silver bands, he had stuck a profusion of feathers, and long tufts of dyed hair, so that it formed a most gorgeous helmet. Some wore the hair hanging loose and wild in elf-locks, but others again had combed and arranged it with much care and pains.

The men seemed to engross the finery; none of the women that I saw were painted. Their blankets were mostly dark blue; some had strings of beads round their necks, and silver armlets. The hair of some of the young women was very prettily arranged, being parted smooth upon the forehead, and twisted in a knot behind, very much *à la Grecque*. There is, I imagine, a very general and hearty aversion to cold water.

This morning there was a "talk" held in Mr. Schoolcraft's office, and he kindly invited me to wit-

* This universal Indian salutation is merely a corruption of *bon jour*.

ness the proceedings. About twenty of their principal men, including a venerable old chief, were present; the rest stood outside, crowding the doors and windows, but never attempting to enter, nor causing the slightest interruption. The old chief wore a quantity of wampum, but was otherwise undistinguished, except by his fine head and acute features. His gray hair was drawn back, and tied on the top of his head with a single feather. All, as they entered, took me by the hand with a quiet smile and a "bojou," to which I replied, as I had been instructed, "Bojou, neeje!" (Good-day, friend!) They then sat down upon the floor, all round the room. Mr. Johnston, Mrs. Schoolcraft's brother, acted as interpreter, and the business proceeded with the utmost gravity.

After some whispering among themselves, an orator of the party addressed Mr. Schoolcraft with great emphasis. Extending his hand and raising his voice, he began: "Father, I am come to tell you a piece of my mind." But when he had uttered a few sentences, Mr. Schoolcraft desired the interpreter to tell him that it was useless to speak farther on *that* subject. (I understood it to relate to some land payments.) The orator stopped immediately, and then, after a pause, he went up and took Mr. Schoolcraft's hand with a friendly air, as if to show he was not offended. Another orator then arose, and proceeded to the object of the visit, which was to ask an allowance of corn, salt, and tobacco, while they remained on the island—a request which I presume was granted, as they departed with much apparent satisfaction.

There was not a figure among them that was not a study for a painter; and how I wished that my hand had been readier with the pencil to snatch some of those picturesque heads and attitudes! But it was all so new—I was so lost in gazing, listening, observing, and trying to comprehend, that I could not make a single sketch for you, except the above, in most poor and inadequate words.

The Indians here—and fresh parties are constantly arriving—are chiefly Ottawas, from Arbre Croche, on the east of Lake Michigan; Pottowattomies; and Winnebagos, from the west of the lake; a few Menomonies and Chippewas, from the shores north-west of us;—the occasion of this assemblage being the same with all. They are on the way to the Manitoolin Islands, to receive the presents annually distributed by the British government to all those Indian tribes who were friendly to us during the wars with America, and call themselves our allies and our children, though living within the bounds of another state. Some of them make a voyage of five hundred miles to receive a few blankets and kettles; coasting along the shores, encamping at night, and paddling all day from sunrise to sunset, living on the fish or game they may meet, and the little provision they can carry with them, which consists chiefly of parched Indian corn and bear's fat. Some are out on this excursion during six weeks, or more, every year; returning to their hunting-grounds by the end

of September, when the great hunting season begins, which continues through October and November; they then return to their villages and wintering-grounds. This applies generally to the tribes I find here, except the Ottawas of Arbre Croche, who have a good deal of land in cultivation, and are more stationary and civilized than the other Lake Indians. They have been for nearly a century under the care of the French jesuit missions, but do not seem to have made much advance since Henry's time, and the days when they were organised under Pontiac; they were even then considered superior in humanity and intelligence to the Chippewas and Pottowattomies, and more inclined to agriculture.

After some most sultry weather, we have had a grand storm. The wind shifted to the north-east, and rose to a hurricane. I was then sitting with my Irish friend in the mission-house; and while the little bay lay almost tranquil, gleam and shadow floating over its bosom, the expanse of the main lake was like the ocean lashed to fury. On the east side of the island the billows came "rolling with might," flinging themselves in wrath and foam far up the land. It was a magnificent spectacle. Returning home, I was anxious to see how the wigwam establishments had stood out the storm, and was surprised to find that little or no damage had been done. I peeped into several, with a nod and a *bojou*, and found the inmates very snug. Here and there a mat

was blown away, but none of the poles were displaced or blown down, which I had firmly expected.

Though all these lodges seem nearly alike to a casual observer, I was soon aware of differences and gradations in the particular arrangements, which are amusingly characteristic of the various inhabitants. There is one lodge, a little to the east of us, which I call the Chateau. It is rather larger and loftier than the others: the mats which cover it are whiter and of a neater texture than usual. The blanket which hangs before the opening is new and clean. The inmates, ten in number, are well and handsomely dressed; even the women and children have abundance of ornaments; and as for the gay cradle of the baby, I quite covet it—it is so gorgeously elegant. I supposed at first that this must be the lodge of a chief; but I have since understood that the chief is seldom either so well lodged or so well dressed as the others, it being a part of his policy to avoid everything like ostentation, or rather to be ostentatiously poor and plain in his apparel and possessions. This wigwam belongs to an Ottawa, remarkable for his skill in hunting, and for his habitual abstinence from the "fire-water." He is a baptized Roman Catholic, belonging to the mission at Arbre Croche, and is reputed a rich man.

Not far from this, and almost immediately in front of our house, stands another wigwam, a most wretched concern. The owners have not mats enough to screen them from the weather; and the bare poles are exposed through the "looped and windowed raggedness" on every side. The woman, with her long

neglected hair, is always seen cowering despondingly over the embers of her fire, as if lost in sad reveries. Two naked children are scrambling among the pebbles on the shore. The man wrapt in a dirty ragged blanket, without a single ornament, looks the image of savage inebriety and ferocity. Observe that these are the two extremes, and that between them are many gradations of comfort, order, and respectability. An Indian is *respectable* in his own community, in proportion as his wife and children look fat and well fed; this being a proof of his prowess and success as a hunter, and his consequent riches.

I was loitering by the garden gate this evening, about sunset, looking at the beautiful effects which the storm of the morning had left in the sky and on the lake. I heard the sound of the Indian drum mingled with the shouts and yells and shrieks of the intoxicated savages, who were drinking in front of the village whiskey-store;—when at this moment a man came slowly up, whom I recognized as one of the Ottawa chiefs, who had often attracted my attention. His name is Kim,e,wun, which signifies the Rain, or rather "it rains." He now stood before me, one of the noblest figures I ever beheld, above six feet high, erect as a forest pine. A red and green handkerchief was twined round his head with much elegance, and knotted in front, with the two ends projecting; his black hair fell from beneath it, and his small black piercing eyes glittered from among its masses, like stars glancing through the thunder clouds. His ample blanket was thrown over his left

shoulder, and brought under his right arm, so as to leave it free and exposed; and a sculptor might have envied the disposition of the whole drapery—it was so felicitous, so richly graceful.* He stood in a contemplative attitude, evidently undecided whether he should join his drunken companions in their night revel, or return, like a wise man, to his lodge and his mat. He advanced a few steps, then turned, then paused and listened—then turned back again. I retired a little within the gate, to watch, unseen, the issue of the conflict. Alas! it was soon decided—the fatal temptation prevailed over better thoughts. He suddenly drew his blanket round him, and strided onwards in the direction of the village, treading the earth with an air of defiance, and a step which would have become a prince.

On returning home, I mentioned this scene to Mr. and Mrs. Schoolcraft, as I do everything which strikes me, that I may profit by their remarks and explanations. Mr. S. told me a laughable anecdote.

A distinguished Pottowattomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed—and a good friend to the Long-Knives, (the Americans,) requested a dram of whiskey. The agent

* While among the Indians, I often had occasion to observe that what we call the *antique* and the *ideal* are merely free, unstudied nature. Since my return from Canada, I have seen some sketches made by Mr. Harvey when in Ireland—figures of the Cork and Kerry girls, folded in their large blue cloaks; and I remember, on opening the book, I took them for drawings after the antique—figures brought from Herculaneum or Pompeii, or some newly-discovered Greek temple.

replied, that he never gave whiskey to *good* men,—*good* men never asked for whiskey; and never drink it. It was only *bad* Indians who asked for whiskey, or liked to drink it. 'Then,' replied the Indian quickly in his broken English, 'me damn rascal!'

The revel continued far through the night, for I heard the wild yelling and whooping of the savages long after I had gone to rest. I can now conceive what it must be to hear that shrill prolonged cry, (unlike any sound I ever heard in my life before) in the solitnde of the forest, and when it is the certain harbinger of death.

It is surprising to me, considering the number of savages congregated together, and the excess of drunkenness, that no mischief is done; that there has been no fighting, no robberies committed, and that there is a feeling of perfect security around me.

The women, they tell me, have taken away their husband's knives and tomahawks, and hidden them——wisely enough. At this time there are about twelve hundred Indians here. The fort is empty—the garrison having been withdrawn as useless; and perhaps there are not a hundred white men in the island,—rather unequal odds! And then that fearful Michilimackinac in full view, with all its horrid murderous associations!* But do not for a moment

* Michilimackinac was one of the forts surprised by the Indians at the breaking out of the Pontiac war, when seventy British soldiers with their officers were murdered and scalped.

imagine that I feel *fear*, or the slightest doubt of security; only a sort of thrill which enhances the enjoyment I have in these wild scenes—a thrill such as one feels in the presence of danger when most safe from it—such as I felt when bending over the rapids of Niagara.

The Indians, apparently, have no idea of correcting or restraining their children; personal chastisement is unheard of. They say that before a child has any understanding there is no use in correcting it; and when old enough to understand, no one has a right to correct it. Thus the fixed, inherent sentiment of personal independence grows up with the Indians from earliest infancy. The will of an Indian child is not forced; he has nothing to learn but what he sees done around him, and he learns by imitation. I hear no scolding, no tones of command or reproof; but I see no evil results from this mild system, for the general reverence and affection of children for parents is delightful: where there is no obedience exacted, there can be no rebellion; they dream not of either, and all live in peace under the same wigwam.

I observe, while loitering among them, that they seldom raise their voices, and they pronounce several words much more softly than we write them. Wigwam, a house, they pronounce *wee-ga-waum;* moccasin, a shoe, *muck-a-zeen;* manito, spirit, *mo-needo,*

Henry gives a most vivid description of this scene of horror in few words. He was present, and escaped through the friendship of an Indian (Wa,wa,tam), who, in consequence of a dream in early youth, had adopted him as his brother.

—lengthening the vowels, and softening the aspirates. *Chippewa* is properly *O,jib,wày; ab,bin,no,jee* is a little child. The accent of the women is particularly soft, with a sort of plaintive modulation, reminding me of recitative. Their low laugh is quite musical, and has something infantine in it. I sometimes hear them sing, and the strain is generally in a minor key; but I cannot succeed in detecting or retaining an entire or distinct tune. I am, however, bent on bringing you an Indian song, if I can catch one.

There was a mission established on this island in 1823, for the conversion of the Indians, and the education of the Indian and half-breed children.* A large mission and school house was erected, and a neat little church. Those who were interested about the Indians entertained the most sanguine expectations of the success of the undertaking. But at present the extensive buildings of the mission-house are used merely as storehouses, or as lodgings; and if Mackinaw should become a place of resort, they will probably be converted into a fashionable hotel.† The mission

* In 1828, Major Anderson, our Indian agent, computed the number of Canadians and mixed breed married to Indian women, and residing on the north shores of Lake Huron, and in the neighbourhood of Michilimackinac, at nine hundred. This he called the *lowest* estimate.

† I have before me a copy of certain queries proposed by Bishop M'Donell (of Upper Canada) in 1828, with the answers

itself is established farther west, somewhere near Green Bay, on Lake Michigan; and when overtaken by the advancing stream of white civilization, and the contagion which it carries with it, no doubt it must retire yet farther.

As for the little missionary church, it has been for some time disused, the French Canadians and half-breeds on the island being mostly Roman Catholics. To-day, however, divine service was performed in it by the Bishop of Michigan, to a congregation of about twenty persons. Around the open doors of the church, a crowd of Indians, principally women, had assembled, and a few came in, and stood leaning against the pews, with their blankets folded round them, mute and still, and respectfully attentive.

Immediately before me sat a man who at once at-

of our Indian agent, Major Anderson, who has been employed in the Indian department for many years, and passed the last thirty years of his life in communication with the tribes round Lake Huron. Speaking of this missionary establishment at Mackinaw, he says, that "it has caused great excitement in the minds of the Indians; that one hundred and twenty half-breeds and Indians are actually receiving instruction; and that if a similar establishment were promoted at Drummond's Island," (then in possession of the English,) "he believes the Indians would swarm to it." He adds, "that the mission-house built at Mackinaw was supposed to be of sufficient space to contain all that would present themselves for instruction for many years to come; *but such is the thirst for knowledge* that the house is full, and at least fifty from Prairie du Chien, Green Bay, and Lake Superior, have prayed for admittance this season, without being able to obtain it from want of room." The house thus described is now empty.

tracted my attention. He was an Indian, evidently of unmixed blood, though wearing a long blanket coat and a decent but worn hat. His eyes, during the whole service, were fixed on those of the Bishop with a passionate, eager gaze; not for a moment were they withdrawn: he seemed to devour every word both of the office and the sermon, and, by the working of his features, I supposed him to be strongly impressed—it was the very enthusias n of devotion: and yet, strange to say, not one word did he understand. When I inquired how it was that his attention was so fixed, and that he seemed thus moved by what he could not possibly comprehend, I was told, "it was by the power of faith." I have the story of this man (whom I see frequently) from Mr. Schoolcraft. His name is Chusco. He was formerly a distinguished man in his tribe as professor of the *Meta* and the *Wabeno*,—that is, physician and conjuror; and no less as a professor of whiskey-drinking. His wife, who had been converted by one of the missionaries, converted her husband. He had long resisted her preaching and persuasion, but at last one day, as they were making maple sugar together on an island, "he was suddenly thrown into an agony as if an evil spirit haunted him, and from that moment had no peace till he had been baptized and received into the Christian church." From this time he avoided drunkenness, and surrendered his medicine bag, manitos, and implements of sorcery, into the hands of Mr. Schoolcraft. Subsequently he showed no indisposition to speak of the power and arts he had exercised. He would not al-

low that it was all mere trick and deception, but insisted that he had been enabled to perform certain cures, or extraordinary magical operations, by the direct agency of the evil spirit, *i. e.* the devil, who, now that he was become a Christian, had forsaken him, and left him in peace. I was a little surprised to find, in the course of this explanation, that there were educated and intelligent people who had no more doubt of this direct satanic agency than the poor Indian himself.

Chusco has not touched ardent spirits for the last seven years, and, ever since his conversion in the sugar-camp, he has firmly adhered to his Christian profession. He is now between sixty and seventy years old, with a countenance indicating more of mildness and simplicity than intellect. Generally speaking, the men who practise medicine among the Indians make a great mystery of their art, and of the herbs and nostrums they are in the habit of using; and it were to be wished that one of these converted medicine-men could be prevailed on to disclose some of their medical arcana; for of the efficacy of some of their prescriptions, apart from the mummery with which they are accompanied, there can be no doubt.

We have taken several delicious drives over this lovely little island, and traversed it in different directions. It is not more than three miles in length, and wonderfully beautiful. There is no large or

lofty timber upon it, but a perpetual succession of low, rich groves, "alleys green, dingles, and bosky dells." There is on the eastern coast a natural arch or bridge, where the waters of the Lake have undermined the rock, and left a fragment thrown across a chasm two hundred feet high. Strawberries, raspberries, whortleberries, and cherries, were growing everywhere wild, and in abundance. The whole island, when seen from a distance, has the form of a turtle sleeping on the water: hence its Indian appellation, Michilimackinac, which signifies the great turtle. The same name is given to a spirit of great power and might, "a spirit who never lies," whom the Indians invoke and consult before undertaking any important or dangerous enterprise;* and this island, as I apprehend, has been peculiarly dedicated to him; at all events, it has been from time immemorial a place of note and sanctity among the Indians. Its history, as far as the Europeans are connected with it, may be told in few words.

After the destruction of the fort at Michilimackinac, and the massacre of the garrison in 1763, the English removed the fort and the trading post to this island, and it continued for a long time a station of great importance. In 1796 it was ceded, with the whole of the Michigan territory, to the United States. The fort was then strengthened, and garrisoned by a detachment of General Wayne's army.

In the war of 1813 it was taken and garrisoned by the British, who added to the strength of the for-

* See Henry's Travels, p. 117.

tifications. The Americans were so sensible of its importance, that they fitted out an expensive expedition in 1814 for the purpose of retaking it, but were repulsed with the loss of one of their bravest commanders and a great number of men, and forced to retreat to their vessels. After this, Michilimackinac remained in possession of the British, till at the peace it was again quietly ceded, one hardly knows why, to the Americans, and in their possession it now remains. The garrison, not being required in time of profound peace, has been withdrawn. The pretty little fort remains.

We drove to-day to visit a spot of romantic interest in the life of Henry; the cave in which he was secreted after the massacre at Michilimackinac by his adopted brother, Wa,wa,tam, lest he should be made into a "mess of English broth," like some of his hapless companions. He describes the manner in which he was brought here at eventide; how he crept into its farthest recesses and fell asleep;—and waking in the morning, found himself lying upon a heap of human skulls! Henry's opinion is, that the cave was an ancient receptacle for the bones of prisoners, sacrificed and devoured at war-feasts. "I have always observed," he adds, "that the Indians pay particular attention to the bones of sacrifices, preserving them unbroken, and depositing them in some place kept exclusively for the purpose." The cave is admirably contrived for a place of con-

cealment, the opening being in the rock, high above the level of the ground, and almost entirely concealed by the rich foliage of bushes and underwood. It is still called the "cave of skulls," but all the bones have been removed and interred in a desolate, picturesque little cemetry hard by. This rock is upon the highest point of the island, from which the view over the neighbouring islands, the main land, the two capes of Michilimackinac and St. Ignace, and the straits between them, as seen beneath the glow of an evening sun, formed a panorama of surpassing beauty.

In short, this is a *bijou* of an island!—a little bit of fairy ground, just such a thing as some of our amateur travellers would like to pocket and run away with (if they could)—and set down in the midst of one of their fish-ponds—cave of skulls, wigwams, Indians, and all.

It might indeed be an objection to *some people*, that several luxuries, and some things usually considered as necessaries of life, seldom find their way here; meat is very scarce, not often seen; but poultry, wild-fowl, the most exquisite fish—as the white-fish, bass, sturgeon, lake trout—abound. These, dressed in different ways, with corn-cakes and buck-wheat cakes, form the usual food; no better can be desired. As to the white-fish, I have never tasted anything like it, either for delicacy or flavour.

The most delightful as well as most profitable hours I spend here, are those passed in the society of Mrs. Schoolcraft. Her genuine refinement and simplicity, and native taste for literature, are charming; and the exceeding delicacy of her health, and the trials to which it is exposed, interest all my womanly sympathies. While in conversation with her, new ideas of the Indian character suggest themselves; new sources of information are opened to me, such as are granted to few, and such as I gratefully appreciate. She is proud of her Indian origin; she takes an enthusiastic and enlightened interest in the welfare of her people, and in their conversion to Christianity, being herself most unaffectedly pious. But there is a melancholy and pity in her voice, when speaking of them, as if she did indeed consider them a doomed race. We were conversing to-day of her grandfather, Waub-Ojeeg, (the White-fisher,) a distinguished Chippewa chief and warrior, of whose life and exploits she has promised to give me some connected particulars. Of her mother, O,shah,-gush,ko,da,wa,qua, she speaks with fond and even longing affection, as if the very sight of this beloved mother would be sufficient to restore her to health and strength. "I should be well if I could see my mother," seems the predominant feeling. Nowhere is the instinctive affection between parent and child so strong, so deep, so sacred, as among these people.

I recollect, some years ago, meeting with a strange story of a north-west Indian hunter, who, on the sudden death of his wife in child-birth, had suckled his surviving infant. I asked Mrs. Schoolcraft if

this could possibly be true? She said that the man belonged to her people, and that the fact was not doubted among them. Her mother recollects to have seen the man some years after the circumstance occurred. At that time his bosom retained something of the full feminine form. This is very curious evidence. I cannot remember by whom the anecdote was first brought to Europe, but it excited so much attention and disputation among our scientific and medical people, that you will probably recollect it.

Celibacy in either sex is almost unknown among the Indians; equally rare is all profligate excess. One instance I heard of a woman who had remained unmarried from choice, not from accident or necessity. In consequence of a dream in early youth, (the Indians are great dreamers,) she not only regarded the sun as her manito or tutelary spirit, (this had been a common case,) but considered herself especially dedicated, or in fact married, to the luminary. She lived alone; she had built a wigwam for herself, which was remarkably neat and commodious; she could use a rifle, hunt, and provide herself with food and clothing. She had carved a rude image of the sun, and set it up in her lodge; the husband's place, the best mat, and a portion of food, were always appropriated to this image. She lived to a great age, and no one ever interfered with her mode of life, for that would have been contrary to all their ideas of individual freedom. Suppose that, according to our most approved European notions, the poor woman had been burnt at the stake, corporeally or metaphorically, or hunted beyond the pale of

the village, for deviating from the law of custom, no doubt there would have been directly a new female sect in the nation of the Chippewas, an order of *wives of the sun*, and Chippewa vestal virgins; but these wise people trusted to nature and common sense. The vocation apparently was not generally admired, and found no imitators.

Their laws, or rather their customs, command certain virtues and practices, as truth, abstinence, courage, hospitality; but they have no prohibitory laws whatever that I could hear of. In this respect their moral code has something of the spirit of Christianity, as contrasted with the Hebrew disposition. Polygamy is allowed, but it is not common; the second wife is considered as subject to the first, who remains mistress of the household, even though the younger wife should be the favourite. Jealousy, however, is a strong passion among them: not only has a man been known to murder a woman whose fidelity he suspected, but Mr. Schoolcraft mentioned to me an instance of a woman, who, in a transport of jealousy, had stabbed her husband. But these extremes are very rare.

Some time ago, a young Chippewa girl conceived a violent passion for a hunter of a different tribe, and followed him from his winter hunting-ground to his own village. He was already married, and the wife, not being inclined to admit a rival, drove this love-sick damsel away, and treated her with the utmost indignity. The girl, in desperation, offered herself as a slave to the wife, to carry wood and water, and lie at her feet—anything to be admitted

within the same lodge and only look upon the object of her affection. She prevailed at length. Now, the mere circumstance of her residing within the same wigwam made her also the wife of the man, according to the Indian custom; but apparently she was content to forego all the privileges and honours of a wife. She endured, for several months, with uncomplaining resignation, every species of ill usage and cruelty on the part of the first wife, till at length this woman, unable any longer to suffer even the presence of a rival, watched an opportunity as the other entered the wigwam with a load of fire-wood, and cleft her skull with the husband's tomahawk.

"And did the man permit all this?" was the natural question.

The answer was remarkable. "What could *he* do? he could not help it: a woman is always absolute mistress in her own wigwam!"

In the end, the murder was not punished. The poor victim having fled from a distant tribe, there were no relatives to take vengeance, or do justice, and it concerned no one else. She lies buried at a short distance from the Sault Ste. Marie, where the murderess and her husband yet live.

Women sometimes perish of grief for the loss of a husband or a child, and men have been known to starve themselves on the grave of a beloved wife. Men have also been known to give up their wives to the traders for goods and whiskey; but this, though forbidden by no law, is considered disreputable, or, as my informant expressed it, "only bad Indians do so."

I should doubt, from all I see and hear, that the Indian squaw is that absolute slave, drudge, and nonentity in the community, which she has been described. She is despotic in her lodge, and everything it contains is hers; even of the game her husband kills, she has the uncontrolled disposal. If her husband does not please her, she scolds and even cuffs him; and it is in the highest degree unmanly to answer or strike her. I have seen here a woman scolding and quarrelling with her husband, seize him by the hair, in a style that might have become civilized Billingsgate, or christian St. Giles's, and the next day I have beheld the same couple sit lovingly together on the sunny side of the wigwam, she kneeling behind him, and combing and arranging the hair she had been pulling from his head the day before; just such a group as I remember to have seen about Naples, or the Campagna di Roma, with very little obvious difference either in costume or complexion.

There is no law against marrying near relations, but it is always avoided; it is contrary to their customs: even first cousins do not marry. The tie of blood seems considered as stronger than that of marriage. A woman considers that she belongs more to her own relatives than to her husband or his relatives; yet, notwithstanding this and the facility of divorce, separations between husband and wife are very rare. A couple will go on "squabbling and making it up" all their lives, without having recourse to this expedient. If from displeasure, satiety, or any other cause, a man sends his wife away, she goes back to her relations, and invariably takes her

children with her. The indefeasible right of the mother to her offspring is Indian law, or rather, the contrary notion does not seem to have entered their minds. A widow remains subject to her husband's relations for two years after his death; this is the decent period of mourning. At the end of two years, she returns some of the presents made to her by her late husband, goes back to her own relatives, and may marry again.

You will understand that these particulars, and others which may follow, apply to the Chippewas and the Ottawas around me; other tribes have other customs. I speak merely of those which are brought under my own immediate observation and attention.

During the last American war of 1813, the young widow of a chief who had been killed in battle, assumed his arms, ornaments, wampum, medal, and went out with several war parties, in which she distinguished herself by her exploits. Mrs. Schoolcraft, when a girl of eleven or twelve years old, saw this woman, who was brought into the Fort at Mackinaw and introduced to the commanding officer; and retains a lively recollection of her appearance, and the interest and curiosity she excited. She was rather below the middle size, slight and delicate in figure, like most of the squaws;—covered with rich ornaments, silver armlets, with the scalping-knife, pouch, medals, tomahawk—all the insignia, in short, of an Indian warrior, except the war-paint and feathers. In the room hung a large mirror, in which she surveyed herself with evident admiration and delight, turning round and round before it, and laughing tri-

umphantly. She was invited to dine at the officers' mess, perhaps as a joke, but conducted herself with so much intuitive propriety and decorum, that she was dismissed with all honour and respect, and with handsome presents. I could not learn what became of her afterwards.

Heroic women are not rare among the Indians, women who can bravely suffer—bravely die; but Amazonian women, female amateur warriors, are very extraordinary; I never heard but of this one instance. Generally, the squaws around me give me the impression of exceeding feminine delicacy and modesty, and of the most submissive gentleness. Female chiefs, however, are not unknown in Indian history. There was a famous *Squaw Sachem*, or chief, in the time of the early settlers. The present head chief of the Ottawas, a very fine old man, succeeded a female, who, it is further said, abdicated in his favour.*

Even the standing rule or custom, that women are never admitted to councils, has been evaded. At the treaty of Butte des Morts, in 1827,† an old Chippewa woman, the wife of a superannuated chief, appeared in place of her husband, wearing his medal, and to all intents and purposes representing him. The American commissioners treated her with studied respect and distinction, and made her rich

* Major Anderson.

† This was a treaty arranged by the American government, for settling the boundary line between the territories of the Menomonies and Chippewas, who had previously disturbed the frontiers by their mutual animosities.

presents in cloth, ornaments, tobacco, &c. On her return to her own village, she was way-laid and murdered by a party of Menomonies. The next year two Menomonie women were taken and put to death by the Chippewas: such is the Indian law of retaliation.

The language spoken around me is the Chippewa tongue, which, with little variation, is spoken also by the Ottawas, Pottowattomies and Missasaguas, and diffused all over the country of the lakes, and through a population of about seventy thousand. It is in these countries what the French is in Europe, the language of trade and diplomacy, understood and spoken by those tribes with whom it is not vernacular. In this language Mrs. Schoolcraft generally speaks to her children and Indian domestics. It is not only very sweet and musical to the ear, with its soft inflections and lengthened vowels, but very complex and artificial in its construction, and subject to strict grammatical rules; this, for an unwritten language—for they have no alphabet—appears to me very curious. The particulars which follow I have from Mr. Schoolcraft, who has deeply studied the Chippewa language, and what he terms, not without reason, the philosophy of its syntax.

The great division of all words, and the pervading principle of the language, is the distinction into animate and inanimate objects: not only nouns, but

adjectives, verbs, pronouns, are inflected in accordance with this principle. The distinction, however, seems as arbitrary as that between masculine and feminine nouns in some European languages. Trees, for instance, are of the animate gender. The sun, moon, thunder and lightning, a canoe, a pipe, a water-fall, are all animate. The verb is not only modified to agree with the subject, it must be farther modified to agree with the object spoken of, whether animate or inanimate: an Indian cannot say simply, I love, I eat; the word must express by its inflection what he loves or eats, whether it belong to the animate or inanimate gender.

What is curious enough is, that the noun or name can be conjugated like a verb: the word *man*, for instance, can be inflected to express, I *am* a man, thou *art* a man, he *is* a man, I *was* a man, I *will be* a man, and so forth; and the word husband can be so inflected as to signify by a change of syllables, *I have a* husband, and *I have not* a husband.

They have three numbers, like the Greek, but of different signification: they have the singular, and two plurals, one indefinite and general like ours, and one including the persons or things present, and excluding those which are absent; and distinct inflections are required for these two plurals.

There are distinct words to express certain distinctions of sex as with us; for instance, man, woman, father, mother, sister, brother, are distinct words, but more commonly sex is distinguished by a masculine or feminine syllable or termination. The word *equay*, a woman, is thus used as a feminine

termination where persons are concerned. Ogima, is a chief, and Ogima-quay, a female chief.

There are certain words and expressions which are in a manner masculine and feminine by some prescriptive right, and cannot be used indifferently by the two sexes. Thus, one man addressing another says nichi, or neejee, my friend. One woman addressing another woman says, "Nin,dong,quay," (as nearly as I can imitate the sound,) my friend, or rather, I believe, female relation; and it would be indelicacy in one sex, and arrogance in the other, to exchange these terms between man and woman. When a woman is surprised at anything she sees or hears, she exclaims, "N'ya!" When a man is surprised he exclaims, "T'ya!" and it would be contrary to all Indian notions of propriety and decorum, if a man condescended to say "N'ya!" or if a woman presumed to use the masculine interjection "T'ya!" —I could give you other comical instances of the same kind. They have different words for eldest brother, eldest sister, and for brother and sister in general. *Brother* is a common expression of kindness, *father*, of respect; and grandfather is a title of very great respect.

They have no form of imprecation or swearing. Closing the hand, then throwing it forth and opening it suddenly with a jerk, is the strongest gesture of contempt; and the words "bad dog," the strongest expression of abuse and vituperation: both are unpardonable insults, and used sparingly.

A mother's term of endearment to her child is "My bird—my young one," and sometimes playfully,

"My old man." When I asked what words were used of reproach or menace, I was told that Indian children were *never* scolded—*never* menaced.

The form of salutation in common use between the Indians and the whites is the *bo-jou*, borrowed from the early French settlers, the first Europeans with whom the North-west Indians were brought in contact. Among themselves there is no set form of salutation; when two friends meet after a long absence, they take hands, and exclaim, "We see each other!"

I have been "working like beaver," to borrow an Indian phrase, and all for you!—this has been a rich and busy day: what with listening, learning, scribbling, transcribing, my wits as well as my pen are well nigh worn to a stump. But before I place before you my new acquisitions, there are a few things I must premise. I am not going to tell you here of well-known Indian customs, and repeat anecdotes to be found in all the popular books of travel. With the general characteristics of Indian life and manners you are already familiar, from reading the works of Cooper, Washington Irving, Charles Hoffman, and others. I can add nothing to these sources of information; only bear testimony to the vigour, and liveliness, and truth of the pictures they have drawn. I am amused at every moment by the coincidence between what I see and what I have read; but I must confess I never read anything like the Indian fictions I have just been transcribing for you

from the first and highest authority. You can imagine that among a people whose objects in life are few and simple, that society cannot be very brilliant, nor conversation very amusing. The taciturnity of the Indians does not arise from any ideas of gravity, decorum, or personal dignity, but rather from the dearth of ideas and of subjects of interest. Henry mentions the dulness of the long winters, when he was residing in the wigwam of his brother Wa,wa,-tam, whose family were yet benevolent and intelligent: he had nothing to do but to smoke. Among the Indians, he says, the topics of conversation are few, and are limited to the transactions of the day and the incidents of the chase. The want of all variety in their lives, of all intellectual amusement, is one cause of their passion for gambling and for ardent spirits. The chase is to them a severe toil, not a recreation—the means of existence, not the means of excitement. They have, however, an amusement which I do not remember to have seen noticed anywhere. Like the Arabians, they have among them story-tellers by profession, persons who go about from lodge to lodge amusing the inmates with traditional tales, histories of the wars and exploits of their ancestors, or inventions of their own, which are sometimes in the form of allegories or parables, and are either intended to teach some moral lesson, or are extravagant inventions, having no other aim or purpose but to excite wonder or amazement. The story-tellers are estimated according to their eloquence and powers of invention, and are always welcome—sure of the best place in the wig-

wam and the choicest mess of food wherever they go. Some individuals, not story-tellers by profession, possess and exercise these gifts of memory and invention. Mrs. Schoolcraft mentioned an Indian living at the Sault Ste. Marie, who in this manner amuses and instructs his family almost every night before they go to rest. Her own mother is also celebrated for her stock of traditional lore, and her poetical and inventive faculties, which she inherited from her father, Waub-Ojeeg, who was the greatest poet and story-teller, as well as the greatest warrior, of his tribe.

The stories I give you from Mrs. Schoolcraft's translation have at least the merit of being genuine. Their very wildness and childishness, and dissimilarity to all other fictions, will recommend them to you. The first story is evidently intended to inculcate domestic union and brotherly love. It would be difficult to draw any moral from the second, unless it be that courage, and perseverance, and cunning, are sure at length to triumph over even magical art; but it is surely very picturesque, and peculiar, and fanciful.

THE FORSAKEN BROTHER.

It was a fine summer evening; the sun was scarcely an hour high; its departing rays shone through the leaves of the tall elms that skirted a little green knoll, whereon stood a solitary Indian

lodge. The deep, deep silence that reigned around seemed to the dwellers in that lonely hut like the long sleep of death which was now about to close the eyes of the chief of this poor family; his low breathing was answered by the sighs and sobs of his wife and three children: two of the children were almost grown up; one was yet a mere child. These were the only human beings near the dying man; the door of the lodge* was thrown aside to admit the refreshing breeze of the lake on the banks of which it stood; and when the cool air visited the brow of the poor man, he felt a momentary return of strength. Raising himself a little, he thus addressed his weeping family:—

"I leave ye—I leave ye! thou who hast been my partner in life, thou wilt not stay long behind me, thou wilt soon join me in the pleasant land of spirits; therefore thou hast not long to suffer in this world. But O my children, my poor children, you have just commenced life, and unkindness, and ingratitude, and all wickedness, is in the scene before you. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves for many years, and you will find that my motive for separating myself from other men has been to preserve you from evil example. But I die content, if you, my children, promise me to love each other, and on no account to forsake your youngest brother. Of him I give you both particular charge—love him and cherish him."

The father then became exhausted, and taking a

* The skin or blanket suspended before the opening.

hand of each of his elder children, he continued—"My daughter, never forsake your little brother!—my son, never forsake your little brother!"—"Never! never!" they both exclaimed.—"Never! never!" repeated the father, and expired.

The poor man died happy, because he thought that his commands would be obeyed; the sun sank down behind the trees and left behind a golden sky, which the family were wont to behold with pleasure; but now no one heeded it. The lodge, so still an hour before, was now filled with loud cries and lamentations.

Time wore heavily away. Five long moons had passed, and the sixth was nearly full, when the mother also died. In her last moments, she pressed upon her children the fulfilment of their promise to their departed father. They readily renewed this promise, because they were as yet free from any selfish motives to break it. The winter passed away, and spring came. The girl being the eldest, directed her brothers, and seemed to feel a more tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was sickly and delicate. The other boy soon showed signs of selfishness, and thus addressed his sister:—

"My sister, are we always to live as if there were no other human beings in the world? Must I be deprived of the pleasure of associating with men? I go to seek the villages of my brothers and my tribe. I have resolved, and you cannot prevent me."

The girl replied, "My brother, I do not say no to what you desire. We were not forbidden to associ-

ate with men, but we were commanded to cherish and never forsake each other—if we separate to follow our own selfish desires, will it not oblige us to forsake him, our brother, whom we are both bound to support ?"

The young man made no answer to this remonstrance, but taking up his bow and arrows, he left the wigwam and returned no more.

Many moons had come and gone after the young man's departure, and still the girl ministered kindly and constantly to the wants of her little brother. At length, however, she too began to weary of solitude and her charge. Years added to her strength and her power of providing for the household wants, but also brought the desire of society, and made her solitude more and more irksome. At last she became quite impatient; she thought only of herself, and cruelly resolved to abandon her little brother, as her elder brother had done before.

One day, after having collected all the provisions she had set apart for emergencies, and brought a quantity of wood to the door, she said to her little brother, "My brother, you must not stray far from the lodge. I am going to seek ou- brother, I shall soon be back." Then taking her bundle, she set off in search of the habitations of men. She soon found them, and became so much occupied with the pleasures of her new life, that all affection and remembrance of her brother were by degrees effaced from her heart. At last she was married, and after *that* she never more thought of her poor helpless little brother whom she had abandoned in the woods.

In the mean time the eldest brother had also settled on the shores of the same lake near which reposed the bones of his parents, and the abode of his forsaken brother.

Now, as soon as the little boy had eaten all the provisions left by his sister, he was obliged to pick berries and dig up roots for food. Winter came on, and the poor child was exposed to all its rigour; the snow covered the earth; he was forced to quit the lodge in search of food, and strayed about without shelter or home: sometimes he passed the night in the clefts of old trees, and ate the fragments left by the wolves. Soon he had no other resource; and in seeking for food he became so fearless of these animals, that he would sit close to them while they devoured their prey, and the fierce hungry wolves themselves seemed to pity his condition, and would always leave something for him. Thus he lived on the bounty of the wolves till the spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new friends and companions to the shore. Now it happened that his brother was fishing in his canoe, out far on the lake, when he thought he heard a cry as of a child, and wondered how any one could exist on the bleak shore. He listened again more attentively, and heard the cry repeated, and he paddled towards the shore as quickly as possible, and there he beheld and recognised his little brother, whom he heard singing in a plaintive voice,

Neesya, neesya, shyegwich gushuh!
Ween, ne myeeguniwh!

That is, "My brother, my brother, I am now turning

into a wolf, I am turning into a wolf." At the end of his song he howled like a wolf, and his brother approaching, was dismayed to find him half a wolf and half a human being. He however leaped to the shore, strove to catch him in his arms, and said, soothingly, "My brother, my brother, come to me!" But the boy eluded his grasp and fled, still singing as he fled, "I am turning into a wolf! I am turning into a wolf!" and howling frightfully at the end of his song.

His elder brother, conscience-struck, and feeling all his love return, exclaimed in anguish, "My brother, O my brother, come to me!" but the nearer he approached the child the more rapidly the transformation proceeded. Still he sung, and howling called upon his brother and sister alternately in his song, till the change was complete, and he fled towards the wood a perfect wolf. At last he cried, "I am a wolf!" and bounded out of sight.

The young man felt the bitterness of remorse all his days; and the sister, when she heard the fate of her litle brother whom she had promised to protect and cherish, wept many tears, and never ceased to mourn him till she died.

MISHOSHA;

OR, THE MAGICIAN AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

In an early age of the world, when there were fewer inhabitants on the earth than there are now, there lived an Indian man, who had a wife and two children, in a remote situation. Buried in the solitude of the forest, it was not often that he saw any one out of the circle of his own family. Such a situation was favorable to his pursuits of hunting and fishing, and his life passed on in uninterrupted happiness, until he found reason to suspect the affection and fidelity of his wife.

This woman secretly cherished a passion for a young hunter whom she accidentally met in the forest, and she lost no opportunity of inviting his approaches; she even planned the death of her husband, whom she justly concluded would certainly kill her, should he discover her infidelity. But this design was frustrated by the alertness of her husband, who, having cause to suspect her, resolved to watch her narrowly, to ascertain the truth before he should determine how to act. One day he followed her stealthily at a distance, and hid himself behind a tree. He soon beheld a tall, handsome man approach his wife, and lead her away into the depth of the wood.

The husband, now convinced of her crime, thought

of killing her the moment she returned. In the mean time he went home, and pondered on his situation. At last, after many struggles with himself, he came to the determination of leaving her for ever, thinking that her own conscience would in the end punish her sufficiently; and he relied on her maternal feeling, to take due care of his two boys, whom he left behind.

When the wife returned she was disappointed not to find her husband in the lodge, having formed a plan to murder him. When she saw that day after day he returned not, she guessed the true reason of his absence. She then returned to her lover, and left her two helpless boys behind, telling them she was only going a short distance, and would soon return; but she was secretly resolved never to see them more.

The children, thus abandoned, had consumed the food that was left in the lodge, and were compelled to quit it in search of more. The eldest boy possessed great intrepidity, as well as much affection for his little brother, frequently carrying him when he became weary, and gathering for him all the wild fruit he saw. Thus they plunged deeper and deeper into the forest, soon losing all traces of their former habitation, till they were completely lost in the wilderness. The elder boy fortunately had with him a knife, with which he made a bow and arrows, and was thus enabled to kill a few birds for himself and his brother. In this manner they lived some time, still pressing on, they knew not whither. At last they saw an opening through the woods, and

soon were delighted to find themselves on the margin of a broad lake. Here the elder boy busied himself to pluck some of the pods of the wild rose for his brother, who in the mean time amused himself with shooting arrows into the sand. One of them happened to fall into the lake; the elder brother, not willing to lose his time in making others, waded into the water to reach it. Just as he was about to grasp the arrow, a canoe passed him with the swiftness of lightning. An old man sitting in the canoe seized the affrighted youth, and placed him in the canoe. In vain the boy supplicated him, saying, "My grandfather," (a general term of respect for old people,) "pray take my little brother also: alone I cannot go with you, he will die if I leave him." The old magician, for such was his real character, only laughed at him. Then giving his canoe a slap, and commanding it to go, it glided through the water with inconceivable rapidity. In a few minutes they reached the habitation of Mishosha, standing on an island in the centre of the lake. Here he lived with his two daughters, and was the terror of the surrounding country. Leading the youth up to the lodge, "Here, my eldest daughter," said he, "I have brought you a young man who shall become your husband." The youth beheld surprise in the countenance of the girl, but she made no reply, seeming thereby to acquiesce in the command of her father. In the evening the youth overheard the two daughters conversing. "There again!" said the eldest daughter, "our father has brought another victim under the pretence of giving me a husband; when will his enmity to

the human race cease? How long shall we be forced to witness such sights of horror and wickedness as we are daily condemned to behold?"

When the old magician was asleep, the youth told the eldest daughter how he had been carried off, and forced to leave his helpless brother on the shore. She advised him to get up and take her father's canoe, and using the spell he had observed the magician use, it would carry him quickly to his brother; that he could carry him food, prepare a lodge for him, and return before morning. He followed her directions in all respects; and after providing for the subsistence and shelter of his brother, told him that in a short time he should come to take him away; then returning to the enchanted island, resumed his place in the lodge before the magician was awake. Once during the night Mishosha awoke, and not seeing his son-in-law, asked his eldest daughter what had become of him. She replied, that he had merely stepped out, and would return soon; and this answer satisfied him. In the morning, finding the young man in the lodge, his suspicions were completely lulled, and he said, "I see, my daughter, that you have told me the truth."

As soon as the sun arose, Mishosha thus addressed the young man: "Come, my son, I have a mind to gather gulls' eggs. I know an island where there are great quantities, and I wish you to help me to gather them."

The young man, who saw no reasonable excuse for refusing, got into the canoe. The magician gave it a slap as before, and bidding it to go, in an instant

they were at the island. They found the shore covered with gulls' eggs, and the island surrounded with those birds. "Go, my son," said the old man, "go and gather them while I remain in the canoe." But the young man was no sooner ashore than Mishosha pushed his canoe a little from land, and exclaimed, "Listen, ye gulls! you have long expected something from me—I now give you an offering. Fly down and devour him!" Then striking the canoe, he darted off, and left the young man to his fate.

The birds immediately came in clouds around their victim, darkening all the air with their numbers. But the youth, seizing the first gull that came near him, and drawing his knife, cut off its head. In another moment he had flayed the bird, and hung the skin and feathers as a trophy on his breast. "Thus," he exclaimed, "will I treat every one of you that approaches me! Forbear, therefore, and listen to my words. It is not for you to eat human flesh; you have been given by the Great Spirit as food for men. Neither is it in the power of that old magician to do you any good. Take me on your backs and carry me to his lodge, and you shall see that I am not ungrateful."

The gulls obeyed; collecting in a cloud for him to rest upon, they quickly bore him to the lodge, where they arrived even before the magician. The daughters were surprised at his return, but Mishosha behaved as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

On the following day he again addressed the

youth: "Come, my son," said he, "I will take you to an island covered with the most beautiful pebbles, looking like silver. I wish you to assist me in gathering some of them; they will make handsome ornaments, and are possessed of great virtues." Entering the canoe, the magician made use of his charm, and they were carried in a few moments to a solitary bay in an island, where there was a smooth sandy beach. The young man went ashore as usual. "A little farther, a little farther," cried the old man; "up on that rock you will get some fine ones." Then pushing his canoe from the land, he exclaimed, "Come, thou great king of fishes, thou hast long expected an offering from me! come and eat up the stranger I have put ashore on your island." So saying, he commanded his canoe to return, and was soon out of sight. Immediately a monstrous fish poked his long snout from the lake, and moving towards the beach, he opened wide his jaws to receive his victim.

"When," exclaimed the young man, drawing his knife and placing himself in a threatening attitude, "when did you ever taste human flesh? have a care of yourself! you fishes were given by the Great Spirit for food to man, and if you, or any of your tribes, taste man's flesh, you will surely fall sick and die. Listen not to the words of that wicked old magician, but carry me back to his island; in return for which I will give you a piece of red cloth."

The fish complied, raising his back out of the water for the youth to get on it; then taking his

way through the lake, he landed his burthen safely at the island before the return of the magician.

The daughters were still more surprised to see him thus escaped a second time from the snares of their father, but the old man maintained his usual silence; he could not, however, help saying to himself, "What manner of boy is this, who thus ever baffles my power? his Good Spirit shall not, however, always save him; I will entrap him to-morrow." And then he laughed aloud, ha! ha! ha!

The next day the magician addressed the young man thus: "Come, my son, you must go with me to procure some young eagles, I wish to tame them; I have discovered an island on which they dwell in great numbers."

When they had reached the island, Mishosha led the youth inland, till they came to the foot of a tall pine upon which the nests were.

"Now, my son," said he, "climb up this tree and bring down the birds." The young man obeyed, and when he had with great effort got up near the nests, "Now," exclaimed the magician, addressing the tree, "stretch forth yourself to heaven, and become very tall!" and the tree rose up at his command. Then the old man continued, "Listen, ye eagles! you have long expected a gift from me; I present you this boy, who has the presumption to molest your young: stretch forth your claws and seize him!" So saying, he left the young man to his fate, and returned home. But the intrepid youth, drawing his knife, instantly cut off the head of the first eagle who menaced him, and raising his voice,

he cried, "Thus will I deal with all who come near me! What right have ye, ye ravenous birds, to eat human flesh? Is it because that old cowardly magician has bid you do so? He is an old woman! See! I have already slain one of your number: respect my bravery, and carry me back to the lodge of the old man, that I may show you how I shall treat him!"

The eagles, pleased with the spirit of the young man, assented; and clustering round him, formed a seat with their backs, and flew towards the enchanted island. As they crossed the lake, they passed over the old magician, lying half asleep in the bottom of his canoe, and treated him with peculiar indignity.

The return of the young man was hailed with joy by the daughters, but excited the anger of the magician, who taxed his wits for some new mode of ridding himself of a youth so powerfully aided by his Good Spirit. He therefore invited him to go a hunting. Taking his canoe, they proceeded to an island, and built a lodge to shelter themselves during the night. In the mean time, the magician caused a deep fall of snow, and a storm of wind with severe cold. According to custom, the young man pulled off his moccasins and his metasses (leggings,) and hung them before the fire. After he had gone to sleep, the magician, watching his opportunity, got up, and taking one moccasin and one legging, threw them into the fire. He then went to sleep. In the morning, stretching himself out, he arose, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, he exclaimed, "My son, what has become of your moccasin and legging?

I believe this is the moon in which fire attracts, and I fear they have been drawn in and consumed!"

The young man suspected the true cause of his loss, and attributed it rightly to a design of the old magician to freeze him to death during their hunt, but he maintained the strictest silence; and drawing his blanket over his head, he said within himself, "I have full faith in my Good Spirit who has preserved me thus far, and I do not fear that he will now forsake me. Great is the power of my Manito! and he shall prevail against this wicked old enemy of mankind." Then he uncovered his head, and drawing on the remaining moccasin and legging, he took a coal from the fire, and invoking his spirit to give it efficacy, blackened the foot and leg as far as the lost legging usually reached; then rising, said he was ready for the morning hunt. In vain the magician led the youth through deep snow, and through frozen morasses, hoping to see him sink at every step; in this he was doomed to feel a sore disappointment, and they for the first time returned home together.

Taking courage from this success, the young man now determined to try his own power. Having previously consulted with the daughters, they all agreed that the life of the old man was detestable, and that whoever would rid the world of him would be entitled to the thanks of the human race.

On the following day the young man thus addressed the magician. "My grandfather, I have often gone with you on perilous expeditions, and never murmured; I must now request that you accompany me; I wish to visit my little brother, and bring him

home with me." They accordingly went on shore on the main land, where they found the boy in the spot where he had been formerly left. After taking him into the canoe, the young man again addressed the magician: "My grandfather, will you go and cut me a few of those red willows on the bank? I wish to prepare some kinnakinic," (smoking mixture.) "Certainly, my son," replied the old man, "what you wish is not so very hard; do you think me too old to get up there?" And then the wicked old fellow laughed loud, ha, ha, ha!

No sooner was the magician ashore, than the young man, placing himself in the proper position, struck the canoe, and repeated the charm, "N' Chemaun Pal!" and immediately the canoe flew through the water on its passage to the enchanted island. It was evening when the two brothers arrived, but the elder daughter informed the young man, that unless he sat up and watched, keeping his hand upon the canoe, such was the power of their father, it would slip off from the shore and return to him. The young man watched steadily till near the dawn of day, when he could no longer resist the drowsiness which oppressed him, and suffered himself to nod for a moment; the canoe slipped off and sought the old man, who soon returned in great glee. "Ha! my son," said he, "you thought to play me a trick; it was very clever, my son, but you see I am too old for you." And then he laughed again that wicked laugh, ha, ha, ha!

A short time afterwards, the youth, not yet discouraged, again addressed the magician. "My

grandfather, I wish to try my skill in hunting; it is said there is plenty of game in an island not far off. I have to request you will take me there in your canoe." They accordingly spent the day in hunting, and night coming on, they set up a lodge in the wood. When the magician had sunk into a profound sleep, the young man got up, and taking a moccasin and legging of Mishosha's from where they hung before the fire, he threw them in, thus retaliating the old man's artifice upon himself. He had discovered by some means that the foot and the leg were the only parts of the magician's body which could not be guarded by the spirits who served him. He then besought his Manito to cause a storm of snow with a cold wind and icy sleet, and then laid himself down beside the old man, and fell asleep again. Consternation was in the face of the magician when he awoke in the morning, and found his moccasin and legging gone. "I believe, my grandfather," said the young man with a smile, "that this is the moon in which the fire attracts; and I fear your garments have been drawn in and consumed." And then rising, and bidding the old man follow, he began the morning's hunt. Frequently he turned his head to see how Mishosha kept up. He saw him faltering at every step, and almost benumbed with cold, but encouraged him to follow, saying, "We shall soon be through the wood, and reach the shore,"—but still leading him roundabout ways, to let the frost take complete effect. At length the old man reached the edge of the island where the deep woods were succeeded by a border of smooth sand, but he could go

no farther; his legs became stiff, and refused all motion, and he found himself fixed to the spot; but he still kept stretching out his arms, and swinging his body to and fro. Every moment he found the numbness creeping higher and higher: he felt his legs growing like roots; the feathers on his head turned to leaves, and in a few seconds he stood a tall and stiff maple tree, leaning towards the water.

The young man, getting into the canoe, and pronouncing the spell, was soon transported to the island, where he related his history to the daughters. They applauded the deed, and agreed to put on mortal shapes, become the wives of the two young men, and for ever quit the enchanted island. They immediately passed over to the main land, where they all lived long in happiness and peace together.

In this wild tale the metamorphosis of the old man into a maple tree is related with a spirit and accuracy worthy of Ovid himself.

The third story seems intended to admonish parental ambition, and inculcate filial obedience. The bird here called the robin is three times as large as the English robin redbreast, but in its form and habits very similar.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN.

An old man had an only son, a fine promising lad, who had arrived at that age when the Chippewas thought it proper to make the long and final fast, which is to secure through life a guardian spirit, on whom future prosperity or adversity are to depend, and who forms the character to great and noble deeds.*

This old man was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed most wise and great among his tribe; and to this effect he thought it necessary that his son should fast a much longer time than any of those persons celebrated for their uncommon power or wisdom, and whose fame he envied.

He therefore directed his son to prepare with great ceremony for the important event: after he had

* This custom is universal among the Chippewas and their kindred tribes. At a certain age, about twelve or fourteen, the youth or girl is shut up in a separate lodge to fast and dream. The usual term is from three to five or six days, or even longer. The object which during this time is most frequently presented in sleep—the disturbed feverish sleep of an exhausted frame and excited imagination—is the tutelary spirit or manito of the future life: it is the sun or moon or evening star; an eagle, a moose deer, a crane, a bat, &c. Wawatam, the Indian friend of Henry, had dreamed of a white man whom the Great Spirit brought to him in his hand and presented as his brother. This dream, as I have related, saved Henry's life.

been in the sweating lodge and bath several times, he ordered him to lie down on a clean mat in a little lodge, expressly prepared for him, telling him at the same time to bear himself like a man, and at the expiration of twelve days he should receive food and his father's blessing.

The youth carefully observed these injunctions, lying with his face covered, with perfect composure, awaiting those spiritual visitations which were to seal his good or evil fortune. His father visited him every morning regularly to encourage him to perseverance—expatiating on the renown and honour which would attend him through life, if he accomplished the full term prescribed. To these exhortations the boy never replied, but lay still without a murmur till the ninth day, when he thus addressed his father—"My father, my dreams are ominous of evil. May I break my fast now, and at a more propitious time make a new fast."

The father answered—"My son, you know not what you ask; if you rise now, all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer, you have but three days yet to accomplish what I desire; you know it is for your own good."

The son assented, and covering himself up close, he lay till the eleventh day, when he repeated his request to his father. But the same answer was given by the old man, who, however, added that the next day he would himself prepare his first meal, and bring it to him. The boy remained silent, and lay lay like death. No one could have known he was living, but by the gentle heaving of his breast.

The next morning, the father, elate at having

gained his object, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself; he stooped to listen, and looking through a small aperture, he was more astonished when he saw his son painted with vermilion on his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far as his hand could reach on his shoulders, saying at the same time, "My father has ruined me as a man—he would not listen to my request—he will now be the loser, while I shall be for ever happy in my new state, since I have been obedient to my parent. He alone will be a sufferer, for the spirit is a just one, though not propitious to me. He has shown me pity, and now I must go!"

At that moment the father, in despair, burst into the lodge, exclaiming, "My son, my son, do not leave me." But his son, with the quickness of a bird, had flown up to the top of the lodge, and perched upon the highest pole, a beautiful Robin Redbreast. He looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him he should always love to be near man's dwellings—that he should always be seen happy and contented by the constant sprightliness and joy he would display—and that he would ever strive to cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to him for the loss of the glory he had expected—and that although no longer a man, he would ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race.*

* Even while these pages are printing, I learn that this tale of the Robin has already been published by an American travel-

It is a mistake to suppose that these Indians are idolaters! heathens and pagans you may call them, if you will; but the belief in one Great Spirit, who created all things, and is paramount to all things, and the belief in the distinction between body and soul, and the immortality of the latter—these two sublime principles pervade their wildest superstitions; but though none doubt of a future state, they have no distinct or universal tenets with regard to the condition of the soul after death. Each individual seems to have his own thoughts on the subject, and some doubtless never think about it at all. In general, however, their idea of a paradise (the land of spirits) is some far-off country towards the south-west, abounding in sunshine, and placid lakes, and rivers full of fish, and forests full of game, whither they are transported by the Great Spirit, and where those who are separated on earth meet again in happiness, and part no more.

Not only man, but everything animate, is spirit, and destined to immortality. According to the Indians, (and Sir Humphry Davy,) nothing dies, nothing is destroyed; what we look upon as death and destruction is only transition and change. The an-

ler, to whom Mrs. Schoolcraft imparted it. It is retained here notwithstanding, because it is sufficiently pretty and fanciful to justify a repetition, and is besides illustrative of the custom so often referred to—of dreaming for a guardian spirit.

cients, it is said—for I cannot speak from my own knowledge—without telescopes or logarithms, divined the grandest principles of astronomy, and calculated the revolutions of the planets; and so these Indians, who never heard of philosophy or chemistry, have contrived to hit upon some of the profoundest truths in physics and metaphysics; but they seem content, like Jaques, "to praise God, and make no boast of it."

In some things, it is true, they are as far as possible from orthodox. Their idea of a hell seems altogether vague and negative. It consists in a temporary rejection from the land of good spirits, in a separation from lost relatives and friends, in being doomed to wander up and down desolately, having no fixed abode, weary, restless, and melancholy. To how many is the Indian hell already realized on this earth? Physical pain, or any pain which calls for the exercise of courage, and which it is manliness to meet and endure, does not apparently enter into their notions of *punishment*. They believe in evil spirits, but the idea of *the* Evil *Spirit*, a permitted agency of evil and mischief, who divides with the Great Spirit the empire of the universe—who contradicts or renders nugatory His will, and takes especially in hand the province of tormenting sinners—of the devil, in short, they certainly had not an idea, till it was introduced by Europeans.* Those Indians whose politeness will not allow them to contradict this article of the white man's faith, still insist that the place of eternal torment was never intended for

* History of the Moravian Missions. Mr. Schoolcraft.

the Red-skins, the especial favorites of the Great Spirit, but for white men *only*.

Formerly it was customary with the Chippewas to bury many articles with the dead, such as would be useful on their journey to the land of spirits.

Henry describes in a touching manner the interment of a young girl, with the axe, snow-shoes, a small kettle, several pairs of moccasins, her own ornaments, and strings of beads; and, because it was a female—destined, it seems, to toil and carry burthens in the other world as well as this—the *carrying-belt* and the paddle. The last act before the burial, performed by the poor mother, crying over the dead body of the child, was that of taking from it a lock of hair for a memorial. "While she did this," says Henry, "I endeavoured to console her by offering the usual arguments, that the child was happy in being released from the miseries of this life, and that she should forbear to grieve, because it would be restored to her in another world, happy and everlasting. She answered, that she knew it well, and that by the lock of hair she should know her daughter in the other world, for she would *take it with her*—alluding to the time when this relic, with the carrying-belt and axe, would be placed in her own grave."

Do you remember the lamentation of Constance over her *pretty* Arthur?

> "And rising so again,
> When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
> I shall not know him."

O nature—O Shakspeare—everywhere the same—and true to each other!

This custom of burying property with the dead was formerly carried to excess from the piety and generosity of surviving friends, until a chief, greatly respected and admired among them for his bravery and talents, took an ingenious method of giving his people a lesson. He was seized with a fit of illness, and after a few days expired, or seemed to expire. But after lying in his death-trance for some hours, he came to life again, and recovering his voice and senses, he informed his friends that he had been half-way to the land of spirits; that he found the road thither crowded with the souls of the dead, all so heavily laden with the guns, kettles, axes, blankets, and other articles buried with them, that their journey was retarded, and they complained grievously of the burthens which the love of their friends had laid on them. "I will tell you," said Gitchee Gauzinee, for that was his name, "our fathers have been wrong; they have buried too many things with the dead. It is too burthensome to them, and they have complained to me bitterly. There are many who, by reason of the heavy loads they bear, have not yet reached the land of spirits. Clothing will be very acceptable to the dead, also his moccasins to travel in, and his pipe to refresh him on the way; but let his other possessions be divided among his relatives and friends."*

This sensible hint was taken in good part. The custom of kindling a fire on the grave, to light the departed spirit on its road to the land of the dead, is

* Mr. Schoolcraft.

very general, and will remind you of the oriental customs.

Here is a story not altogether new, for it has been published;* but if you have not met with it, I fancy it will amuse you.

A Chippewa chief, heading his war party against the Sioux, received an arrow in his breast, and fell. No warrior thus slain is ever buried. According to ancient custom, he was placed in a sitting posture, with his back against a tree, his face towards his flying enemies; his head-dress, ornaments, and all his war-equipments, were arranged with care, and thus he was left. But the chief was not dead; though he could neither move nor speak, he was sensible to all that passed. When he found himself abandoned by his friends as one dead, he was seized with a paroxysm of rage and anguish. When they took leave of him, lamenting, he rose up and followed them, but they saw him not. He pursued their track, and wheresoever they went, he went; when they ran, he ran; when they encamped and slept, he did the like; but he could not eat with them; and when he spoke, they heard him not. "Is it possible," he cried, exalting his voice, "that my brothers do not see me—do not hear me? Will you suffer me to bleed to death without staunching my wounds? will you let me starve in the midst of food? have my fellow-warriors already forgotten me? is there none who will recollect my face, or offer me a morsel of flesh?" Thus he lamented and upbraided, but

* In Mr. Schoolcraft's Travels.

the sound of his voice reached them not. If they heard it at all, they mistook it for that of the summer wind rustling among the leaves.

The war party returned to the village; the women and children came out to welcome them. The chief heard the inquiries for himself, and the lamentations of his friends and relatives over his death. "It is not true!" he shrieked with a loud voice; "I am not dead; I was not left on the field; I am here! I live! I move! see me! touch me! I shall again raise my spear in the battle, and sound my drum at the feast!" but no one heeded him; they mistook his voice for the wind rising and whistling among the boughs. He walked to his wigwam, and found his wife tearing her hair, and weeping for his death. He tried to comfort her, but she seemed insensible of his presence. He besought her to bind up his wounds—she moved not. He put his mouth close to her ear, and shouted, "I am hungry, give me food!" she thought she heard a mosquito buzzing in her ear. The chief, enraged past endurance, now summoned all his strength, and struck her a violent blow on the temple; on which she raised her hand to her head, and remarked, "I feel a slight aching here!"

When the chief beheld these things, he began to reflect that possibly his body might have remained on the field of battle, while only his spirit was among his friends; so he determined to go back and seek his body. It was four days' journey thither, and on the last day, just as he was approaching the spot, he saw a flame in the path before him; he endeavoured to step aside and pass it, but was still opposed;

whichever way he turned, still it was before him. "Thou spirit," he exclaimed in anger, "why dost thou oppose me? knowest thou not that I too am a spirit, and seek only to re-enter my body? thinkest thou to make me turn back? know that I was never conquered by the enemies of my nation, and will not be conquered by thee!" So saying, he made an effort, and leapt through the opposing flame. He found himself seated under a tree on the field of battle, in all his warlike array, his bow and arrows at his side, just as he had been left by his friends, and looking up, beheld a great war-eagle seated on the boughs; it was the manito of whom he had dreamed in his youth, his tutelary spirit who had kept watch over his body for eight days, and prevented the ravenous beasts and carrion birds from devouring it. In the end, he bound up his wounds and sustained himself by his bow and arrows, until he reached his village; there he was received with transport by his wife and friends, and concluded his account of his adventures by telling them that it is four days' journey to the land of spirits, and that the spirit stood in need of a fire every night; therefore the friends and relatives should build the funeral fire for four nights upon the grave, otherwise the spirit would be obliged to build and tend the fire itself,—a task which is always considered slavish and irksome.

Such is the tradition by which the Chippewas account for the custom of lighting the funeral fire.

The Indians have a very fanciful mythology, which would make exquisite machinery for poetry. It is quite distinct from the polytheism of the Greeks.

The Greek mythology personified all nature, and materialized all abstractions: the Indians spiritualize all nature. They do not indeed place dryads and fawns in their woods, nor naiads in their streams; but every tree has a spirit; every rock, every river, every star that glistens, every wind that breathes, has a spirit; everything they cannot comprehend is a spirit; this is the ready solution of every mystery, or rather makes everything around them a mystery as great as the blending of soul and body in humanity. A watch, a compass, a gun, have each their spirit. The thunder is an angry spirit; the aurora borealis, dancing and rejoicing spirits; the milky way is the path of spirits. Birds, perhaps from their aerial movements, they consider as in some way particularly connected with the invisible world of spirits. Not only all animals have souls, but it is the settled belief of the Chippewa Indians that their souls will fare the better in another world, in the precise ratio that their lives and enjoyments are curtailed in this; hence, they have no remorse in hunting, but when they have killed a bear or rattle-snake, they solemnly beg his pardon, and excuse themselves on the plea of necessity.

Besides this general *spiritualization* of the whole universe, which, to an Indian, is all spirit in diversity of forms, (how delighted Bishop Berkeley would have been with them!) they have certain mythologic existences. Manabozho is a being very analogous to the Seeva of the Hindoo mythology. The four cardinal points are spirits, the west being the oldest and the father of the others, by a beautiful girl, who,

one day while bathing, suffered the west wind to blow upon her. Weeng is the spirit of sleep, with numerous little subordinate spirits, his emissaries, whose employment is to close the eye of mortals, and by tapping on their foreheads *knock* them to sleep. Then they have Weendigos—great giants and cannibals, like the Ascaparts and Morgantes of the old romances; and little tiny spirits or fairies, which haunt the woods and cataracts. The Nibanaba, half human, half fish, dwell in the waters of Lake Superior. Ghosts are plentiful, and so are transformations, as you have seen. The racoon was once a shell lying on the lake shore, and vivified by the sunbeams; the Indian name of the racoon, *aisebun*, is, literally, *he was a shell*. The brains of a wicked adulteress, whose skull was beaten to pieces against the rocks, as it tumbled down a cataract, became the white fish.*

As to the belief in sorcery, spells, talismans, incantations, all which go by the general name of *medicine*, it is unbounded. Henry mentions, that among the goods which some traders took up the country to exchange for furs, they had a large collection of the

* I have heard the particulars of this wild story of the origin of the white-fish, but cannot remember them. I think the woman was put to death by her sons. Most of the above particulars I learned from oral communication, and from some of the papers published by Mr. Schoolcraft. This gentleman and others instituted a society at Detroit, (1832,) called the *Algic Society*, for "evangelizing the north-western tribes, inquiring into their history and superstitions, and promoting education, agriculture, industry, peace, and temperance, among them."

little rude prints, published for children, at a half-penny a piece—I recollect such when I was a child. They sold these at a high price, for *medicines*, (*i. e.* talismans,) and found them a very profitable and popular article of commerce. One of these, a little print of a sailor kissing his sweetheart, was an esteemed *medicine* among the young, and eagerly purchased for a love-spell. A soldier presenting his gun, or brandishing his sabre, was a medicine to promote warlike courage—and so on.

The medicines and manitos of the Indians will remind you of the fetishes of the negroes.

With regard to the belief in omens and incantations, I should like to see it ascertained how far we civilized Christians, with all our schools, our pastors, and our masters, are in advance of these (so-called) savages.*

* "One of the most distinguished men of the age, who has left a reputation which will be as lasting as it is great, was, when a boy, in constant fear of a very able but unmerciful schoolmaster, and in the state of mind which that constant fear produced, he fixed upon a great spider for his fetish, (or manito,) and used every day to pray to it that he might not be flogged."—*The Doctor*, vol. v.

When a child, I was myself taken to a witch (or medicine woman) to be cured of an accidental burn, by charms and incantations. I was then about six years old, and have a very distinct recollection of the whole scene, which left a strong and frightful impression on my childish fancy.

Who would believe that with a smile, whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, as caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower;
With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil,
That e'er clench'd fingers in a captive's hair!

HALLECK.

Mr. Johnson tells me, what pleases me much, that the Indians like me, and are gratified by my presence, and the interest I express for them, and that I am the subject of much conversation and speculation. Being in manners and complexion unlike the European women they have been accustomed to see, they have given me, he says, a name among themselves expressive of the most obvious characteristic in my appearance, and call me the *white* or *fair English chieftainess* (Ogima-quay.) I go among them quite familiarly, and am always received with smiling good-humour. With the assistance of a few words, as ninni, a man; minno, good; mudjee, bad; mee gwedge, thank you; maja, good-bye; with nods, smiles, signs, and friendly hand-taking,—we hold most eloquent conversations. Even the little babies smile at me out of their comical cradles, slung at their mothers' backs, and with the help of beads and lollypops from the village store, I get on amazingly well; only when asked for some "English milk,"

(rum or whiskey,) I frown as much as I can, and cry Mudjee! mudjee!—Bad! bad!—then they laugh, and we are friends again.

The scenes I at first described are of constant reiteration. Every morning when I leave my room and come out into the porch, I have to exchange *bo-jou!* and shake hands with some twenty or thirty of my dingy, dusky, greasy, painted, blanketed, smiling friends: but to-day we have had some new scenes.

First, however, I forgot to tell you that yesterday afternoon there came in a numerous fleet of canoes, thirty or forty at least; and the wind blowing fresh from the west, each with its square blanket sail came scudding over the waters with astonishing velocity; it was a beautiful sight. Then there was the usual bustle, and wigwam building, fire-lighting, and cooking, all along the shore, which is now excessively crowded: and yelling, shouting, drinking and dancing at the whiskey store—but all this I have formerly described to you.

I presume it was in consequence of these new arrivals that we had a grand *talk* or council after breakfast this morning, at which I was permitted to be present, or, as the French say, to *assist*.

There were fifty-four of their chiefs, or rather chief men, present, and not less than two hundred Indians round the house, their dark eager faces filling up the windows and doorways; but they were silent, quiet, and none but those first admitted attempted to enter. All as they came up took my hand: some I had seen before, and some were entire strangers, but there

was no look of surprise, and all was ease and grave self-possession: a set of more perfect gentlemen, in *manner*, I never met with.

The council was convened to ask them if they would consent to receive goods instead of dollars in payment for the pensions due to them on the sale of their lands, and which, by the conditions of sale, were to be paid in money. So completely do the white men reckon on having everything their own way with the poor Indians, that a trader had contracted with the government to supply the goods which the Indians had not yet consented to receive, and was actually now on the island, having come with me in the steamer.

As the chiefs entered, they sat down on the floor. The principal person was a venerable old man with a bald head, who did not speak. The orator of the party wore a long gray blanket-coat, crimson sash, and black neckcloth, with leggings and moccasins. There was also a well-looking young man dressed in the European fashion, and in black; he was of mixed blood, French and Indian; he had been carried early to Europe by the Catholic priests, had been educated in the Propaganda College at Rome, and was lately come out to settle as a teacher and interpreter among his people. He was the only person besides Mr. Schoolcraft who was seated on a chair, and he watched the proceedings with great attention. On examining one by one the assembled chiefs, I remarked five or six who had good heads—well developed, intellectual, and benevolent. The old chief, and my friend the Rain, were conspicuous among

them, and also an old man with a fine square head and lofty brow, like the picture of Redjacket,* and a young man with a pleasing countenance, and two scalps hung as ornaments to his belt. Some faces were mild and vacant, some were stupid and coarse, but in none was there a trace of insolence or ferocity, or of that vile expression I have seen in a depraved European of the lowest class. The worst physiognomy was that of a famous medicine-man—it was mean and cunning. Not only the countenances but the features differed; even the distinct characteristics of the Indian, the small deep-set eye, breadth of face and high cheek-bones, were not universal: there were among them regular features, oval faces, aquiline noses. One chief had a head and face which reminded me strongly of the Marquis Wellesley. All looked dirty, grave, and picturesque, and most of them, on taking their seats on the ground, pulled out their tobacco-pouches and lighted their wooden pipes.

The proposition made to them was evidently displeasing. The orator, after whispering with the

* The picture by Weir, in the possession of Samuel Ward, Esq., of New-York, which see—or rather see the beautiful lines of Halleck—

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora!
Gazing as I upon thy portrait now,
In all its medalled, fring'd, and beaded glory,
Its eyes' dark beauty and its tranquil brow—
Its brow, half martial, and half diplomatic,
Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings—
Well might he boast that we, the democratic,
Outrival Europe, even in our kings!

chief, made a long and vehement speech in a loud emphatic voice, and at every pause the auditors exclaimed, "Hah!" in sign of approbation. I remarked that he sometimes made a jest, which called forth a general smile, even from the interpreter and Mr. Schoolcraft. Only a few sentences were translated: from which I understood that they all considered this offer as a violation of the treaty which their great father at Washington, the president, had made with them. They did not want goods,—they wanted the stipulated dollars. Many of their young men had procured goods from the traders on credit, and depended on the money due to them to discharge their debts; and, in short, the refusal was distinct and decided. I am afraid, however, it will not avail them much.* The mean, petty-trader style in which the American officials make (and *break*) their treaties with the Indians is shameful. I met with none who attempted to deny it or excuse it. Mr. Schoolcraft told me, that during the time he had been Indian agent (five-and-twenty years,) he had never known the Indians to violate a treaty or break a promise. He could not say the same of his government,

* Since my return to England I found the following passage in the Morning Chronicle, extracted from the American papers:—"The Indians of Michigan have committed several shocking murders, in consequence of the payments due to them on land treaties being made in goods instead of money. Serious alarm on that subject prevails in the State."

The wretched individuals murdered were probably settlers, quite innocent in this business, probably women and children; but such is the *well-known* Indian law of retaliation.

and the present business appeared most distasteful to him; but he was obliged to obey the order from the head of his department.

The Indians themselves make witty jests on the bad faith of the "Big Knives."* "My father!" said a distinguished Pottowattomie chief at the treaty of Chicago—"my father, you have made several promises to your red children, and you have put the money down upon the table: but as fast as you put it upon the top, it has slipped away to the bottom, in a manner that is incomprehensible to us. We do not know what becomes of it. When we get together, and divide it among ourselves, it is nothing! and we remain as poor as ever. My father, I only explain to you the words of my brethren. We can only see what is before our eyes, and are unable to comprehend all things." Then pointing to a newspaper which lay on the table—"You see that paper on the table before you—it is double. You can see what is upon the upper sheet, but you cannot see what is below. We cannot tell how our money goes!"

On the present occasion, two orators spoke, and the council lasted above two hours: but I left the room long before the proceedings were over. I must needs confess it to you—I cannot overcome one disagreeable obstacle to a near communion with these people. The genuine Indian has a very peculiar

* The Indians gave the name of Cheemokomaun (Long Knives, or *Big Knives*,) to the Americans at the time they were defeated by General Wayne, near the Miami river in 1795, and suffered so severely from the *sabres* of the cavalry.

odour, unlike anything of the kind that ever annoyed my fastidious senses. One ought to get over these things; and after all, it is not so offensive as it is peculiar. You have probably heard that horses brought up in the white settlements can smell an Indian at a great distance, and show evident signs of perturbation and terror whenever they snuff an Indian in the air. For myself, in passing over the place on which a wigwam has stood, and whence it has been removed several hours, though it was the hard pebbly beach on the water edge, I could scent the Indian in the atmosphere. You can imagine, therefore, that fifty of them in one room, added to the smell of their tobacco, which is detestable, and the smoking and all its unmentionable consequences, drove me from the spot. The truth is, that a woman of very delicate and fastidious habits must learn to endure some very disagreeable things, or she had best stay at home.

In the afternoon, Mr. Johnson informed me that the Indians were preparing to dance, for my particular amusement. I was, of course, most thankful and delighted. Almost in the same moment, I heard their yells and shrieks resounding along the shore, mingled with the measured monotonous drum. We had taken our place on an elevated platform behind the house—a kind of little lawn on the hill side;—the precipitous rocks, clothed with trees and bushes, rose high like a wall above us: the glorious sunshine of a cloudless summer's day was over our heads—the dazzling blue lake and its islands at our feet. Soft

and elysian in its beauty was all around. And when these wild and more than half-naked figures came up, leaping, whooping, drumming, shrieking, hideously painted, and flourishing clubs, tomahawks, javelins, it was like a masque of fiends breaking into paradise! The rabble of Comus might have boasted themselves comely in comparison, even though no self-deluding potion had bleared their eyes and intellect.* It was a grotesque and horrible phantasmagoria. Of their style of clothing, I say nothing—for, as it is wisely said, nothing can come of *nothing* :—only if "all symbols be clothes," according to our great modern philosopher†—my Indian friends were as little symbolical as you can dare to imagine :—*passons par là*. If the blankets and leggings were thrown aside, all the resources of the Indian toilette, all their store of feathers, and bears' claws, hawks' bells, vermilion, soot, and verdigris, were brought into requisition as decoration ; and no two were alike. One man wore three or four heads of hair, composed of the manes and tails of animals ; another wore a pair of deers' horns ; another was *coiffé* with the skin and feathers of a crane or some such bird—its long bill projecting from his forehead ; another had the shell of a small turtle suspended from his back, and dangling behind ; another used the skin of a polecat for the same purpose. One had painted his right leg with red bars,

* "And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before."
COMUS.

† Sartor Resartus.

and his left leg with green lines: particoloured eyes and faces, green noses, and blue chins, or *vice versa*, were general. I observed that in this grotesque deformity, in the care with which everything like symmetry or harmony in form or colours was avoided, there was something evidently studied and artistical. The orchestra was composed of two drums and two rattles, and a chorus of voices. The song was without melody—a perpetual repetition of three or four notes, melancholy, harsh, and monotonous. A flag was stuck in the ground, and round this they began their dance—if dance it could be called—the movements consisting of the alternate raising of one foot, then the other, and swinging the body to and fro. Every now and then they paused, and sent forth that dreadful, prolonged, tremulous yell, which re-echoed from the cliffs, and pierced my ears and thrilled along my nerves. The whole exhibition was of that finished barbarism, that it was at least complete in its way, and for a time I looked on with curiosity and interest. But that innate loathing which dwells within me for all that is discordant and deformed, rendered it anything but pleasant to witness. It grated horribly upon all my perceptions. In the midst, one of those odd and unaccountable transitions of thought caused by some mental or physical re-action—the law which brings extremes in contrast together—came across me. I was reminded that even on this very day last year I was seated in a box at the opera, looking at Carlotta Grisi and Perrot dancing, or rather flying through the galoppe in "Benyowsky." The oddity of this sudden asso-

ciation made me laugh, which being interpreted into the expression of my highest approbation, they became every moment more horribly ferocious and animated; redoubled the vigour of their detestably awkward movements and the shrillness of their savage yells, till I began involuntarily to look about for some means of escape—but this would have been absolutely rude, and I restrained myself.

I should not forget to mention that the figures of most of the men were superb; more agile and elegant, however, than muscular—more fitted for the chase than for labour, with small and well formed hands and feet. When the dance was ended, a young warrior, leaving the group, sat himself down on a little knoll to rest. His spear lay across his knees, and he reposed his head upon his hand. He was not painted, except with a little vermilion on his chest—and on his head he wore only the wing of the osprey: he sat there—a model for a sculptor. The perfection of his form, the graceful abandonment of his attitude, reminded me of a young Mercury, or of Thorwaldsen's "Shepherd Boy." I went up to speak to him, and thanked him for his exertions in the dance, which indeed had been conspicuous: and then, for want of something else to say, I asked him if he had a wife and children? The whole expression of his face suddenly changed, and with an air as tenderly coy as that of a young girl listening to the first whisper of a lover, he looked down and answered softly, "Kah-ween!"—No, indeed! Feeling that I had for the first time embarrassed an Indian, I withdrew, really as much out of

countenance as the youth himself. I did not ask him his name, for that were a violation of the Indian form of good breeding, but I learn that he is called *the Pouncing Hawk*—and a fine creature he is—like a blood horse or the Apollo; West's comparison of the Apollo Belvidere to a young Mohawk warrior has more of likelihood and reasonableness than I ever believed or acknowledged before.

A keg of tobacco and a barrel of flour were given to them, and they dispersed as they came, drumming, and yelling, and leaping, and flourishing their clubs and war-hatchets.

In the evening we paddled in a canoe over to the opposite island, with the intention of landing and looking at the site of an intended missionary settlement for the Indians. But no sooner did the keel of our canoe touch the woody shore than we were enveloped in a cloud of mosquitoes. It was in vain to think of dislodging the enemy, and after one or two attempts, we were fairly beaten back. So leaving the gentlemen to persist, we—that is, the young Irish lady and myself—pushed off the canoe, and sat in it, floating about, and singing Irish melodies and Italian serenades—the first certainly that ever roused the echoes of Woody Island.* Mackinaw, as seen from hence, has exactly the form its name implies,†

* The island of Bois Blanc, or Woody Island, has never been inhabited in the memory of man.

† I believe Mackinaw is merely the abbreviation of Michilimackinac, *the great turtle.*

that of a large turtle sleeping on the water. It was a mass of purple shadow; and just at one extremity the sun plunged into the lake, leaving its reflection on the water, like the skirts of a robe of fire, floating. This too vanished, and we returned in the soft calm twilight, singing as we went.

Vague mystery hangs on all these desert places,
The fear which hath no name, hath wrought a spell,
Strength, courage, wrath, have been, and left no traces;
They came—and fled! but whither! who can tell?

We know but that they *were;* that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man,)
Stout spirits wander'd o'er these capes and bays,
And perish'd where these river waters ran.

BARRY CORNWALL.

July 29th.

WHERE was I? Where did I leave off four days ago? O—at Mackinaw! that fairy island, which I shall never see again! and which I should have dearly liked to filch from the Americans, and carry home to you in my dressing-box, or, *perdie,* in my tooth-pick case—but, good lack! to see the ups and downs of this (new) world! I take up my tale a hundred miles from it—but before I tell you where I am now, I must take you over the ground, or rather over the water, in a proper and journal-like style.

I was sitting last Friday, at sultry noon-tide, under the shadow of a schooner which had just anchored alongside the little pier—sketching and dreaming—when up came a messenger, breathless, to say that a boat was going off for the Sault Ste. Marie, in which I could be accommodated with a passage. Now this was precisely what I had been wishing and waiting for, and yet I heard the information with an emo-

tion of regret. I had become every day more attached to the society of Mrs. Schoolcraft—more interested about her; and the idea of parting, and parting suddenly, took me by surprise, and was anything but agreeable. On reaching the house, I found all in movement, and learned, to my inexpressible delight, that my friend would take the opportunity of paying a visit to her mother and family, and, with her children, was to accompany me on my voyage.

We had but one hour to prepare packages, provisions, everything—and in one hour all was ready.

This voyage of two days was to be made in a little Canadian bateau, rowed by five *voyageurs* from the Sault. The boat might have carried fifteen persons, hardly more, and was rather clumsy in form. The two ends were appropriated to the rowers, baggage, and provisions; in the centre there was a clear space, with a locker on each side, on which we sat or reclined, having stowed away in them our smaller and more valuable packages. This was the internal arrangement.

The distance to the Sault, or, as the Americans call it, the *Sou*, is not more than thirty miles over land, as the bird flies; but the whole region being one mass of tangled forest and swamp, infested with bears and mosquitoes, it is seldom crossed but in winter, and in snow shoes. The usual route by water is ninety-four miles.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, with a favourable breeze, we launched forth on the lake, and having rowed about a mile from the shore, the little

square sail was hoisted, and away we went merrily over the blue waves.

For a detailed account of the *voyageurs*, or Canadian boatmen, their peculiar condition and mode of life, I refer you to Washington Irving's "Astoria;" what he describes them to *have been*, and what Henry represents them in his time, they are even now, in these regions of the upper lakes.* But the voy-

* As I shall have much to say hereafter of this peculiar class of people, to save both reader and author time and trouble, the passage is here given.

"The voyageurs form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the arrieros or carriers of Spain. The dress of these people is generally half civilized, half savage. They wear a capote or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trowsers or leathern leggings, moccasins of deer skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other articles. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois embroidered with English and Italian words and phrases. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors; they inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance, and instead of that hardness and grossness, which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating, interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of *cousin* and *brother*, when there is in fact no relationship. No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardships, or more good-humoured under privations Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, towing up rivers or coasting lakes. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar or paddle, and will row from morning till night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old French song, with some regular burthen, in

ageurs in our boat were not favourable specimens of their very amusing and peculiar class. They were fatigued with rowing for three days previous, and had only two helpless women to deal with. As soon, therefore, as the sail was hoisted, two began to play cards on the top of a keg, the other two went to sleep. The youngest and most intelligent of the set, a lively, half-breed boy of eighteen, took the helm. He told us with great self-complacency that he was *captain*, and that it was already the third time that he had been elected by his comrades to this dignity—but I cannot say he had a very obedient crew.

About seven o'clock we landed to cook our supper on an island which is commemorated by Henry as the Isle des Outardes, and is now Goose Island. Mrs. Schoolcraft undertook the general management with all the alertness of one accustomed to these *impromptu* arrangements, and I did my best in my new avocation—dragged one or two blasted boughs to the fire—the least of them twice as big as myself—and laid the cloth upon the pebbly beach. The enormous fire was to keep off the mosquitoes, in which we succeeded pretty well, swallowing, however, as much smoke as would have dried us externally into hams or red herrings. We then returned to the boat, spread a bed for the children, (who were my delight,) in the bottom of it, with mats and blankets,

which they all join, keeping time with their oars. If at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion, it is but necessary to strike up a song of this kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity."—*Astoria*, vol. i. chap. 4.

and disposed our own, on the lockers on each side, with buffalo skins, blankets, shawls, cloaks, and whatever was available, with my writing-case for a pillow.

After sunset the breeze fell: the men were urged to row, but pleaded fatigue, and that they were hired for the day, and not for the night, (which is the custom.) One by one they sulkily abandoned their oars, and sunk to sleep under their blankets, all but our young captain; like Ulysses, when steering away from Calypso—

> Placed at the helm he sat, and watched the skies,
> Nor closed in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.

He kept himself awake by singing hymns, in which Mrs. Schoolcraft joined him. I lay still, looking at the stars and listening: when there was a pause in the singing, we kept up the conversation, fearing lest sleep should overcome our only pilot and guardian. Thus we floated on beneath that divine canopy—"which love had spread to curtain the sleeping world:" it was a most lovely and blessed night, bright and calm and warm, and we made some little way, for both wind and current were in our favour.

As we were coasting a little shadowy island, our captain mentioned a strange circumstance, very illustrative of Indian life and character. A short time ago a young Chippewa hunter, whom he knew, was shooting squirrels on this spot, when by some chance a large blighted pine fell upon him, knocking him down and crushing his leg, which was fractured in two places. He could not rise, he could not re-

move the tree which was lying across his broken leg. He was in a little uninhabited island, without the slightest probability of passing aid, and to lie there and starve to death in agonies, seemed all that was left to him. In this dilemma, with all the fortitude and promptitude of resource of a thorough-bred Indian, he took out his knife, cut off his own leg, bound it up, dragged himself along the ground to his hunting canoe, and paddled himself home to his wigwam on a distant island, where the cure of his wound was completed. The man is still alive.

Perhaps this story appears to you incredible. I believe it firmly; at the time, and since then, I heard other instances of Indian fortitude, and of their courage and skill in performing some of the boldest and most critical operations in surgery, which I really cannot venture to set down. *You* would believe them if I could swear that I had witnessed them with "my own two good-looking eyes," not otherwise. But I will mention one or two of the least marvellous of these stories. There was a young chief and famous hunter, whose arm was shattered by the bursting of his rifle. No one would venture the amputation, and it was bound up with certain herbs and dressings, accompanied with many magical ceremonies. The young man, who seemed aware of the inefficacy of such expedients, waited till the moment when he should be left alone. He had mean time, withpain and difficulty, hacked one of his knives into a saw; with this he completed the amputation of his own arm; and when his relations appeared, they found the arm lying at one end of the

wigwam, and the patient sitting at the other, with his wound bound up, and smoking with great tranquillity.

Mrs. Schoolcraft told me of a young Chippewa who went on a hunting expedition with his wife only; they were encamped at a considerable distance from the village, when the woman was seized with the pains of child-birth. This is in general a very easy matter among the Indian women, cases of danger or death being exceedingly rare; but on this occasion some unusual and horrible difficulty occurred. The husband, who was described to me as an affectionate, gentle spirited man, much attached to his wife, did his best to assist her; but after a few struggles she became insensible, and lay, as he supposed, dead. He took out his knife, and with astonishing presence of mind, performed on his wife the Cesarean operation, saved his infant, and ultimately the mother, and brought them both home on a sleigh to his village at the Sault, where, as Mrs. Schoolcraft told me, she had frequently seen both the man and woman.

* * * * *

We remained in conversation till long after midnight; then the boat was moored to a tree, but kept off shore, for fear of the mosquitoes, and we addressed ourselves to sleep. I remember lying awake for some minutes, looking up at the quiet stars, and around upon the dark weltering waters, and at the faint waning moon, just suspended on the very edge of the horizon. I saw it sink—sink into the bosom of the lake, as if to rest, and then with a thought of

far-off friends, and a most fervent thanksgiving, I dropped asleep. It is odd that I did not think of praying for protection, and that no sense of fear came over me; it seemed as if the eye of God himself looked down upon me; that I *was* protected. I do not say I *thought* this any more than the unweaned child in its cradle; but I had some such feeling of unconscious trust and love, now I recall those moments.

I slept, however, uneasily, not being yet accustomed to a board and a blanket; *ça viendra avec le temps*. About dawn I awoke in a sort of stupor, but after bathing my face and hands over the boat side, I felt refreshed. The voyageurs, after a good night's rest, were in better humour, and took manfully to their oars. Soon after sunrise, we passed round that very conspicuous cape, famous in the history of north-west adventurers, called the "Grand Détour," half-way between Mackinaw and the Sault. Now, if you look at the map, you will see that our course was henceforth quite altered; we had been running down the coast of the main land towards the east; we had now to turn short round the point, and steer almost due west; hence its most fitting name, the Grand Détour. The wind, hitherto favourable, was now dead against us. This part of Lake Huron is studded with little islands, which, as well as the neighbouring main land, are all uninhabited, yet clothed with the richest, loveliest, most fantastic vegetation, and no doubt swarming with animal life.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to describe to you the

strange sensation one has, thus thrown for a time beyond the bounds of civilized humanity, or indeed any humanity; nor the wild yet solemn reveries which come over one in the midst of this wilderness of woods and waters. All was so solitary, so grand in its solitude, as if nature unviolated sufficed to herself. Two days and nights the solitude was unbroken; not a trace of social life, not a human being, not a canoe, not even a deserted wigwam, met our view. Our little boat held on its way over the placid lake and among green tufted islands; and we its inmates, two women, differing in clime, nation, complexion, strangers to each other but a few days ago, might have fancied ourselves alone in a new-born world.

We landed to boil our kettle, and breakfast on a point of the island of St. Joseph's. This most beautiful island is between thirty and forty miles in length, and nearly a hundred miles in circumference, and towards the centre the land is high and picturesque. They tell me that on the other side of the island there is a settlement of whites and Indians. Another large island, Drummond's Isle, was for a short time in view. We had also a settlement here, but it was unaccountably surrendered to the Americans. If now you look at the map, you will wonder, as I did, that in retaining St Joseph's and the Manitoolin islands, we gave up Drummond's island. Both these islands had forts and garrisons during the war.

By the time breakfast was over, the children had gathered some fine strawberries; the heat had now become almost intolerable, and unluckily we had no

awning. The men rowed languidly, and we made but little way; we coasted along the south shore of St. Joseph's, through fields of rushes, miles in extent, across Lake George, and Muddy Lake; (the name, I thought, must be a libel, for it was as clear as a crystal and as blue as heaven; but they say that, like a sulky temper, the least ruffle of wind turns it as black as ditchwater, and it does not subside again in a hurry,) and then came a succession of openings spotted with lovely islands, all solitary. The sky was without a cloud, a speck—except when the great fish-eagle was descried sailing over its blue depths—the water without a wave. We were too hot and too languid to converse. Nothing disturbed the deep noon-tide stillness, but the dip of the oars, or the spring and splash of a sturgeon as he leapt from the surface of the lake, leaving a circle of little wavelets spreading around. All the islands we passed were so woody, and so infested with mosquitoes, that we could not land and light our fire, till we reached the entrance of St. Mary's River, between Nebish island and the main land.

Here was a well-known spot, a sort of little opening on a flat shore, called the *Encampment*, because a party of boatmen coming down from Lake Superior, and camping here for the night, were surprised by the frost, and obliged to remain the whole winter till the opening of the ice in the spring. After rowing all this hot day till seven o'clock against the wind, (what there was of it,) and against the current coming rapidly and strongly down from Lake Superior, we did at length reach this promised harbour of rest

and refreshment. Alas! there was neither for us; the moment our boat touched the shore, we were enveloped in a cloud of mosquitoes. Fires were lighted instantly, six were burning in a circle at once; we were well nigh suffocated and smoke-dried—all in vain. At last we left the voyageurs to boil the kettle, and retreated to our boat, desiring them to make us fast to a tree by a long rope; then, each of us taking an oar—I only wish you could have seen us—we pushed off from the land, while the children were sweeping away the enemy with green boughs. This being done, we commenced supper, really half famished, and were too much engrossed to look about us. Suddenly we were again surrounded by our adversaries; they came upon us in swarms, in clouds, in myriads, entering our eyes, our noses, our mouths, stinging till the blood followed. We had, unawares, and while absorbed in our culinary operations, drifted into the shore, got entangled among the roots of trees, and were with difficulty extricated, presenting all the time a fair mark and a rich banquet for our detested tormentors. The dear children cried with agony and impatience, and but for shame I could almost have cried too.

I had suffered from these plagues in Italy; you too, by this time, may probably know what they are in the southern countries of the old world; but 'tis a jest, believe me, to encountering a forest full of them in these wild regions. I had heard much, and much was I forewarned, but never could have conceived the torture they can inflict, nor the impossibility of escape, defence, or endurance. Some amiable per-

son, who took an especial interest in our future welfare, in enumerating the torments prepared for hardened sinners, assures us that they will be stung by mosquitoesall made of brass, and as large as black beetles—he was an ignoramus and a bungler; you may credit me, that the brass is quite an unnecessary improvement, and the increase of size equally superfluous. Mosquitoes, as they exist in this upper world, are as pretty and perfect a plague as the most ingenious amateur sinner-tormentor ever devised. Observe, that a mosquito does not sting like a wasp, or a gad-fly; he has a long proboscis like an awl, with which he bores your veins, and pumps the life-blood out of you, leaving venom and fever behind. Enough of mosquitoes—I will never again do more than allude to them; only they are enough to make Philosophy go hang herself, and Patience swear like a Turk or a trooper.

Well, we left this most detestable and inhospitable shore as soon as possible, but the enemy followed us and we did not soon get rid of them; night came on, and we were still twenty miles below the Sault.

I offered an extra gratuity to the men, if they would keep to their oars without interruption; and then, fairly exhausted, lay down on my locker and blanket. But whenever I woke from uneasy, restless slumbers, *there* was Mrs. Schoolcraft, bending over her sleeping children, and waving off the mosquitoes, singing all the time a low, melancholy Indian song; while the northern lights were streaming and dancing in the sky, and the fitful moaning of the wind, the gathering clouds, and chilly atmosphere,

foretold a change of weather. This would have been the *comble de malheur*. When daylight came, we passed Sugar Island, where immense quantities of maple sugar are made every spring, and just as the rain began to fall in earnest, we arrived at the Sault Ste. Marie. On one side of the river, Mrs. Schoolcraft was welcomed by her mother; and on the other, my friends, the MacMurrays, received me with delighted and delightful hospitality. I went to bed —oh! the luxury!—and slept for six hours.

* * * * *

Enough of solemn reveries on star-lit lakes, enough —too much—of self and self-communings; I turn over a new leaf, and this shall be a chapter of geography, and topography, natural philosophy, and such wise-like things. Draw the curtain first, for if I look out any longer on those surging rapids, I shall certainly turn giddy—forget all the memoranda I have been collecting for you, lose my reckoning, and become unintelligible to you and myself too.

This river of St. Mary is, like the Detroit and the St. Clair, already described, properly a strait, the channel of communication between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. About ten miles higher up, the great Ocean-lake narrows to a point; then, forcing a channel through the high lands, comes rushing along till it meets with a downward ledge, or cliff, over which it throws itself in foam and fury, tearing a path for its billows through the rocks. The descent is about twenty-seven feet in three quarters of a mile, but the rush begins above, and the tumult continues below the fall, so that, on the whole, the

eye embraces an expanse of white foam measuring about a mile each way, the effect being exactly that of the ocean breaking on a rocky shore: not so terrific, nor on so large a scale, as the rapids of Niagara, but quite as beautiful—quite as animated.

What the French call a *saut*, (leap,) we term a *fall*; the Sault Ste. Marie is translated into the falls of St. Mary. By this name the rapids are often mentioned, but the village on their shore still retains its old name, and is called the Sault. I do not know why the beautiful river and its glorious cataracts should have been placed under the peculiar patronage of the blessed Virgin; perhaps from the union of exceeding loveliness with irresistible power; or, more probably, because the first adventurers reached the spot on some day hallowed in the calendar.

The French, ever active and enterprising, were the first who penetrated to this wild region. They had an important trading post here early in the last century, and also a small fort. They were ceded, with the rest of the country, to Great Britain, in 1762.* I wonder whether, at that time, the young king or any of his ministers had the least conception of the value and immensity of the magnificent country thrown into our possession, or gave a thought to the responsibilities it brought with it!—to be sure they made good haste, both king and ministers, to get rid of most of the responsibility. The American war

* The first British commandant of the fort was that miserable Lieutenant Jemette, who was scalped at the massacre at Michilimackinac.

began, and at its conclusion the south shore of St. Mary's, and the fort, were surrendered to the Americans.

The rapids of Niagara, as I once told you, reminded me of a monstrous tiger at play, and threw me into a sort of ecstatic terror; but these rapids of St. Mary suggest quite another idea; as they come fretting and fuming down, curling up their light foam, and wreathing their glancing billows round the opposing rocks, with a sort of passionate self-will, they remind me of an exquisitely beautiful woman in a fit of rage, or of Walter Scott's simile—"one of the Graces possessed by a Fury;"—there is no terror in their anger, only the sense of excitement and loveliness; when it has spent this sudden, transient fit of impatience, the beautiful river resumes all its placid dignity, and holds on its course, deep and wide enough to float a squadron of seventy-fours, and rapid and pellucid as a mountain trout-stream.

Here, as everywhere else, I am struck by the difference between the two shores. On the American side there is a settlement of whites, as well as a large village of Chippewas; there is also a mission (I believe of the Methodists) for the conversion of the Indians. The fort, which has been lately strengthened, is merely a strong and high enclosure, surrounded with pickets of cedar wood; within the stockade are the barracks, and the principal trading store. This fortress is called Fort Brady, after that gallant officer whom I have already mentioned to you. The garrison may be very effective for aught I know, but I never beheld such an unmilitary look-

ing set. When I was there to-day, the sentinels were lounging up and down in their flannel jackets and shirt sleeves, with muskets thrown over their shoulders—just for all the world like ploughboys going to shoot sparrows; however, they are in keeping with the fortress of cedar-posts, and no doubt both answer their purpose very well. The village is increasing into a town, and the commercial advantages of its situation must raise it ere long to a place of importance.

On the Canada side, we have not even these demonstrations of power or prosperity. Nearly opposite to the American fort there is a small factory belonging to the North-West Fur Company; below this, a few miserable log-huts, occupied by some French Canadians and voyageurs in the service of the company, a set of lawless *mauvais sujets*, from all I can learn. Lower down stands the house of Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray, with the Chippewa village under their care and tuition, but most of the wigwams and their inhabitants are now on their way down the lake, to join the congress at the Manitoolin Islands. A lofty eminence, partly cleared and partly clothed with forest, rises behind the house, on which stand the little missionary church and schoolhouse for the use of the Indian converts. From the summit of this hill you look over the traverse into Lake Superior, and the two giant capes which guard its entrance. One of these capes is called Gros-Cap, from its bold and lofty cliffs, the yet unviolated haunt of the eagle. The opposite cape is more accessible, and bears an Indian name, which I cannot

pretend to spell, but which signifies "the place of the Iroquois' bones;" it was the scene of a wild and terrific tradition. At the time that the Iroquois (or Six Nations) were driven before the French and Hurons up to the western lakes, they endeavoured to possess themselves of the hunting-grounds of the Chippewas, and hence a bitter and lasting feud between the two nations. The Iroquois, after defeating the Chippewas, encamped, a thousand strong, upon this point, where, thinking themselves secure, they made a war-feast to torture and devour their prisoners. The Chippewas from the opposite shore beheld the sufferings and humiliation of their friends, and, roused to sudden fury by the sight, collected their warriors, only three hundred in all, crossed the channel, and at break of day fell upon the Iroquois, now sleeping after their horrible excesses, and massacred every one of them, men, women, and children. Of their own party they lost but one warrior, who was stabbed with an awl by an old woman who was sitting at the entrance of her wigwam, stitching moccasins: thus runs the tale. The bodies were left to bleach on the shore, and they say that bones and skulls are still found there.

Here, at the foot of the rapids, the celebrated white-fish of the lakes is caught in its highest perfection. The people down below,* who boast of the excellence of the white-fish, really know nothing of the matter. There is no more comparison between

* That is, in the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

the white-fish of the lower lakes and the white-fish of St. Mary's, than between plaice and turbot, or between a clam and a Sandwich oyster. I ought to be a judge, who have eaten them fresh out of the river four times a day, and I declare to you that I never tasted anything of the fish kind half so exquisite. If the Roman Apicius had lived in these latter days, he would certainly have made a voyage up Lake Huron to breakfast on the white-fish of St. Mary's river, and would *not* have returned in dudgeon, as he did, from the coast of Africa. But the epicures of our degenerate times have nothing of that gastronomical enthusiasm which inspired their ancient models, else we should have them all coming here to eat white-fish at the Sault, and scorning cockney white-bait. Henry declares that the flavour of the white-fish is "beyond any comparison whatever," and I add my testimony thereto—*probatum est!*

I have eaten tunny in the gulf of Genoa, anchovies fresh out of the bay of Naples, and trout of the Salz-kammergut, and divers other fishy dainties rich and rare,—but the exquisite, the refined white-fish, exceeds them all; concerning those cannibal fish (mullets were they, or lampreys?) which Lucullus fed in his fish-ponds, I cannot speak, never having tasted them; but even if *they* could be resuscitated, I would not degrade the refined, the delicate white-fish by a comparison with any such barbarian luxury.

But seriously, and *badinage* apart, it is really the most luxurious delicacy that swims the waters. It is said by Henry that people never tire of them.

Mr. MacMurray tells me that he has eaten them every day of his life for seven years, and that his relish for them is undiminished. The enormous quantities caught here, and in the bays and creeks round Lake Superior, remind me of herrings in the lochs of Scotland; besides subsisting the inhabitants, whites and Indians, during great part of the year, vast quantities are cured and barrelled every fall, and sent down to the eastern states. Not less than eight thousand barrels were shipped last year.

These enterprising Yankees have seized upon another profitable speculation here: there is a fish found in great quantities in the upper part of Lake Superior, called the *skeval*,* so exceedingly rich, luscious, and oily, when fresh, as to be quite uneatable. A gentleman here told me that he had tried it, and though not very squeamish at any time, and then very hungry, he could not get beyond the first two or three mouthfuls; but it has been lately discovered that this fish makes a most luxurious pickle. It is very excellent, but so rich even in this state, that like the tunny *marinée*, it is necessary either to taste abstemiously, or die heroically of indigestion. This fish is becoming a fashionable luxury, and in one of the stores here I saw three hundred barrels ready for embarkation. The Americans have several schooners on the lakes employed in these fisheries: we have not one. They have besides planned a ship canal through the portage here, which will open a communication for large vessels between Lake Huron

* I spell the word as pronounced, never having seen it written.

and Lake Superior, as our Welland Canal has united Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. The ground has already been surveyed for this purpose. When this canal is completed, a vessel may load in the Thames and discharge her burthen at the upper end of Lake Superior. I hope you have a map before you, that you may take in at a glance this wonderful extent of inland navigation. Ought a country possessing it, and all the means of life besides, to remain poor, oppressed, uncultivated, unknown?

But to return to my beautiful river and glorious rapids, which are to be treated, you see, as a man treats a passionate beauty—he does not oppose her, for that were madness—but he gets *round her*. Well, on the American side, further down the river, is the house of Tanner, the Indian interpreter, of whose story you may have heard—for, as I remember, it excited some attention in England. He is a European of unmixed blood, with the language, manners, habits of a Red-skin. He had been kidnapped somewhere on the American frontiers when a mere boy, and brought up among the Chippewas. He afterwards returned to civilized life, and having relearned his own language, drew up a very entertaining and valuable account of his adopted tribe. He is now in the American service here, having an Indian wife, and is still attached to his Indian mode of life.

Just above the fort is the ancient burial-place of the Chippewas. I need not tell you of the profound veneration with which all the Indian tribes regard the places of their dead. In all their treaties for the cession of their lands, they stipulate with the

white man for the inviolability of their sepulchres. They did the same with regard to this place, but I am sorry to say that it has not been attended to, for in enlarging one side of the fort, they have considerably encroached on the cemetery. The outrage excited both the sorrow and indignation of some of my friends here, but there is no redress. Perhaps it was this circumstance that gave rise to the allusion of the Indian chief here, when in speaking of the French he said, "*They* never molested the places of our dead!"*

The view of the rapids from this spot is inexpressibly beautiful, and it has besides another attraction, which makes it to me a frequent lounge whenever I cross the river;—but of this by-and-bye. To complete my sketch of the localities, I will only add, that the whole country around is in its primitive state, covered with the interminable swamp and forest, where the bear and the moose-deer roam—and lakes and living streams where the beaver builds his hut.† The cariboo, or rein-deer, is still found on the northern shores.

The hunting-grounds of the Chippewas are in the

* Ante, p. 72.

† The beaver is, however, becoming rare in these regions. It is a curious fact connected with the physiology and psychology of instinct, that the beaver is found to change its instincts and modes of life, as it has been more and more persecuted, and, instead of being a gregarious, it is now a solitary animal. The beavers, which are found living in solitary holes instead of communities and villages, the Indians call by a name which signifies *Old Bachelor*.

immediate neighbourhood, and extend all round Lake Superior. Beyond these, on the north, are the Chippewyans; and on the south, the Sioux, Ottagamies, and Pottowattomies.

I might here multiply facts and details, but I have been obliged to throw these particulars together in haste, just to give you an idea of my present situation. Time presses, and my sojourn in this remote and interesting spot is like to be of short duration.

One of the gratifications I had anticipated in coming hither—my strongest inducement perhaps—was an introduction to the mother of my two friends, of whom her children so delighted to speak, and of whom I had heard much from other sources. A woman of pure Indian blood, of a race celebrated in these regions as warriors and chiefs from generation to generation, who had never resided within the pale of what we call civilized life, whose habits and manners were those of a genuine Indian squaw, and whose talents and domestic virtues commanded the highest respect, was, as you may suppose, an object of the deepest interest to me. I observed that not only her own children, but her two sons-in-law, Mr. MacMurray and Mr. Schoolcraft, both educated in good society, the one a clergyman and the other a man of science and literature, looked up to this remarkable woman with sentiments of affection and veneration.

As soon, then, as I was a little refreshed after my

two nights on the lake, and my battles with the mosquitoes, we paddled over the river to dine with Mrs. Johnston : she resides in a large log-house close upon the shore ; there is a little portico in front with seats, and the interior is most comfortable. The old lady herself is rather large in person, with the strongest marked Indian features, a countenance, open, benevolent, and intelligent, and a manner perfectly easy—simple, yet with something of motherly dignity, becoming the head of her large family. She received me most affectionately, and we entered into conversation—Mrs. Schoolcraft, who looked all animation and happiness, acting as interpreter. Mrs. Johnston speaks no English, but can understand it a little, and the Canadian French still better; but in her own language she is eloquent, and her voice, like that of her people, low and musical; many kind words were exchanged, and when I said anything that pleased her, she laughed softly like a child.—I was not well, and much fevered, and I remember she took me in her arms, laid me down on a couch, and began to rub my feet, soothing and caressing me. She called me Nindannis, daughter, and I called her Neengal, mother, (though how different from my own fair mother, I thought, as I looked up gratefully in her dark Indian face !) She set before us the best dressed and best served dinner I had seen since I left Toronto, and presided at her table, and did the honours of her house with unembarrassed, unaffected propriety. My attempts to speak Indian, caused, of course, considerable amusement; if I do not make progress, it will not be for want of teaching and teachers.

After dinner we took a walk to visit Mrs. Johnston's brother, Wayish,ky, whose wigwam is at a little distance, on the verge of the burial-ground. The lodge is of the genuine Chippewa form, like an egg cut in half lengthways. It is formed of poles stuck in the ground, and bent over at top, strengthened with a few wattles and boards; the whole is covered over with mats, birch-bark, and skins; a large blanket formed the door or curtain, which was not ungracefully looped aside. Wayish,ky, being a great man, has also a smaller lodge hard by, which serves as a storehouse and kitchen.

Rude as was the exterior of Wayish,ky's hut, the interior presented every appearance of comfort, and even *elegance*, according to the Indian notions of both. It formed a good-sized room: a raised couch ran all round like a Turkish divan, serving both for seats and beds, and covered with very soft and beautiful matting of various colours and patterns. The chests and baskets of birch-bark, containing the family wardrobe and property; the rifles, the hunting and fishing tackle, were stowed away all round very tidily; I observed a coffee-mill nailed up to one of the posts or stakes; the floor was trodden down hard and perfectly clean, and there was a place for a fire in the middle: there was no window, but quite sufficient light and air were admitted through the door, and through an aperture in the roof. There was no disagreeable smell, and everything looked neat and clean. We found Wayish,ky and his wife and three of their children seated in the lodge, and as it was Sunday, and they are all Christians, no work was

going forward. They received me with genuine and simple politeness, each taking my hand with a gentle inclination of the head, and some words of welcome murmured in their own soft language. We then sat down.

The conversation became very lively; and, if I might judge from looks and tones, very affectionate. I *sported* my last new words and phrases with great effect, and when I had exhausted my vocabulary—which was very soon—I amused myself with looking and listening.

Mrs. Wayish,ky (I forget her proper name) must have been a very beautiful woman. Though now no longer young, and the mother of twelve children, she is one of the handsomest Indian women I have yet seen. The number of her children is remarkable, for in general there are few large families among the Indians. Her daughter Zah,gah,see,ga,quay, (*the sunbeams breaking through a cloud,*) is a very beautiful girl, with eyes that are a warrant for her poetical name—she is about sixteen. Wayish,ky himself is a grave, dignified man about fifty. He told me that his eldest son had gone down to the Manitoolin Island to represent his family, and receive his quota of presents. His youngest son he had sent to a college in the United States, to be educated in the learning of the white men. Mrs. Schoolcraft whispered me that this poor boy is now dying of consumption, owing to the confinement and change of living, and that the parents knew it. Wayish,ky seemed aware that we were alluding to his son, for his eye at that moment rested on me, and such an expression of keen

pain came suddenly over his fine countenance, it was as if a knife had struck him, and I really felt it in my heart, and see it still before me—that look of misery.

After about an hour we left this good and interesting family. I lingered for a while on the burial-ground, looking over the rapids, and watching with a mixture of admiration and terror several little canoes which were fishing in the midst of the boiling surge, dancing and popping about like corks. The canoe used for fishing is very small and light; one man (or woman more commonly) sits in the stern, and steers with a paddle; the fisher places himself upright on the prow, balancing a long pole with both hands, at the end of which is a scoop-net. This he every minute dips into the water, bringing up at each dip a fish, and sometimes two. I used to admire the fishermen on the Arno, and those on the Lagune, and above all the Neapolitan fishermen, hauling in their nets, or diving like ducks, but I never saw anything like these Indians. The manner in which they keep their position upon a footing of a few inches, is to me as incomprehensible as the beauty of their forms and attitudes, swayed by every movement and turn of their dancing, fragile barks, is admirable.

George Johnston, on whose arm I was leaning, (and I had much ado to *reach* it,) gave me such a vivid idea of the delight of coming down the cataract in a canoe, that I am half resolved to attempt it. Terrific as it appears, yet in a good canoe, and with experienced guides, there is no absolute danger, and it must be a glorious sensation.

Mr. Johnston had spent the last fall and winter in

the country, beyond Lake Superior, towards the forks of the Mississippi, where he had been employed as American agent to arrange the boundary line between the country of the Chippewas and that of their neighbours and implacable enemies, the Sioux. His mediation appeared successful for the time, and he smoked the pipe of peace with both tribes; but during the spring this ferocious war has again broken out, and he seems to think that nothing but the annihilation of either one nation or the other will entirely put an end to their conflicts; "for there is no point at which the Indian law of retaliation stops, short of the extermination of one of the parties."

I asked him how it is that in their wars the Indians make no distinction between the warriors opposed to them and helpless women and children?—how it could be with a brave and manly people, that the scalps taken from the weak, the helpless, the unresisting, were as honourable as those torn from the warrior's skull? And I described to him the horror which this custom inspired—this, which of all their customs, most justifies the name of *savage!*

He said it was inseparable from their principles of war and their mode of warfare; the first consists in inflicting the greatest possible insult and injury on their foe with the least possible risk to themselves. This truly savage law of honour we might call cowardly, but that, being associated with the bravest contempt of danger and pain, it seems nearer to the natural law. With regard to the mode of warfare, they have rarely pitched battles, but skirmishes, surprises, ambuscades, and sudden forays into each

other's hunting-grounds and villages. The usual practice is to creep stealthily on the enemy's village or hunting-encampment, and wait till just after the dawn; then, at the moment the sleepers in the lodges are rising, the ambushed warriors stoop and level their pieces about two feet from the ground, which thus slaughter indiscriminately. If they find one of the enemy's lodges undefended, they murder its inmates, that when the owner returns he may find his hearth desolate; for this is exquisite vengeance! But outrage against the chastity of women is absolutely unknown under any degree of furious excitement.*

This respect of female honour will remind you of the ancient Germans, as described by Julius Cæsar: he contrasts in some surprise their forbearance with the very opposite conduct of the Romans; and even down to this present day, if I recollect rightly, the history of our European wars and sieges will bear out this early and characteristic distinction between the Latin and Teutonic nations. Am I right, or am I not?

To return to the Indians. After telling me some other particulars, which gave me a clearer view of their notions and feelings on these points than I ever

* "The whole history of Indian warfare," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "might be challenged in vain for a solitary instance of this kind. The Indians believe that to take a dishonourable advantage of their female prisoners, would destroy their luck in hunting; it would be considered as effeminate and degrading in a warrior, and render him unfit for, and unworthy of, all manly achievement."

had before, my informant mildly added,—"It is a constant and favourite subject of reproach against the Indians—this barbarism of their desultory warfare; but I should think more women and children have perished in *one* of your civilized sieges, and that in late times, than during the whole war between the Chippewas and Sioux, and *that* has lasted a century."

I was silent, for there is a sensible proverb about taking care of our own glass windows: and I wonder if any of the recorded atrocities of Indian warfare or Indian vengeance, or all of them together, ever exceeded Massena's retreat from Portugal,—and the French call themselves civilized. A war party of Indians, perhaps two or three hundred, (and that is a very large number,) dance their war dance, go out and burn a village, and bring back twenty or thirty scalps. *They* are savages and heathens. We Europeans fight a battle, leave fifty thousand dead or dying by inches on the field, and a hundred thousand to mourn them, desolate; but *we* are civilized and Christians. Then only look into the motives and causes of our bloodiest European wars as revealed in the private history of courts:—the miserable, puerile, degrading intrigues which set man against man—so horridly disproportioned to the horrid result! and then see the Indian take up his war-hatchet in vengeance for some personal injury, or from motives that rouse all the natural feelings of the natural man within him! Really I do not see that an Indian warrior, flourishing his tomahawk, and smeared with his enemy's blood, is so very much a

greater savage than the pipe-clayed, padded, embroidered personage, who, without cause or motive, has sold himself to slay or be slain: one scalps his enemy, the other rips him open with a sabre; one smashes his brains with a tomahawk, and the other blows him to atoms with a cannon-ball: and to me, femininely speaking, there is not a needle's point difference between the one and the other. If war be unchristian and barbarous, then war as a *science* is more absurd, unnatural, unchristian, than war as a *passion*.

This, perhaps, is putting it all too strongly, and a little exaggerated—

God forbid that I should think to disparage the blessings of civilization! I am a woman, and to the progress of civilization alone can we women look for release from many pains and penalties and liabilities, which now lie heavily upon us. Neither am I greatly in love with savage life, with all its picturesque accompaniments and lofty virtues. I see no reason why these virtues should be necessarily connected with dirt, ignorance, and barbarism. I am thankful to live in a land of literature and steam-engines. Chatsworth is better than a wigwam, and a seventy-four is a finer thing than a bark canoe. I do not *positively* assert that Taglioni dances more gracefully than the Little-Pure tobacco-smoker, nor that soap and water are preferable as cosmetics to tallow and charcoal; for these are matters of taste, and mine may be disputed. But I do say, that if our advantages of intellect and refinement are not to lead on to farther moral superiority, I prefer the Indians on

the score of consistency; they are what they profess to be, and we are *not* what we profess to be. They profess to be warriors and hunters, and are so; we profess to be Christians, and civilized—are we so?

Then as to the mere point of cruelty;—there is something to be said on this point too. Ferocity, when the hot blood is up, and all the demon in man is roused by every conceivable excitement, I can understand better than the Indian can comprehend the tender mercies of our law. Owyawatta, better known by his English name, Red-Jacket, was once seen hurrying from the town of Buffalo, with rapid strides, and every mark of disgust and consternation in his face. Three malefactors were to be hung that morning, and the Indian warrior had not nerve to face the horrid spectacle, although

> "In sober truth the veriest devil
> That ere clenched fingers in a captive's hair."

Thus endeth my homily for to-night.

* * * * *

The more I looked upon those glancing, dancing rapids, the more resolute I grew to venture myself in the midst of them. George Johnston went to seek a fit canoe and a dexterous steersman, and meantime I strolled away to pay a visit to Wayish,ky's family, and made a sketch of their lodge, while pretty Zah,-gah,see,gah,qua held the umbrella to shade me.

The canoe being ready, I went up to the top of the portage, and we launched into the river. It was a small fishing canoe about ten feet long, quite new,

and light and elegant and buoyant as a bird on the waters. I reclined on a mat at the bottom, Indian fashion, (there are no seats in a genuine Indian canoe;) in a minute we were within the verge of the rapids, and down we went with a whirl and a splash!—the white surge leaping around me—over me. The Indian with astonishing dexterity kept the head of the canoe to the breakers, and somehow or other we danced through them. I could see, as I looked over the edge of the canoe, that the passage between the rocks was sometimes not more than two feet in width, and we had to turn sharp angles—a touch of which would have sent us to destruction——all this I could see through the transparent eddying waters, but I can truly say, I had not even a momentary sensation of fear, but rather of giddy, breathless, delicious excitement. I could even admire the beautiful attitude of a fisher, past whom we swept as we came to the bottom. The whole affair, from the moment I entered the canoe till I reached the landing place, occupied seven minutes, and the distance is about three quarters of a mile.*

My Indians were enchanted, and when I reached *home*, my good friends were not less delighted at my exploit: they told me I was the first European female who had ever performed it, and assuredly I shall not

* "The total descent of the Fall of St. Mary's has been ascertained to be twenty-two and a half perpendicular feet. It has been found impracticable to ascend the rapid; but canoes have ventured down, though the experiment is extremely nervous and hazardous, and avoided by a portage, two miles long, which connects the navigable parts of the strait."—*Bouchette's Canada.*

be the last. I recommend it as an exercise before breakfast. Two glasses of champagne could not have made me more tipsy and more self-complacent! As for my Neengai, she laughed, clapped her hands, and embraced me several times. I was declared duly initiated, and adopted into the family by the name of Wah,sah,ge,wah,no,qua. They had already called me among themselves, in reference to my complexion and my travelling propensities, O,daw,yaun,gee, *the fair changing moon*, or rather, *the fair moon which changes her place;* but now, in compliment to my successful achievement, Mrs. Johnston bestowed this new appellation, which I much prefer. It signifies *the bright foam*, or more properly, with the feminine adjunct *qua, the woman of the bright foam;* and by this name I am henceforth to be known among the Chippewas.

Now that I have been a Chippewa born, any time these four hours,* I must introduce you to some of my new relations "of the totem of the rein-deer;" and first to my illustrious grand-papa, Waub-Ojeeg,† (the White-fisher.)

The Chippewas, as you perhaps know, have long been reckoned among the most warlike and numer-

* *Ant.* I know you now, Sir, a gentleman born.
Clo. Aye, that I have been any time these four hours.
WINTER'S TALE.

† The name is thus pronounced, but I have seen it spelt Wabbajik.

ous, but also among the wildest and more untamable nations of the north-west. In progressing with the other Algonquin tribes from south to north, they seem to have crossed the St. Lawrence and dispersed themselves along the shores of Lake Ontario, and Lake Huron and its islands. Driven westward before the Iroquois, as *they* retired before the French and Hurons, the Chippewas appear to have crossed the St. Mary's River, and then spread along the south shores of Lake Superior. Their council fire, and the chief seat of the nation, was upon a promontory at the furthest end of Lake Superior, called by the French, La Pointe, and by the Indians, Che,goi,me,gon; by one name or the other you will find it on most maps, as it has long been a place of importance in the fur-trade.* Here there was the grand national council fire, (the extinction of which foretold, if it did not occasion, some dread national calamity,)† and the residence of the presiding chief. The Indians know neither sovereignty nor nobility, but when

* Henry says, "The Chippewas of Chegoimegon are a handsome, well-made people, and much more cleanly, as well as much more regular in the government of their families, than the Chippewas of Lake Huron." "The women," he adds, "have agreeable features." At this time (1765) they knew nothing of European manufactures and were habited in dressed deer-skins.

† Governor Cass. He adds, "that there were male and female guardians to whose care the sacred fire was committed." And that "no fact is better established in the whole range of Indian history than the devotion of some, if not all, the tribes, to this characteristic feature of the ancient superstition of the Magi."

one family has produced several distinguished war-chiefs, the dignity becomes by courtesy or custom hereditary; and from whatever reason, the family of Wayish,ky or the Mudgi,kiwis, exercised, even from a remote period, a sort of influence over the rest of the tribe. One traveller says that the present descendants of these chiefs evince such a pride of ancestry as could only be looked for in feudal or despotic monarchies. The present representative, Piz,-hi,kee, (the Buffalo,) my illustrious cousin, still resides at La Pointe. When presented with a silver medal of authority from the American government, he said haughtily, "What need of this? it is known to all whence I am descended!" Family pride, you see, lies somewhere very deep in human nature.

When the Chippewas first penetrated to these regions, they came in contact with the Ottagamies or Foxes, who, being descended from the same stock, received them as brothers, and at first ceded to them a part of their boundless hunting-grounds: and as these Ottagamies were friends and allies of the Sioux, these three nations continued for some time friends, and intermarriages and family alliances took place. But the increasing power of the Chippewas soon excited the jealousy and apprehension of the other two tribes. The Ottagamies committed inroads on their hunting-grounds, (this is the primary cause of almost all the Indian wars,) the Chippewas sent an embassy to complain of the injury, and desired the Ottagamies to restrain their young men within the stipulated bounds. The latter returned an insulting answer. The war-hatchet was raised, and

the Sioux and the Ottagamies united against the Chippewas: this was about 1726 or 1730. From this time there has been no peace between the Chippewas and Sioux.

It happened just before the declaration of war, that a young Chippewa girl was married to a Sioux chief of great distinction, and bore him two sons. When hostilities commenced the Sioux chief retired to his own tribe, and his wife remained with her relations, according to Indian custom. The two children, belonging to both tribes, were hardly safe with either; but as the father was best able to protect them, it was at last decided that they should accompany him. The Sioux chief and his boys departed to join his warriors, accompanied by his Chippewa wife and her relations, till they were in safety; then the young wife returned home weeping and inconsolable for the loss of her husband and children. Some years afterwards she consented to become the wife of the great chief at Chegoimegon. Her son by this marriage was Mamongazida, or Mongazida, (the Loon's-foot,) a chief of great celebrity, who led a strong party of his nation in the Canadian wars between the French and English, fighting on the side of the French. He was present at the battle of Quebec, when Wolfe was killed, and according to the Indian tradition, the Marquis Montcalm died in Mongazida's arms. After the war was over, he "shook hands" with the English. He was at the grand assemblage of chiefs, convened by Sir William Johnstone, at Niagara, and from him received a rich gorget, and broad belt of wampum, as pledges of peace and alliance with the

English. These relics were preserved in the family with great veneration, and inherited by Waub-Ojeeg, and afterwards by his younger brother, Camudwa; but it happened that when Camudwa was out on a winter-hunt near the river Broulé, he and all his family were overtaken by famine and starved to death, and these insignia were then lost and never recovered. This last incident is a specimen of the common vicissitudes of Indian life; and when listening to their domestic histories, I observe that the events of paramount interest are the want or the abundance of food—hunger or plenty. "We killed a moose, or a bear, and had meat for so many days;" or, "we followed on the track of a bear, and he escaped us; we have had *no* meat for so many days;" these are the ever-recurring topics which in their conversation stand instead of the last brilliant essay in the Edinburgh or Quarterly, or the last news from Russia or Spain. Starvation from famine is not uncommon; and I am afraid, from all I hear, that cannibalism under such circumstances is not unknown. Remembering some recent instances nearer home, when extreme hunger produced the same horrid result, I could not be much astonished.

To return. Waub-Ojeeg was the second son of this famous Mongazida. Once when the latter went out on his "fall hunts," on the grounds near the Sioux territory, taking all his relatives with him, (upwards of twenty in number,) they were attacked by the Sioux at early dawn, in the usual manner. The first volley had gone through the lodges; before the second could be fired, Mongazida rushed out, and

proclaiming his own name with a loud voice, demanded if Wabash, his mother's son, were among the assailants. There was a pause, and then a tall figure in his war-dress, with a profusion of feathers in his head, stepped forward and gave his hand to his half-brother. They all repaired to the lodge in peace together; but at the moment the Sioux chief stooped to enter, Waub-Ojeeg, then a boy of eight years old, who had planted himself at the entrance to defend it, struck him a blow on the forehead with his little war-club. Wabash, enchanted, took him up in his arms and prophesied that he would become a great war-chief, and an implacable enemy of the Sioux. Subsequently the prophecy was accomplished, and Waub-Ojeeg commanded his nation in all the war-parties againt the Sioux and Ottagamies. He was generally victorious, and so entirely defeated the Ottagamies, that they never afterwards ventured to oppose him, but retired down the Wisconsin river, where they are now settled.

But Waub-Ojeeg was something more and better than merely a successful warrior: he was remarkable for his eloquence, and composed a number of war-songs, which were sung through the Chippewa villages, and some of which his daughter can repeat. He was no less skilful in hunting than in war. His hunting-grounds extended to the river Broulé, at Fond du Lac; and he killed any one who dared to intrude on his district. The skins he took annually were worth three hundred and fifty dollars, a sum amply sufficient to make him rich in clothing, arms, powder, vermilion, and trinkets. Like Tecumseh,

he would not marry early lest it should turn his attention from war, but at the age of thirty he married a widow, by whom he had two sons. Becoming tired of this elderly helpmate, he took a young wife, a beautiful girl of fourteen, by whom he had six children; of these my Neengai is the eldest. She described her father as affectionate and domestic. "There was always plenty of bear's meat and deer's flesh in the lodge." He had a splendid wigwam, sixty feet in length, which he was fond of ornamenting. In the centre there was a strong post, which rose several feet above the roof, and on the top there was the carved figure of an owl, which veered with the wind. This owl seems to have answered the same purpose as the flag on the tower of Windsor Castle: it was the insignia of his power and of his presence. When absent on his long winter hunts the lodge was shut up, and the owl taken down.

The skill of Waub-Ojeeg as a hunter and trapper, brought him into friendly communication with a fur-trader named Johnston, who had succeeded the enterprising Henry in exploring Lake Superior. This young man, of good Irish family, came out to Canada with strong letters of recommendation to Lord Dorchester, that he was invited to reside in the government house till a vacancy occurred in his favour in one of the official departments; mean time, being of an active and adventurous turn, he joined a party of traders going up the lakes, merely as an excursion, but became so enamoured of that wild life, as to adopt it in earnest. On one of his expeditions, when encamped at Che,goi,me,gon, and trafficking with

Waub-Ojeeg, he saw the eldest daughter of the chief, and "no sooner looked than he sighed, no sooner sighed than he asked himself the reason," and ended by asking his friend to give him his beautiful daughter. "White man!" said the chief with dignity, "your customs are not our customs! you white men desire our women, you marry them, and when they cease to please your eye, you say they are *not* your wives, and you forsake them. Return, young friend, with your load of skins, to Montreal; and if there, the women of the pale faces do not put my child out of your mind, return hither in the spring and we will talk farther; she is young, and can wait." The young Irishman, ardently in love, and impatient and impetuous, after the manner of my countrymen, tried arguments, entreaties, presents, in vain—he was obliged to submit. He went down to Montreal, and the following spring returned and claimed his bride. The chief, after making him swear that he would take her as his *wife* according to the law of the white man, *till death*, gave him his daughter, with a long speech of advice to both.

Mrs. Johnston relates, that previous to her marriage, she *fasted*, according to the universal Indian custom, *for a guardian spirit:* to perform this ceremony, she went away to the summit of an eminence, and built herself a little lodge of cedar boughs, painted herself black, and began her fast in solitude. She dreamed continually of a white man, who approached her with a cup in his hand, saying, "Poor thing! why are you punishing yourself? why do you fast? here is food for you!" He was always accompanied

by a dog, which looked up in her face as though he knew her. Also she dreamed of being on a high hill, which was surrounded by water, and from which she beheld many canoes full of Indians, coming to her and paying her homage; after this, she felt as if she were carried up into the heavens, and as she looked down upon the earth, she perceived it was on fire, and said to herself, "All my relations will be burned!" but a voice answered and said, "No, they will not be destroyed, they will be saved;" and she *knew it was a spirit*, because the voice was not human. She fasted for ten days, during which time her grandmother brought her at intervals some water. When satisfied that she had obtained a guardian spirit in the white stranger who haunted her dreams, she returned to her father's lodge, carrying green cedar boughs, which she threw on the ground, stepping on them as she went. When she entered the lodge, she threw some more down upon her usual place, (next her mother,) and took her seat. During the ten succeeding days she was not permitted to eat any meat, nor anything but a little corn boiled with a bitter herb. For ten days more she ate meat smoked in a particular manner, and she then partook of the usual food of her family.

Notwithstanding that her future husband and future greatness were so clearly prefigured in this dream, the pretty O,shah,gush,ko,da,na,qua having always regarded a white man with awe, and as a being of quite another species, (perhaps the more so in consequence of her dream,) seems to have felt nothing throughout the whole negociation for her

hand, but reluctance, terror, and aversion. On being carried with the usual ceremonies to her husband's lodge, she fled into a dark corner, rolled herself up in her blanket, and would not be comforted nor even looked upon. It is to the honour of Johnston that he took no cruel advantage of their mutual position, and that she remained in his lodge ten days, during which he treated her with the utmost tenderness and respect, and sought by every gentle means to overcome her fear and gain her affection; and it was touching to see how tenderly and gratefully this was remembered by his bride after a lapse of thirty-six years. On the tenth day, however, she ran away from him in a paroxysm of terror, and after fasting in the woods for four days, reached her grandfather's wigwam. Meantime, her father, Waub-Ojeeg, who was far off in his hunting camp, *dreamed* that his daughter had not conducted herself, according to his advice, with proper wife-like docility, and he returned in haste two days' journey to see after her; and finding all things *according to his dream*, he gave her a good beating with a stick, and threatened to cut off both her ears. He then took her back to her husband, with a propitiatory present of furs and Indian corn, and many apologies and exculpations of his own honour. Johnston succeeded at length in taming this shy wild fawn, and took her to his house at the Sault Ste. Marie. When she had been there some time, she was seized with a longing once more to behold her mother's face, and revisit her people. Her husband had lately purchased a small schooner to trade upon the lake; this he fitted out,

and sent her, with a retinue of his clerks and retainers, and in such state as became the wife of the "great Englishman," to her home at La Pointe, loaded with magnificent presents for all her family. He did not go with her himself, apparently from motives of delicacy, and that he might be no constraint upon her feelings or movements. A few months' residence amid comparative splendour and luxury, with a man who treated her with respect and tenderness, enabled the fair O,shah,gush,ko,da,na,qua to contrast her former with her present home. She soon returned to her husband, and we do not hear of any more languishing after her father's wigwam. She lived most happily with Johnston for thirty-six years, till his death, which occurred in 1828, and is the mother of eight children, four boys and four girls.

She showed me her husband's picture, which he brought to her from Montreal; the features are very gentleman-like. He has been described to me by some of my Canadian friends, who knew him well, as a very clever, lively, and eccentric man, and a little of the *bon vivant*. Owing to his independent fortune, his talents, his long acquaintance with the country, and his connexion by marriage with the native blood, he had much influence in the country.

During the last American war, he of course adhered to the English, on an understanding that he should be protected; in return for which the Americans *of course* burnt his house, and destroyed his property. He never could obtain either redress or compensation from our government. The very spot on which his house stood, was at the peace made over

to the United States;—himself and all his family became, per force, Americans. His sons are in the service of the States. In a late treaty, when the Chippewas ceded an immense tract in this neighbourhood to the American government, a reserve was made in favour of O,shab,gush,ko,da,na,qua, of a considerable section of land, which will render her posterity rich territorial proprietors—although at present it is all unreclaimed forest. A large tract of Sugar Island is her property; and this year she manufactured herself three thousand five hundred weight of sugar of excellent quality. In the fall, she goes up with her people in canoes to the entrance of Lake Superior, and fishes in the bays and creeks for a fortnight, and comes back with a load of fish cured for the winter's consumption. In her youth she hunted, and was accounted the surest eye and fleetest foot among the women of her tribe. Her talents, energy, activity, and strength of mind, and her skill in all the domestic avocations of the Indian women, have maintained comfort and plenty within her dwelling in spite of the losses sustained by her husband, while her descent from the blood of their ancient chiefs renders her an object of great veneration among the Indians around, who, in all their miseries, maladies, and difficulties, apply to her for aid or for counsel.

She has inherited the poetical talent of her father Waub-Ojeeg; and here is a little fable or allegory which was written down from her recitation, and translated by her daughter.

THE ALLEGORY OF WINTER AND SUMMER.

A MAN from the north, gray-haired, leaning on his staff, went roving over all countries. Looking around him one day, after having travelled without any intermission for four moons, he sought out a spot on which to recline and rest himself. He had not been long seated, before he saw before him a young man, very beautiful in his appearance, with red cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his hair covered with flowers; and from between his lips he blew a breath that was as sweet as the wild rose.

Said the old man to him, as he leaned upon his staff, his white beard reaching down upon his breast, "Let us repose here awhile, and converse a little. But first we will build up a fire, and we will bring together much wood, for it will be needed to keep us warm."

The fire was made, and they took their seats by it, and began to converse, each telling the other where he came from, and what had befallen him by the way. Presently the young man felt cold. He looked round him to see what had produced this change, and pressed his hands against his cheeks to keep them warm.

The old man spoke and said, "When I wish to cross a river, I breathe upon it and make it hard, and walk over upon its surface. I have only to speak, and bid the waters be still, and touch them with my finger, and they become hard as stone. The tread of

my foot makes soft things hard—and my power is boundless."

The young man, feeling every moment still colder, and growing tired of the old man's boasting, and the morning being nigh, as he perceived by the reddening east, thus began—

"Now, my father, I wish to speak."

"Speak," said the old man, "my ear, though it be old, is open—it can hear."

"Then," said the young man, "I also go over all the earth. I have seen it covered with snow, and the waters I have seen hard as stone; but I have only passed over them, and the snow has melted; the mountain streams have began to flow, the rivers to move, the ice to melt: the earth has become green under my tread, the flowers blossomed, the birds were joyful, and all the power of which you boast vanished away!"

The old man drew a deep sigh, and shaking his head, he said, "I know thee, thou art Spring!"

"True," said the young man, "and here behold my head—see it crowned with flowers! and my cheeks how they bloom—come near and touch me. Thou art Winter! I know thy power is great; but, father, thou darest not come to my country,—thy beard would fall off, and all thy strength would fail, and thou wouldst die!"

The old man felt this truth; for before the morning was come, he was seen vanishing away: but each, before they parted, expressed a hope that they might meet again before many moons.

The language of the Chippewas, however figurative and significant, is not copious. In their speeches and songs they are emphatic and impressive by the continual repetition of the same phrase or idea; and it seems to affect them like the perpetual recurrence of a few simple notes in music, by which I have been myself wound up to painful excitement, or melted to tears.

A cousin of mine (I have now a large Chippewa cousinship) went on a hunting excursion, leaving his wife and child in his lodge. During his absence, a party of Sioux carried them off, and on his return he found his fire extinguished, and his lodge empty. He immediately blackened his face, (Indian mourning,) and repaired to the lodge of his wife's brother, to whom he sang, in a kind of mournful recitative, the following song;—the purport of which seems to be partly a request for aid against his enemies, and partly an excuse for the seeming fault of leaving his family unprotected in his wigwam.

My brother-in-law, do not wrongfully accuse me for this seeming neglect in exposing my family, for I have come to request aid from my brother-in-law!

The cry of my little son was heard as they carried him across the prairie, and therefore I have come to supplicate aid from my brother-in-law.

And the voice also of my wife was heard as they carried her across the prairie; do not then accuse your brother-in-law, for he has come to seek aid from his brother-in-law!

This song is in a measure, ten and eight syllables

alternately; and the perpetual recurrence of the word brother-in-law seems intended to impress the idea of their relationship on the mind of the hearer.

The next is the address of a war party to their women, on leaving the village :*

Do not weep, do not weep for me,
Loved women, should I die;
For yourselves alone should you weep!
Poor are ye all and to be pitied:
Ye women, ye are to be pitied!

I seek, I seek our fallen relations,
I go to revenge, revenge the slain,
Our relations fallen and slain,
And our foes, our foes shall lie
Like them, like them shall they lie,
I go to lay them low, to lay them low!

And then *da capo*, over and over again.

The next is a love song, in the same style of iteration :

'Tis now two days, two long days,
Since last I tasted food;
'Tis for you, for you, my love,
That I grieve, that I grieve,
'Tis for you, for you that I grieve!

The waters flow deep and wide,
On which, love, you have sail'd;
Dividing you far from me.
'Tis for you, for you, my love,
'Tis for you, for you that I grieve!

* From Mr. Schoolcraft, translated literally by Mrs. Schoolcraft.

If you look at some half thousand of our most fashionable and admired Italian songs—the Notturni of Blangini, for instance—you will find them very like this Chippewa canzonetta, in the no-meaning and perpetual repetition of certain words and phrases; at the same time, I doubt if it be *always* necessary for a song to have a meaning—it is enough if it have a sentiment.

Here are some verses of a war song, in the same style as to composition, but breathing very different sentiments:

I sing, I sing, under the centre of the sky,
Under the centre of the sky,
Under the centre of the sky I sing, I sing,
Under the centre of the sky!

Every day I look at you, you morning star,
You morning star;
Every day I look at you, you morning star,
You morning star.

The birds of the brave take a flight round the sky,
A flight round the sky;
The birds of the brave take a flight, take a flight,
A flight round the sky.

They cross the enemy's line, the birds!
They cross the enemy's line;
The birds, the birds, the ravenous birds,
They cross the enemy's line.

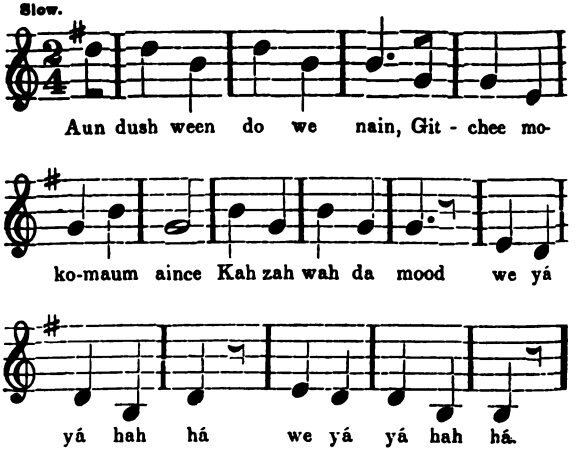
The spirits on high repeat my name,
Repeat my name;
The spirits on high, the spirits on high,
Repeat my name.

Full happy am I to be slain and to lie,
On the enemy's side of the line to lie;
Full happy am I, full happy am I,
On the enemy's side of the line to lie!

I give you these as curiosities, and as being at least genuine; they have this merit, if they have no other.

Of the next song, I subjoin the music. It seems to have been composed on a young American, (*a Long-Knife,*) who made love to a Chippewa girl, (*Ojibway quaince.*)

OJIBWAY QUAINCE.



We ah, bem, ah dè,
We mah jah need dè,
We ne moo, sha yun
We yà, yà hah hà! we yà yà hah hà!

O mow we mah ne
We mah jah neid dè,
O jib we quaince un nè,
We yà, yà hah hà! we yà yà hah hà!

Kah ween, goo shah, ween nè,
Keesh wan zhe e we ye
O gah, mah we mah zeen.
We yà, yà hah yà! we yà yà hah hà!

Mee goo shah ween e goo
Ke bish quah bem ah de
Che wah nain ne mah de.
We yà, yà hah hà! we yà yà hah hà!

The literal meaning of the song, without the perpetual repetitions and transpositions, is just this:

Hah! what is the matter with the young Long-knife? he crosses the river with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Chippewa girl preparing to leave the place; he sobs for his sweetheart because she is going away, but he will not sigh for her long; as soon as he is out of sight he will forget her!

I have been too long on the other side of the river; I must return to our Canadian shore, where indeed I now reside, under the hospitable roof of our missionary. Mrs. MacMurray's overflowing good-nature, cleverness, and liveliness, are as delightful in their way as the more pensive intelligence of her sister.

I have had some interesting talk with Mr. MacMurray on the subject of his mission and the character of the people consigned to his care and spirit-

ual guidance. He arrived here in 1832, and married Charlotte Johnston (O,ge,bu,no,qua) the following year. During the five years which have elapsed since the establishment of the mission, there have been one hundred and forty-five baptisms, seven burials, and thirteen marriages; and the present number of communicants is sixty-six.

He is satisfied with his success, and seems to have gained the good-will and attachment of the Indians around; he owes much, he says, to his sweet wife, whose perfect knowledge of the language and habits of her people have aided him in his task. She is a warm enthusiast in the cause of conversion, and the labour and fatigue of interpreting the prayers and sermons, and teaching the Indians to sing, at one time seriously affected her health. She has a good voice and correct ear, and has succeeded in teaching several of the women and children to sing some of our church hymns very pleasingly. She says all the Indians are passionately fond of music, and that it is a very effective means of interesting and fixing their attention. Mr. MacMurray says, they take the most eager delight in the parables, and his explanations of them—frequently melting into tears. When he collected them together and addressed them, on his first arrival, several of those present were intoxicated, he therefore took the opportunity of declaiming against their besetting vice in strong terms. After waiting till he had finished, one of their chief men arose and replied gravely: "My father, before the white men came, we could hunt and fish, and raise corn enough for our families; we knew no-

thing of your-fire water. If it is so very bad, why did the white men bring it here? *we* did not desire it!"

They were in a degraded state of poverty, recklessness, and misery: there is now at least *some* improvement; about thirty children attend Mrs. MacMurray's school; many of them are decently clothed, and they have gardens in which they have raised crops of potatoes and Indian corn. The difficulty is to keep them together for any time sufficient to make a permanent impression: their wild, restless habits prevail: and even their necessities interfere against the efforts of their teachers; they go off to their winter hunting-grounds for weeks together, and when they return, the task of instruction has to begin again.

One of their chiefs from the north came to Mr. MacMurray, and expressed a wish to become a Christian; unfortunately, he had three wives, and, as a necessary preliminary, he was informed that he must confine himself to one. He had no objection to keep the youngest, to whom he was lately married, and put away the two others, but this was not admissible. The one he had first taken to wife was to be the permitted wife, and no other. He expostulated; Mr. MacMurray insisted; in the end, the old man went off in high dudgeon. Next morning there was no sign of his wigwam, and he never applied again to be "made a Christian," the terms apparently being too hard to digest. "The Roman catholic priests," said Mr. MacMurray, "are not so strict on this point as we are; they insist on the

convert retaining only one wife, but they leave him the choice among those who bear that title."

They have a story among themselves of a converted Indian, who, after death, applied for admittance to the paradise of the white men, and was refused; he then went to the paradise of the Red-skins, but *there* too he was rejected: and after wandering about for some time disconsolate, he returned to life, (like Gitchee Gausinee,) to warn his companions by his experience in the other world.

Mr. MacMurray reckons among his most zealous converts several great medicine-men and conjurors. I was surprised at first at the comparative number of these, and the readiness with which they become Christians; but it may be accounted for in two ways: they are in general the most intelligent men in the tribe, and they are more sensible than any others of the false and delusive nature of their own tricks and superstitious observances. When a sorcerer is converted, he, in the first place, surrenders his *meta,wa,aun*, or medicine-sack, containing his manitos. Mr. MacMurray showed me several; an owl-skin, a wild-cat-skin, an otter-skin; and he gave me two, with the implements of sorcery; one of birch-bark, containing the skin of a black adder; the other, an embroidered mink-skin, contains the skin of an enormous rattle-snake, (four feet long,) a feather died crimson, a cowrie shell, and some magical pebbles, wrapped up in bark—the spells and charms of this Indian Archimago, whose name was, I think, Matabash. He also gave me a drum, formed of a skin stretched over a hoop, and filled with

pebbles, and a most portentous looking rattle formed of about a hundred bears' claws, strung together by a thong, and suspended to a carved stick, both being used in their medicine dances.

The chief of this Chippewa village is a very extraordinary character. His name is Shinguaconse, *the Little Pine*, but he chooses to drop the adjunct, and calls himself the Pine. He is not an hereditary chief, but an elective or war-chief, and owes his dignity to his bravery and to his eloquence; among these people, a man who unites both is sure to obtain power. Without letters, without laws, without any arbitrary distinctions of rank or wealth, and with a code of morality so simple, that upon *that* point they are pretty much on a par, it is superior natural gifts, strength, and intelligence, that raise an Indian to distinction and influence. He has not the less to fish for his own dinner, and build his own canoe.

Shinguaconse led a band of warriors in the war of 1812, was at Fort Malden, and in the battle of the Moravian towns. Besides being eloquent and brave, he was a famous conjuror. He is now a Christian, with all his family; and Mr. MacMurray finds him a most efficient auxiliary in ameliorating the condition of his people. When the traders on the opposite side endeavoured to seduce him back to his old habit of drinking, he told them, "When I wanted it, you would not give it to me; now I do not want it, you try to force it upon me; drink it yourselves!" and turned his back.

The ease with which liquor is procured from the opposite shore, and the bad example of many of the

soldiers and traders, are, however, a serious obstacle to the missionary's success. Nor is the love of whiskey confined to the men. Mrs. MacMurray imitated with great humour the deportment of a tipsy squaw, dragging her blanket after her, with one corner over her shoulder, and singing, in most blissful independence and defiance of her lordly husband, a song, of which the burthen is—

> The Englishman will give me some of his milk!
> I will drink the Englishman's milk!

Her own personal efforts have reclaimed many of these wretched creatures.

Next to the passion for ardent spirits is the passion for gambling. Their common game of chance is played with beans, or with small bones, painted of different colours; and these beans have been as fatal as ever were the dice in Christendom. They will gamble away even their blankets and moccasins; and while the game lasts, not only the players, but the lookers-on, are in a perfect ecstasy of suspense and agitation.

Mr. MacMurray says, that when the Indians are here during the fishing season from the upper waters of the lake, his rooms are crowded with them; wherever there is an open door they come in. "It is *impossible* to escape from an Indian who chooses to inflict his society on you, or wishes for yours: he comes at all hours, not having the remotest idea of convenience or inconvenience, or of the possibility of intrusion. There is absolutely no remedy but to sit still and endure. I have them in my room some-

times, without intermission, from sunrise to sunset." He added, that they never took anything, nor did the least injury, except that which necessarily resulted from their vile, dirty habits, and the smell of their *kinnikinic*, which together, I should think, are quite *enough*. Those few which are now here, and the women especially, are always lounging in and out, coming to Mrs. MacMurray about every little trifle, and very frequently about nothing at all.

Sir John Colborne took a strong interest in the conversion and civilization of the Indians, and though often discouraged, did not despair. He promised to found a village, and build log-houses for the converts here, as at Coldwater, (on Lake Simcoe;) but this promise has not been fulfilled, nor is it likely to be so. I asked, very naturally, "Why, if the Indians wish for log-huts, do they not build them? They are on the verge of the forest, and the task is not difficult." I was told it was impossible; that they neither *could* nor *would!*—that this sort of labour is absolutely inimical to their habits. It requires more strength than the women possess; and for the men to fell wood and carry logs were an unheard-of degradation. Mrs. MacMurray is very anxious that their houses should be built, because she thinks it will keep her converts stationary. Whether their morality, cleanliness, health, and happiness, will be thereby improved, I doubt; and the present governor seems to have very decidedly made up his mind on the matter. I should like to see an Indian brought to prefer a house to a wigwam, and live in a house of his own building; but what is gained by building

houses for them? The promise was made, however, and the Indians have no comprehension of a change of governors being a change of principles. They consider themselves deceived and ill-treated. Shinguaconse has lately (last January) addressed a letter or speech to Sir Francis Head on the subject, which is a curious specimen of expostulation. "My father," he says, "you have made promises to me and to my children. You promised me houses, but as yet nothing has been performed, although five years are past. I am now growing very old, and, to judge by the way you have used me, I am afraid I shall be laid in my grave before I see any of your promises fulfilled. Many of your children address you, and tell you they are poor, and they are much better off than I am in everything. I can say, in sincerity, that I am poor. I am like the beast of the forest that has no shelter. I lie down on the snow, and cover myself with the boughs of the trees. If the promises had been made by a person of no standing, I should not be astonished to see his promises fail. But *you*, who are so great in riches and in power, I am astonished that I do not see your promises fulfilled! I would have been better pleased if you had never made such promises to me, than that you should have made them and not performed them."

Then follows a stroke of Indian irony.

"But, my father, perhaps I do not see clearly; I am old, and perhaps I have lost my eye-sight; and if you should come to visit us, you might discover these promises already performed! I have heard that you have visited all parts of the country around.

This is the only place you have not yet seen; if you will promise to come I will have my little fish (*i. e.* the white-fish) ready drawn from the water, that you may taste of the food which sustains me."

Shinguaconse then complains, that certain of the French Canadians had cut down their timber to sell it to the Americans, by permission of a British magistrate, residing at St. Joseph's. He says, "Is this right? I have never heard that the British had purchased our land and timber from us. But whenever I say a word, they say, 'Pay no attention to him, he knows nothing.' This will not do!"

He concludes with infinite politeness:

"And now, my father, I shall take my seat, and look towards your place, that I may hear the answer you will send me between this time and spring.

"And now, my father, I have done! I have told you some things that were on my mind. I take you by the hand, and wish you a happy new year, trusting that we may be allowed to see one another again."

Mrs. Johnston told me that when her children are absent from her, and she looks for their return, she has a sensation, a merely physical sensation, like that she experienced when she first laid them to her bosom; this yearning amounts at times to absolute pain, almost as intolerable as the pang of child-birth, and is so common that the Indians have a word to express it. The maternal instinct, like all the other

natural instincts, is strong in these people to a degree we can no more conceive than we can their quick senses. As a cat deprived of its kittens will suckle an animal of a different species, so an Indian woman who has lost her child *must* have another. "Bring me my son! or see me die!" exclaimed a bereaved mother to her husband, and she lay down on her mat, covered her head with her blanket, and refused to eat. The man went and kidnapped one of the enemy's children, and brought it to her. She laid it in her bosom, and was consoled. Here is the *animal* woman.

The mortality among the children is very great among the unreclaimed Indians, from want of knowing how to treat infantine maladies, and from want of cleanliness. When dysentery is brought on from this cause, the children almost invariably perish. When kept clean, the bark-cradles are excellent things for their mode of life, and effectually preserve the head and limbs of the infant from external injury.

When a young Chippewa of St. Mary's sees a young girl who pleases him, and whom he wishes to marry, he goes and catches a loach, boils it, and cuts off the tail, of which he takes the flat bone, and sticks it in his hair. He paints himself bewitchingly, takes a sort of rude flute or pipe, with two or three stops, which seems to be only used on these amatory occasions, and walks up and down his village, blowing on his flute, and looking, I presume, as sentimental as an Indian *can* look. This is regarded as an indication of his intentions, and throws

all the lodges in which there are young marriageable girls into a flutter, though probably the fair one who is his secret choice is pretty well aware of it. The next step is to make presents to the parents and relatives of the young woman; if these are accepted, and his suit prospers, he makes presents to his intended; and all that now remains is to bring her home to his lodge. He neither swears before God to love her till death—an oath which it depends not on his own will to keep, even if it be not perjury in the moment it is pronounced—nor to endow her with *all* his worldly goods and chattels, when even by the act of union she loses all right of property; but apparently the arrangements answer all purposes, to their mutual satisfaction.

The names of the women are almost always derived from some objects or appearances in nature, generally of a pleasing kind; the usual termination *qua* or *quay*, immediately blending with their signification the idea of womanhood. Thus, my Indian mother is "the green prairie," (woman.) Mrs. Schoolcraft's name, Obah,bahm,wa,wa,ge,zhe,go,qua, signifies literally "the sound which the stars make rushing through the sky," and which I translate into *the music of the spheres*. Mrs. MacMurray is "the wild rose:" one of her youngest sisters is Wah,bu,-nung,o,qua, the morning star (woman;) another is Omis,ka,bu,go,qua, (the woman of) "the red leaf."

I went to-day to take leave of my uncle Wayish-ky, and found him ill—poor fellow! he is fretting about his younger son. I learn with pleasure that his daughter Zah,gah,see,ga,qua is likely to accompany me to the Manitoolin Islands.

July 31.

This last evening of my sojourn at the Sault Ste. Marie is very melancholy—we have been all very sad. Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray are to accompany me in my voyage down the lake to the Manitoolin Islands, having some business to transact with the governor:—so you see Providence *does* take care of me! how I could have got there alone, I cannot tell, but I must have tried. At first we had arranged to go in a bark canoe; the very canoe which belonged to Captain Back, and which is now lying in Mr. MacMurray's court-yard; but our party will be large, and we shall be encumbered with much baggage and provisions—not having yet learned to live on the portable maize and fat: our voyage is likely to take three days and a half, even if the weather continues favourable, and if it do not, why we shall be obliged to put into some creek or harbour, and pitch our tent, gipsy fashion, for a day or two. There is not a settlement nor a habitation on our route, nothing but lake and forest. The distance is about one hundred and seventy miles, rather more than less; Mr. MacMurray therefore advises a bateau, in which, if we

do not get on so quickly, we shall have more space and comfort,—and thus it is to be.

I am sorry to leave these kind, excellent people, but most I regret Mrs. Schoolcraft.

* * * * *

August 1.

The morning of our departure rose bright and beautiful, and the loading and arranging our little boat was a scene of great animation. I thought I had said all my adieus the night before, but at early dawn my good Neengai came paddling across the river with various kind offerings for her daughter Wa,sah,ge,wo,no,qua, which she thought might be pleasant or useful, and more *last* affectionate words from Mrs. Schoolcraft. We then exchanged a long farewell embrace, and she turned away with tears, got into her little canoe, which could scarcely contain two persons, and handling her paddle with singular grace and dexterity, shot over the blue water, without venturing once to look back! I leaned over the side of our boat, and strained my eyes to catch a last glimpse of the white spray of the rapids, and her little canoe skimming over the expanse between, like a black dot; and this was the last I saw of my dear good Chippewa mamma!

Meantime we were proceeding rapidly down the beautiful river, and through its winding channels. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray and their lovely boy, myself, and the two Indian girls—my cousin Zah,gah,see,ga,qua, and Angelique, the child's attendant.

These two girls were, for Indians, singularly beautiful; they would have been beautiful anywhere. Angelique, though of unmixed Indian blood, has a face of the most perfect oval, a clear brown complexion, the long, half-shaded eye, which the French call *coupé en amande;* the nose slightly aquiline, with the proud nostril open and well defined; dazzling teeth;—in short, her features had been faultless, but that her mouth is a little too large—but then, to amend that, her lips are like coral: and a more perfect figure I never beheld. Zah,gah,see,ga,qua is on a less scale, and her features more decidedly Indian.

We had a small, but compact and well-built boat, the seats of which we covered with mats, blankets, buffalo skins, cloaks, shawls, &c.: we had four voyageurs, Masta, Content, Le Blanc, and Pierrot; a very different set from those who brought me from Mackinaw: they were all Canadian voyageurs of the true breed, that is, half-breed, showing the Indian blood as strongly as the French. Pierrot, worthy his name, was a most comical fellow; Masta, a great talker, amused me exceedingly; Content was our steersman and captain; and Le Blanc, who was the best singer, generally led the song, to which the others responded in chorus.

They had a fixed daily allowance of fat pork, Indian meal, and tobacco: finding that the latter was not agreeable to me, though I took care not to complain, they always contrived, with genuine politeness, to smoke out of my way, and to leeward.

After passing Sugar Island, we took the channel

to the left, and entered the narrow part of the lake between St. Joseph's Island and the main land. We dined upon a small picturesque islet, consisting of ledges of rock, covered with shrubs and abounding with whortle-berries; on the upper platform we arranged an awning or shade, by throwing a sail over some bushes, and made a luxuriant dinner, succeeded by a basin of good tea; meantime, on the rocky ledge below, Pierrot was making a *galette*, and Masta frying pork.

Dinner being over, we proceeded, coasting along the north shore of St. Joseph's Island. There is, in the interior, an English settlement, and a village of Indians. The principal proprietor, Major R——, who is a magistrate and justice of the peace, has two Indian women living with him—two sisters, and a family by each!—such are the examples sometimes set to the Indians on our frontiers.

In the evening we came to an island consisting of a flat ledge of rock, on which were the remains of a former camp-fire, surrounded by tall trees and bushes: here we pitched our little marquée, and boiled our kettle. The sun-set was most glorious, with some floating ominous clouds. The stars and the fire-flies came out together: the latter swarmed around us, darting in and out among the trees, and gliding and sparkling over the surface of the water. Unfortunately the mosquitoes swarmed too, notwithstanding the antipathy which is said to exist between the mosquito and the fire-fly. We made our beds by spreading mats and blankets under us; and then, closing the curtain of the tent, Mr. MacMurray be-

gan a very effective slaughter and expulsion of the mosquitoes. We laid ourselves down, Mrs. MacMurray in the middle, with her child in her bosom; Mr. MacMurray on one side, myself at the other, and the two Indian girls at our feet: the voyageurs, rolled in their blankets, lay upon the naked rock round the fire we had built—and thus we all slept. I must needs confess that I found my rocky bed rather uneasy, and my bones ached as I turned from side to side, but this was only a beginning. The night was close and sultry, and just before dawn I was wakened by a tremendous clap of thunder: down came the storm in its fury, the lake swelling and roaring, the lightning gambolling over the rocks and waves, the rain falling in a torrent; but we were well sheltered, for the men had had the precaution, before they slept, to throw a large oil cloth over the top of our little marquée. The storm ceased suddenly; daylight came, and soon afterwards we again embarked. We had made forty-five miles.

The next morning was beautiful: the sun shone brightly, though the lake was yet heaving and swelling from the recent storm,—altogether it was like the laughing eyes and pouting lips of a half-appeased beauty. About nine o'clock we ran down into a lovely bay, and landed to breakfast on a little lawn surrounded by high trees and a thick wood, abounding in rattlesnakes and squirrels. Luckily for us, the storm had dispersed the mosquitoes.

Keeping clear of the covert to avoid these fearful snakes, I strayed down by the edge of the lake, and found a tiny creek, which answered all purposes, both of bath and mirror, and there I arranged my toilette in peace and security. Returning to our breakfast-fire, I stood some moments to admire the group around it—it was a perfect picture: there lay the little boat rocking on the shining waves, and near it Content was washing plates and dishes; Pierrot and Masta were cooking; the two Indian girls were spreading the tablecloth on the turf. Mrs. MacMurray and her baby—looking like the Madonna and child in the "Repose in Egypt"—were seated under a tree; while Mr. MacMurray, having suspended his shaving-glass against the trunk of a pine, was shaving himself with infinite gravity and *sang-froid*. Never, I think, were the graceful, the wild, the comic, so strangely combined!—add the rich back-ground of mingled foliage, the murmur of leaves and waters, and all the glory of a summer morning!—it was very beautiful!

We breakfasted in much mirth, and then we set off again. The channel widened, the sky became overcast, the wind freshened, and at length blew hard. Though this part of the lake is protected by St. Joseph's and the chain of islands from the swell of the main lake, still the waves rose high, the wind increased, we were obliged to take in a reef or two of our sail, and scudded with an almost fearful rapidity before the wind. In crossing a wide, open expanse of about twenty miles, we became all at once

very silent, then very grave, then very pathetic, and at last extremely sick.

On arriving among the channels of the Rattlesnake Islands, the swell of course subsided; we landed on a most beautiful mass of rock, and lighted our fire under a group of pines and sycamores; but we were too sick to eat. Mr. MacMurray heated some port wine and water, into which we broke biscuit, and drank it most picturesquely out of a slop basin—too thankful to get it! Thus recruited, we proceeded. The wind continued fresh and fair, the day kept up fine, and our sail was most delightful and rapid. We passed successive groups of islands, countless in number, various in form, little fairy Edens—populous with life and love, and glowing with light and colour under a meridian sun. I remember we came into a circular basin, of about three miles in diameter, so surrounded with islands, that when once within the circle, I could perceive neither ingress nor egress; it was as if a spell of enchantment had been wrought to keep us there for ever; and I really thought we were going with our bows upon the rocks, when suddenly we darted through a narrow portal, not above two or three yards in width, and found ourselves in another wide expanse, studded with larger islands. At evening we entered the Missasagua river, having come sixty miles, right before the wind, since morning.

The Missasagua (*i. e.* the river with two mouths) gives its name to a tribe of the Chippewa nation, once numerous and powerful, now scattered and degraded. This is the river called by Henry the *Mis-*

asaki, where he found a horde of Indians who had never seen a white man before, and who, in the excess of their hospitality, crammed him with "a porridge of sturgeons' roe," which I apprehend, from his description, would be likely to prove "*caviare* to the general." There is a remnant of these Indians here still. We found a log-hut with a half-breed family, in the service of the Fur Company; and two or three bark wigwams. The rest of the village, (dwellings and inhabitants together,) had gone down to the Manitoolin. A number of little Red-skins were running about, half, or rather indeed wholly, naked—happy, healthy, active, dirty little urchins, resembling, except in colour, those you may see swarming in an Irish cabin. Poor Ireland! The worst Indian wigwam is not worse than some of her dwellings; and the most miserable of these Indians would spurn the destiny of an Irish *poor-slave*—for he is at least lord o'er himself. As the river is still famous for sturgeon, we endeavoured to procure some for supper, and had just prepared a large piece to roast, (suspended by a cord to three sticks,) when one of those horrid curs so rife about the Indian dwellings ran off with it. We were asked to take up our night's lodging in the log-hut, but it was so abominably dirty and close, we all preferred the shore. While they pitched the marquée, I stood for some time looking at a little Indian boy, who, in a canoe about eight feet in length, was playing the most extraordinary gambols in the water; the buoyant thing seemed alive beneath him, and to obey every movement of his paddle. He shot backwards and for-

wards, described circles, whirled himself round and round, made pirouettes, exhibited, in short, as many tricks as I have seen played by a spirited English boy on a thorough-bred pony.

The mosquitoes were in great force, but we began by sweeping them out of the tent with boughs, and then closing the curtain, we executed judgment on the remainder by wholesale. We then lay down in the same order as last night; and Mrs. MacMurray sang her little boy to sleep with a beautiful hymn. I felt all the luxury of having the turf under me instead of the rock, and slept well till wakened before dawn by some animal sniffing and snuffing close to my ear. I commanded my alarm, and did not disturb those who were enjoying a sound sleep near me, and the intruder turned out to be a cow belonging to the hut, who had got her nose under the edge of the tent. We set off early, and by sunrise had passed down the eastern channel of the river, and swept into the lake. It was a lovely morning, soft and calm; there was no breath of wind; no cloud in the sky, no vapour in the air; and the little islands lay around "under the opening eyelids of the morn," dewy, and green, and silent. We made eighteen miles before breakfast; and then pursued our way through Aird's bay, and among countless islands of all shapes and sizes; I cannot describe their beauty, nor their harmonious variety; at last we perceived in the east the high ridge called the mountains of La Cloche. They are really respectable hills in this level country, but hardly mountains: they are all of lime-stone, and partially clothed in wood. All this coast is very

rocky and barren; but it is said to be rich in mineral productions. About five in the evening we landed at La Cloche.

Here we found the first and only signs of civilized society during our voyage. The North-West Company have an important station here; and two of their principal clerks, Mr. MacBean and Mr. Bethune, were on the spot. We were received with much kindness, and pressed to spend the night, but there was yet so much daylight, and time was so valuable, that we declined. The factory consists of a large log-house, an extensive store to contain the goods bartered with the Indians, and huts inhabited by work people, hunters, voyageurs, and others; a small village, in short; and a number of boats and canoes of all sizes were lying in the bay. It is not merely the love of gain that induces well-educated men—gentlemen—to pass twenty years of their lives in such a place as this; you must add to the prospective acquirement of a large fortune, two possessions which men are most wont to covet—power and freedom. The table was laid in their hall for supper, and we carried off, with their good-will, a large mess of broiled fish, dish and all, and a can of milk, which delicious viands we discussed in our boat with great satisfaction.

The place derives its name from a large rock, which they say, being struck, vibrates like a bell. But I had no opportunity of trying the experiment, therefore cannot tell how this may be. Henry, however, mentions this phenomenon; and the Indians regard the spot as sacred and enchanted. Just after

sunset, we reached one of the most enchanting of these enchanting or enchanted isles. It rose sloping from the shore, in successive ledges of picturesque rocks, all fringed with trees and bushes, and clothed in many places with a species of gray lichen, nearly a foot deep. With a sort of anticipative wisdom (like that of a pig in a storm) I gathered a quantity of this lichen for our bed, and spread it under the mats; for, in fear of the rattle-snakes and other creeping things, we had pitched our resting place on the naked rock. The men had built up the fire in a sheltered place below, and did not perceive that a stem of a blasted pine, about twenty feet in length, had fallen across the recess; it caught the flame. This at first delighted us and the men too; but soon it communicated to another tree against which it was leaning, and they blazed away together in a column of flame. We began to fear that it might communicate to the dried moss and the bushes, and cause a general conflagration; the men prevented this, however, by clearing a space around them. The waves, the trees and bushes and fantastic rocks, and the figures and faces of the men, caught the brilliant light as it flashed upon them with a fitful glare—the rest being lost in deepest shadow. Wildly magnificent it was! beyond all expression beautiful, and awful too!—the night, the solitude, the dark weltering waters, the blaze which put out the mild stars which just before had looked down upon us in their tender radiance!—I never beheld such a scene. By the light of this gigantic torch we supped and prepared our beds. As I lay down to rest, and closed my eyes

on the flame which shone through our tent curtain, I thought that perhaps the wind might change in the night, and the flakes and sparks be carried over to us, and to the beds of lichen, dry and inflammable as tinder; but fatigue had subdued me so utterly, that even this apprehension could not keep me awake. I pressed my hands on my eyes, breathed my prayer, and slept in peace.

The burning trees were still smouldering; daylight was just creeping up the sky, and some few stars yet out, when we bestirred ourselves, and in a very few minutes we were again afloat; we were now steering towards the south-east, where the great Manitoolin Island was dimly discerned. There was a deep slumbrous calm all around, as if Nature had not yet awoke from her night's rest: then the atmosphere began to kindle with gradual light; it grew brighter and brighter: towards the east, the lake and sky were intermingling in radiance; and *then*, just there, where they seemed flowing and glowing together like a bath of fire, we saw what seemed to us the huge black hull of a vessel, with masts and spars rising against the sky—but we knew not what to think or to believe! As we kept on rowing in that direction, it grew more distinct, but lessened in size; it proved to be a great heavy-built schooner, painted black, which was going up the lake against wind and current. One man was standing in her bows, with an immense oar, which he slowly pulled, walking backwards and forwards; but vain seemed all his toil, for still the vessel lay like a black log,

and moved not; we rowed up to the side, and hailed him—"What news?"

And the answer was that William the Fourth was dead, and that Queen Victoria reigned in his place! We sat silent looking at each other, and even in that very moment the orb of the sun rose out of the lake, and poured its beams full in our dazzled eyes.

We asked if the governor were at the Manitoolin Island? No; he was not there; but the chief officer of the Indian department had come to represent him, and the presents were to be given out to the assembled Indians this morning. We urged the men to take to their oars with spirit, and held our course due east down by the woody shores of this immense island; among fields of reeds and rushes, and almost under the shadow of the towering forests.

Meantime, many thoughts came into my mind—some tears too into my eyes—not certainly for that dead king, who in ripe age and in all honour was gathered to the tomb—but for that living queen, so young and fair—

> "As many hopes hang on that noble head
> As there hang blossoms on the boughs in May!"

And what will become of *them*—of *her!* The idea that even here, in this new world of woods and waters, amid these remote wilds, to her so utterly unknown, her power reaches and her sovereignty is acknowledged, filled me with compassionate awe. I say *compassionate*, for if she feel in their whole extent the liabilities of her position, alas for her! And if she feel them not!—O worse and worse!

I tried to recall her childish figure and features. I thought over all I had heard concerning her. I thought she was not such a thing as they could make a mere pageant of; for *that* there is too much within —too little without. And what *will* they make of her? For at eighteen she will hardly make anything of them—I mean of the men and women round her. It is of the woman I think, more than of the queen; for as a part of the state machinery, she will do quite as well as another—better, perhaps: so far her youth and sex are absolutely in her favour, or rather in *our* favour. If she be but simple-minded, and true-hearted, and straightforward, with the common portion of intellect—if a royal education have not blunted in her the quick perceptions and pure kind instincts of the woman—if she has only had fair play, and carries into business plain distinct notions of right and wrong—and the fine moral sense that is not to be confounded by diplomatic verbiage and expediency—she will do better for us than a whole cabinet full of cut-and-dried officials, with Talleyrand at the head of them. And what a fair heritage is this which has fallen to her! A land young like herself—a land of hopes—and fair, most fair! Does she know—does she care anything about it?—while hearts are beating warm for her, and voices bless her—and hands are stretched out towards her—even from these wild lake shores?

These thoughts were in my mind, or something like to these, as with aid of sail and oar we were gliding across the bay of Manitoolin. This bay is about three miles wide at the entrance, and runs about

twelve miles in depth, in a southern direction. As we approached the farther end, we discerned the whole line of shore, rising in bold and beautiful relief from the water, to be covered with wigwams, and crowded with Indians. Suddenly we came to a little opening or channel, which was not visible till we were just upon it, and rounding a promontory, to my infinite delight and surprise, we came upon an unexpected scene,—a little bay within the bay. It was a beautiful basin, nearly an exact circle, of about three miles in circumference; in the centre lay a little wooded island, and all around, the shores rose sloping from the margin of the lake, like an amphitheatre, covered with wigwams and lodges, thick as they could stand amid intermingled trees; and beyond these arose the tall pine forest crowning and enclosing the whole. Some hundred canoes were darting hither and thither on the waters, or gliding along the shore, and a beautiful schooner lay against the green bank—its tall masts almost mingling with the forest trees, and its white sails half furled and half gracefully drooping.

We landed, and were received with much politeness by Mr. Jarvis, the chief superintendent of Indian affairs, and by Major Anderson, the Indian agent; and a space was cleared to pitch our tent, until room could be made for our accommodation in one of the government log-houses.

"Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were the king of it, what would I do?
. . . . No kind of traffic
Would I admit;—no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty— . . .
. . . All men idle—all.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age."

THE TEMPEST.

THE word Manitoolin is a corruption or frenchification of the Indian *Manito,a,wahn,ing*, which signifies the "dwelling of spirits." They have given this name to a range of islands in Lake Huron, which extend from the channel of St. Mary's river nearly to Cape Hurd, a distance of about two hundred miles. Between this range of islands and the shore of the main land, there is an archipelago, consisting of many thousand islands or islets.*

The Great Manitoolin, on which I now am, is, according to the last survey, ninety-three miles in length, but very narrow, and so deeply and fantastically indented with gulfs and bays, that it was sup-

* The islands which fringe the north shores of Lake Huron from Lake George to Penetanguishine have been estimated by Lieut. Bayfield (in his official survey) at upwards of thirty-three thousand.

posed to consist of many distinct islands. This is the second year that the presents to the Indians have been issued on this spot. The idea of forming on the Great Manitoolin a settlement of the Indians, and inviting those tribes scattered round the lakes to adopt it as a residence, has been for the last few years entertained by the Indian department; I say for the last few years, because it did not originate with the present governor; though I believe it has his entire approbation, as a means of removing them more effectually from all contact with the white settlers. It is objected to this measure that by cutting off the Indians from agricultural pursuits, and throwing them back upon their habits of hunting and fishing, it will retard their civilization; that removing them from the reserved land among the whites, their religious instruction will be rendered a matter of difficulty; that the islands, being masses of barren rock, are almost incapable of cultivation; and that they are so far north-west, that it would be difficult to raise even a little Indian corn:* and hence the plan of settling the Indians here has been termed *unjustifiable*.

It is true that the smaller islands are rocky and barren; but the Great Manitoolin, Drummond's, and St. Joseph's, are fertile. The soil on which I now tread is rich and good; and all the experiments in

* It appears, however, from the notes of the missionary Elliott, that a great number of Ottawas and Potoganatees had been residing on the Great Manitoolin two or three years previous to 1834, and had cultivated a portion of land.

cultivation already tried here have proved successful. As far as I can judge, the intentions of the government are benevolent and *justifiable*. There are a great number of Indians, Ottawas and Pottowattomies, who receive annual presents from the British government, and are residing on the frontiers of the American settlements, near Lake Michigan. These people, having disposed of their lands, know not where to go, and it is the wish of our government to assemble all those Indians who are our allies, and receive our annual presents, within the limits of the British territory—and this for reasons which certainly do appear very *reasonable* and politic.

There are three thousand seven hundred Indians, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottowattomies, Winnebagoes, and Menomonies, encamped around us. The issue of the presents has just concluded, and appears to have given universal satisfaction; yet, were you to see their trifling nature, you would wonder that they think it worth while to travel from one to five hundred miles or more to receive them; and by an ordinance of the Indian department, every individual must present himself *in person* to receive the allotted portion. The common equipment of each chief or warrior (that is, each man) consists of three quarters of a yard of blue cloth, three yards of linen, one blanket, half an ounce of thread, four strong needles, one comb, one awl, one butcher's knife, three pounds of tobacco, three pounds of ball, nine pounds of shot, four pounds of powder, and six flints. The equipment of a woman consists of one yard and three quarters of coarse woollen, two yards and a half of

printed calico, one blanket, one ounce of thread, four needles, one comb, one awl, one knife. For each child there was a portion of woollen cloth and calico. Those chiefs who had been wounded in battle, or had extraordinary claims, had some little articles in extra quantity, and a gay shawl or handkerchief. To each principal chief of a tribe, the allotted portion of goods for his tribe was given, and he made the distribution to his people individually; and such a thing as injustice or partiality on one hand, or a murmur of dissatisfaction on the other, seemed equally unknown. There were, besides, extra presents of flags, medals, chiefs' guns, rifles, trinkets, brass kettles, the choice and distribution of which were left to the superintendent, with this proviso, that the expense on the whole was never to exceed nine pounds sterling for every one hundred chiefs or warriors.

While the Indians remain on the island, which is generally about five days, they receive rations of Indian corn and tallow, (fat melted down;) with this they make a sort of soup, boiling the Indian corn till it is of the consistence of porridge—then adding a handful of tallow and some salt, and stirring it well. Many a kettleful of this delectable mess did I see made, without feeling any temptation to taste it; but Major Anderson says it is not so *very* bad, when a man is *very* hungry, which I am content to believe on his testimony. On this and on the fish of the bay they live while here.

As soon as the distribution of the presents was over, a grand council of all the principal chiefs was convened, that they might be informed of the will of their great father.

You must understand, that on the promontory I have mentioned as shutting in the little bay on the north side, there are some government edifices; one large house, consisting of one room, as accommodation for the superintendent and officers; also a carpenter's house and a magazine for the stores and presents, all of logs. A deal plank raised on tressels served as a table; there were a few stools and benches of deal-board, and two raised wooden platforms for beds: such were the furniture and decorations of the grand council-hall in which the *representative* of the representative of their Great Mother had now assembled her red children; a flag was displayed in front upon a lofty pole—a new flag, with a new device, on which I saw troops of Indians gazing with much curiosity and interest, and the meaning of which was now to be explained to them.

The council met about noon. At the upper end of the log-house I have mentioned, stood the chief superintendent, with his secretary or grand vizier, Major Anderson; the two interpreters, and some other officials. At some little distance I sat with Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray, and a young son of the lieutenant governor; near me I perceived three Methodist missionaries and two Catholic priests. The chiefs came in, one after another, without any order of precedence. All those whom I had seen at Mackinaw recognized me immediately, and their dusky

faces brightened as they held out their hands with the customary *bojou!* There was my old acquaintance the Rain, looking magnificent, and the venerable old Ottawa chief, Kish,ke,nick, (the Cut-hand.) The other remarkable chiefs of the Ottawas were Gitchee,Mokomaun, (the Great or Long-knife;) So,wan,quet, (the Forked-tree;) Kim,e,ne,chau,zum, (the Bustard;) Mokomaun,ish, (the Bad-knife;) Pai,mau,se,gai, (the Sun's course in a cloudless sky,) and As,si,ke,nack, (the Black-bird;) the latter a very remarkable man, of whom I shall have to say more presently. Of the Chippewas, the most distinguished chiefs were, Aisence, (the Little Clam;) Wai,sow,win,de,bay, (the Yellow-head,) and Shin,gua,conse, (the Pine;) these three are Christians. There were besides Ken,ne,bec,ano, (the Snake's-tail;) Muc,konce,e,wa,yun, (the Cub's-skin;) and two others whose style was quite grandiloquent,—Tai,bau,se,gai, (Bursts of Thunder at a distance,) and Me,twai,crush,kau, (the Sound of Waves breaking on the rocks.)

Nearly opposite to me was a famous Pottowattomi chief and conjuror, called the Two Ears. He was most fantastically dressed and hideously painted, and had two large clusters of swansdown depending from each ear—I suppose in illustration of his name. There were three men with their faces blacked with grease and soot, their hair dishevelled, and their whole appearance studiously squalid and miserable: I was told they were in mourning for near relations. With these exceptions the dresses were much what I have already described; but the chief whom I imme-

diately distinguished from the rest, even before I knew his name, was my cousin, young Waub-Ojeeg, the son of Wayish,ky; in height he towered above them all, being about six feet three or four. His dress was equally splendid and tasteful; he wore a surtout of fine blue cloth, under which was seen a shirt of gay colours, and his father's medal hung on his breast. He had a magnificent embroidered belt of wampum, from which hung his scalping-knife and pouch. His leggings (metasses) were of scarlet cloth, beautifully embroidered, with rich bands or garters depending to his ankle. Round his head was an embroidered band or handkerchief, in which were stuck four wing-feathers of the war-eagle, two on each side—testimonies of his prowess as a warrior. He held a tomahawk in his hand. His features were fine, and his countenance not only mild, but almost femininely soft. Altogether he was in dress and personal appearance the finest specimen of his race I had yet seen; I was quite proud of my adopted kinsman.

He was seated at some distance; but in far too near propinquity, for in truth they almost touched me, sat a group of creatures—human beings I must suppose them, such as had never been seen before within the lines of civilization. I had remarked them in the morning surrounded by a group of Ottawas, among whom they seemed to excite as much wonder and curiosity as among ourselves; and when I inquired who and what they were, I was told they were *cannibals* from the Red River, the title being, I suspect, quite gratuitous, and merely expressive of

the disgust they excited. One man had his hair cut short on the top of his head, and it looked like a circular blacking-brush, while it grew long in a fringe all round, hanging on his shoulders. The skins thrown round them seemed on the point of rotting off; and their attitude, when squatted on the ground, was precisely that of the larger ape I have seen in a menagerie. More hideous, more pitiable specimens of humanity in its lowest, most degraded state, can hardly be conceived; melancholy, squalid, stupid—and yet not fierce. They had each received a kettle and a gun by way of encouragement.

The whole number of chiefs assembled was seventy-five; and take notice, that the half of them were smoking, that it was blazing noon-tide, and that every door and window was filled up with the eager faces of the crowd without, and then you may imagine that even a scene like this was not to be enjoyed without some drawbacks; in fact, it was a sort of purgatory to more senses than one, but I made up my mind to endure, and did so. I observed that although there were many hundreds round the house, not one woman, outside or inside, was visible during the whole time the council lasted.

When all were assembled, and had seated themselves on the floor, without hurry, noise, or confusion, there was a pause of solemn preparation, and then Mr. Jarvis rose and addressed them. At the end of every sentence, As,si,ke,nack, (the Black-bird,) our chief interpreter here, translated the meaning to the assembly, raising his voice to a high pitch, and speaking with much oratorical emphasis—the others re-

sponding at intervals, "Ha!" but listening generally in solemn silence. This man, the Black-bird, who understands English well, is the most celebrated orator of his nation. They relate with pride that on one occasion he began a speech at sunrise, and that it lasted, without intermission, till sunset: the longest breathed of our parliament orators must yield, I think, to the Black-bird.

The address of the superintendent was in these words:—

"*Children!*—When your Great Father, the lieutenant-governor, parted with his Red children last year at this place, he promised again to meet them here at the council-fire, and witness in person the grand delivery of presents now just finished.

"To fulfil this engagement, your Great Father left his residence at Toronto, and proceeded on his way to the Great Manitoolin Island, as far as Lake Simcoe. At this place, a messenger who had been despatched from Toronto overtook him, and informed him of the death of our Great Father, on the other side of the Great Salt Lake, and the accession of the Queen Victoria. It consequently became necessary for your Great Father, the lieutenant-governor, to return to the seat of his government, and hold a council with his chief men.

"*Children!*—Your Great Father, the lieutenant-governor, has deputed me to express to you his regret and disappointment at being thus unexpectedly deprived of the pleasure which he had promised to himself, in again seeing all his Red children, and in

taking by the hand the chiefs and warriors of the numerous tribes now here assembled.

"*Children!*—I am now to communicate to you a matter in which many of you are deeply interested. Listen with attention, and bear well in mind what I say to you.

"*Children!*—Your Great Father the King had determined that presents should be continued to be given to all Indians resident in the Canadas.

"But presents will be given to Indians residing in the United States only for three years, including the present delivery.

"*Children!*—The reasons why presents will not be continued to the Indians residing in the United States I will explain to you.

"First: All our countrymen who resided in the United States forfeited their claim to protection from the British government, from the moment their Great Father the King lost possession of that country. Consequently the Indians have no right to expect that their Great Father will continue to them what he does not continue to his own white children.

"Secondly: The Indians of the United States who served in the late war have already received from the British government more than has been received by the soldiers of their Great Father, who have fought for him for twenty years.

"Thirdly: Among the rules which civilized nations are bound to attend to, there is one which forbids your Great Father to give arms and ammunition to Indians of the United States, who are fighting against the government under which they live.

"Fourthly: The people of England have, through their representatives in the great council of the nation, uttered great complaints at the expense attendant upon a continuation of the expenditure of so large a sum of money upon Indian presents.

"But, *Children!* let it be distinctly understood, that the British government has not come to a determination to cease to give presents to the Indians of the United States. On the contrary, the government of your Great Father will be most happy to do so, provided they live in the British empire. Therefore, although your Great Father is willing that his Red children should all become permanent settlers in the island, it matters not in what part of the British empire they reside. They may go across the Great Salt Lake to the country of their Great Father the King, and there reside, and there receive their presents; or they may remove to any part of the provinces of Upper or Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, or any other British colony, and yet receive them. But they cannot and must not expect to receive them after the end of three years, if they continue to reside within the limits of the United States.

"*Children!*—The Long Knives have complained (and with justice too) that your Great Father, whilst he is at peace with them, has supplied his Red children residing in their country, with whom the Long Knives are at war, with guns and powder and ball.

"*Children!*—This, I repeat to you, is against the rules of civilized nations, and if continued, will

bring on war between your Great Father and the Long Knives.

"*Children!*—You must therefore come and live under the protection of your Great Father, or lose the advantage which you have so long enjoyed, of annually receiving valuable presents from him.

"*Children!*—I have one thing more to observe to you. There are many clergymen constantly visiting you for the avowed purpose of instructing you in religious principles. Listen to them with attention when they talk to you on that subject; but at the same time keep always in view, and bear it well in your minds, that they have nothing whatever to do with your temporal affairs. Your Great Father who lives across the Great Salt Lake is your guardian and protector, and he only. He has relinquished his claim to this large and beautiful Island, on which we are assembled, in order that you may have a home of your own quite separate from his white children. The soil is good, and the waters which surround the shores of this island are abundantly supplied with the finest fish. If you cultivate the soil with only moderate industry, and exert yourselves to obtain fish, you can never want, and your Great Father will continue to bestow annually on all those who permanently reside here, or in any part of his dominions, valuable presents, and will from time to time visit you at this island, to behold your improvements.

"*Children!*—Your Great Father, the lieutenant-governor, as a token of the above declaration, transmits to the Indians a silk British flag, which repre-

sents the British empire. Within this flag, and immediately under the symbol of the British crown, are delineated a British lion and a beaver; by which is designated that the British people and the Indians, the former being represented by the lion and the latter by the beaver, are, and will be, alike regarded by their sovereign, so long as their figures are imprinted on the British flag, or, in other words, so long as they continue to inhabit the British empire.

"*Children!*—This flag is now yours. But it is necessary that some one tribe should take charge of it, in order that it may be exhibited in this island on all occasions, when your Great Father either visits or bestows presents on his Red children. Choose, therefore, from among you, the tribe to which you are willing to entrust it for safe-keeping, and remember to have it with you when we next meet again at this place.

"*Children!*—I bid you farewell. But before we part, let me express to you the high satisfaction I feel at witnessing the quiet, sober, and orderly conduct which has prevailed in the camp since my arrival. There are assembled here upwards of three thousand persons, composed of different tribes. I have not seen nor heard of any wrangling or quarrelling among you; I have not seen even one man, woman, or child, in a state of intoxication.

"*Children!*—Let me entreat you to abstain from indulging in the use of fire-water. Let me entreat you to return immediately to your respective homes, with the presents now in your possession. Let me warn you against attempts that may be made by

traders or other persons to induce you to part with your presents, in exchange for articles of little value.—Farewell."

When Mr. Jarvis ceased speaking, there was a pause, and then a fine Ottawa chief (I think Mokomaun,ish) arose, and spoke at some length. He said, that with regard to the condition on which the presents would be issued in future, they would deliberate on the affair, and bring their answer next year.

Shinguaconse then came forward and made a long and emphatic speech, from which I gathered that he and his tribe requested that the principal council-fire might be transferred to St. Mary's River, and objected to a residence on the Manitoolin Island. After him spoke two other chiefs, who signified their entire acquiescence in what their Great Father had advised, and declared themselves satisfied to reside on the Manitoolin Islands.

After some deliberation among themselves, the custody of the flag was consigned to the Ottawa tribe then residing on the island, and to their principal chief, who came forward and received it with great ceremony.

There was then a distribution of extra presents, medals, silver gorgets, and amulets, to some of the chiefs and relatives of chiefs whose conduct was particularly approved, or whom it was thought expedient to gratify.

The council then broke up, and I made my way into the open air as quickly as I could.

In walking about among the wigwams to-day, I found some women on the shore, making a canoe. The frame had been put together by the men. The women were then joining the pieces of birch-bark, with the split ligaments of the pine-root, which they call *wattup*. Other women were employed in melting and applying the resinous gum, with which they smear the seams, and render them impervious to the water. There was much chattering and laughing meanwhile, and I never saw a merrier set of gossips.

This canoe, which was about eighteen feet in length, was finished before night; and the next morning I saw it afloat.

A man was pointed out to me, (a Chippewa from Lake Superior,) who, about three years ago, when threatened by starvation during his winter hunt, had devoured his wife and one or two of his children. You shudder—so did I; but since famine can prevail over every human feeling or instinct, till the "pitiful mother hath sodden her own children," and a woman devoured part of her lover,* I do not think this wretched creature must necessarily be a born monster of ferocity. His features were very mild and sad: he is avoided by the other Chippewas here, and not considered *respectable*; and this from an opinion they entertain, that when a man has once tasted human flesh, he can relish no other: but I must quit this abominable subject.

* See the Voyage of the Blonde.

At sunset this evening, just as the air was beginning to grow cool, Major Anderson proclaimed a canoe race, the canoes to be paddled by the women only. The prize consisted of twenty-five pair of silver ear-rings and other trinkets. I can give you no idea of the state of commotion into which the whole camp, men and women and children, were thrown by this announcement. Thirty canoes started, each containing twelve women, and a man to steer. They were to go round the little island in the centre of the bay, and return to the starting point,—the first canoe which touched the shore to be the winner. They darted off together with a sudden velocity, like that of an arrow from the bow. The Indians on the shore ran backwards and forwards on the beach, exciting them to exertion by loud cries, leaping into the air, whooping and clapping their hands; and when at length the first canoe dashed up to the landing place, it was as if all had gone at once distracted and stark mad. The men, throwing themselves into the water, carried the winners out in their arms, who were laughing and panting for breath; and then the women cried "Ny'a! Ny'a!" and the men shouted "Ty'a!" till the pine woods rang again.

But all was good humour, and even good order, in the midst of this confusion. There was no ill blood, not a dispute, not an outrage, not even a *sound* of unkindness or anger; these are certainly the most good-natured, orderly savages imaginable! We are twenty white people, with 3,700 of these wild creatures around us, and I never in my life felt more security. I find it necessary, indeed, to suspend a

blanket before each of the windows when I am dressing in the morning, for they have no idea of the possibility of being intrusive; they think "men's eyes were made to look," and windows to be looked through; but, with this exception, I never met with people more genuinely polite.

The scenes and groups around me here are merely a repetition of such as I described to you at Mackinaw, only with greater variety and on a larger scale: I will therefore only particularize one or two things.

There is a man here, an Englishman, settled up the lakes somewhere, who has a couple of Indian mistresses, and has brought them down to receive *their* presents. He is a man of noble family, and writes *honourable* before his name. He swaggers about in a pair of canvass trowsers and moccasins, a check shirt with the collar open, no cravat, a straw hat stuck on the side of his head, and a dirty pipe in his mouth. He had a good fortune, and an honourable station in society; the one was wasted in excesses, and the other he has disgraced and abandoned. His countenance and his whole deportment conveyed an impression of reckless profligacy, of folly, weakness, and depravity, inexpressibly disgusting. There is no ruffian like the ruffian of civilized life. I turned from this man to my painted, half-naked Pottowattomies with a sense of relief.

To-day, when Mr. Jarvis was expressing his determination to keep liquor from the Indians, and en-

force the laws on that subject, I heard this man mutter just behind me, "I'll be d—d, though, if I don't give 'em whiskey whenever I choose!" I would write down the name of this wretched fellow, but that perhaps he has some mother or sister to whom he has already caused pain and shame enough.

After a very tiring day, I was standing to-night at the door of our log-house, looking out upon the tranquil stars, and admiring the peace and tranquillity which reigned all around. Within the house Mrs. MacMurray was hearing a young Chippewa read the Gospel, and the light of a lamp above fell upon her beautiful face—very beautiful it was at that moment—and on the dusky features of the Indian boy, akin to her own, and yet how different! and on his silver armlets and feathered head-dress. It was about nine o'clock, and though a few of the camp fires were yet burning, it seemed that almost all had gone to rest. At this moment old Solomon, the interpreter, came up, and told me that the warriors had arranged to give me an exhibition of their war-dance, and were then painting and preparing. In a few minutes more, the drum, and the shriek, and the long tremulous whoop, were heard. A large crowd had gathered silently in front of the house, leaving an open space in the midst; many of them carried great blazing torches, made of the bark of the pine rolled up into a cylinder. The innermost circle of the spectators sat down, and the rest stood around; some

on the stumps of the felled trees, which were still at hand. I remember that a large piece of a flaming torch fell on the naked shoulder of a savage, and he jumped up with a yell which made me start; but they all laughed, and so did he, and sat himself down again quietly.

Meantime the drumming and yelling drew nearer, and all at once a man leaped like a panther into the very middle of the circle, and, flinging off his blanket, began to caper and to flourish his war-club; then another, and another, till there were about forty; then they stamped round and round, and gesticulated a sort of fiercely grotesque pantomime, and sent forth their hideous yells, while the glare of the torches fell on their painted and naked figures, producing an effect altogether quite indescribable. Then a man suddenly stopped before me, and began a speech at the very top of his voice, so that it sounded like a reiteration of loud cries; it was, in fact, a string of exclamations, which a gentleman standing behind me translated as he went on. They were to this purport:—"I am a Red-skin! I am a warrior! look on me! I am a warrior! I am brave! I have fought! I have killed! I have killed my enemies! I have eaten the tops of the hearts of my enemies! I have drunk their blood! I have struck down seven Long-knives! I have taken their scalps!"

This last vaunt he repeated several times with exultation, thinking, perhaps, it must be particularly agreeable to a daughter of the Red-coats;—nothing was ever less so! and the human being who was thus boasting stood within half a yard of me, his

grim painted face and gleaming eyes looking into mine!

A-propos to scalps, I have seen many of the warriors here, who had one or more of these suspended as decorations to their dress; and they seemed to me so much a part and parcel of the *sauvageris* around me, that I looked on them generally without emotion or pain. But there was one thing I never *could* see without a start, and a thrill of horror,—the scalp of *long fair hair*.

Walking about early next morning, I saw that preparations for departure had already commenced: all was movement, and bustle, and hurry; taking down wigwams, launching canoes, tying up bundles and babies, cooking, and "sacrificing" wretched dogs to propitiate the spirits, and procure a favourable voyage. I came upon such a sacrifice just at the opposite side of the point, and took to flight forthwith. No interest, no curiosity, can overcome the sickness and abhorrence with which I shrink from certain things; so I can tell you nothing of this grand ceremony, which you will find described circumstantially by many less fastidious or less sensitive travellers.

All the Christian Indians now on the island (about nine hundred in number) are, with the exception of Mr. MacMurray's congregation from the Sault, either Roman Catholics or Methodists.

I had some conversation with Father Crue, the

Roman Catholic missionary, a very clever and very zealous man, still in the prime of life. He has been here two years, is indefatigable in his calling, or, as Major Anderson said, "always on the go—up the lake and down—in every spot where he had the hope of being useful." I heard the Methodists and Churchmen complain greatly of his interference; but if he be a true believer in his religion, his active zeal does him honour, I think.

One thing is most visible, certain, and undeniable, that the Roman Catholic converts are, in appearance, dress, intelligence, and general civilization, superior to all the others.

A band of Ottawas, under the particular care of Father Crue, have settled on the Manitoolin, about six miles to the south. They have large plantations of corn and potatoes, and they have built log-huts, a chapel for their religious services, and a house for their priest. I asked him distinctly whether they had erected these buildings themselves: he said they had.

Here, in the encampment, the Roman Catholic Ottawas have erected a large temporary chapel of posts covered in with bark, the floor strewed over with green boughs and mats, and an altar and crucifix at the end. In front a bell is suspended between the forked branches of a pine. I have heard them sing mass here, with every demonstration of decency and piety.

The Methodists have two congregations: the Indians of the Credit, under the direction of Peter Jones, and the Indians from Coldwater and the

Narrows, under a preacher whose name I forget,—both zealous men; but the howling and weeping of these Methodist Indians, as they lie grovelling on the ground in their religious services, struck me painfully.

Mr. MacMurray is the only missionary of the Church of England, and, with all his zeal and his peculiar means of influence and success, it cannot be said that he is adequately aided and supported. "The English Church," said one of our most intelligent Indian agents, "either cannot or will not, certainly *does not*, sow; therefore cannot expect to reap." The zeal, activity, and benevolence of the travelling missionary Elliot are beyond all praise; but his ministry is devoted to the back settlers more than to the Indians. The Roman Catholic missions have been, of all, the most active and persevering; next to these the Methodists. The Presbyterian and the English Churches have been hitherto comparatively indifferent and negligent.

Information was brought to the superintendent, that a trader from Detroit, with a boat laden with whiskey and rum, was lying concealed in a little cove near the entrance of the great bay, for the purpose of waylaying the Indians, and bartering the whiskey for their new blankets, guns, and trinkets. I exclaimed with indignation!—but Mr. Jarvis did better than exclaim; he sent off the Blackbird, with a canoe full of stout men, to board the trader and

throw all the whiskey into the lake, and then desire the owner to bring any complaint or claim for restitution down to Toronto; and this was done accordingly. The Blackbird is a Christian, and extremely noted for his general good conduct, and his declared enmity to the "dealers in fire-water."

Yet a word more before I leave my Indians.

There is one subject on which all travellers in these regions—all who have treated of the manners and modes of life of the north-west tribes, are accustomed to expatiate with great eloquence and indignation, which they think it incumbent on the gallantry and chivalry of Christendom to denounce as constituting the true badge and distinction of barbarism and heathenism, opposed to civilization and Christianity:—I mean the treatment and condition of their women. The women, they say, are "drudges," "slaves," "beasts of burthen," victims, martyrs, degraded, abject, oppressed; that not only the cares of the household and maternity, but the cares and labours proper to the men, fall upon them; and they seem to consider no expression of disapprobation, and even abhorrence, too strong for the occasion; and if there be any who should feel inclined to modify such objurgations, or speak in excuse or mitigation of the fact, he might well fear that the publication of such opinions would expose him to have his eyes scratched out, (metaphorically,)

or die, in every female coterie, in every review, the death of Orpheus or Pentheus.

Luckily I have no such risk to run. Let but my woman's wit bestead me here as much as my womanhood, and I will, as the Indians say, "tell you a piece of my mind," and place the matter before you in another point of view.

Under one aspect of the question, all these gentlemen travellers are right: they are right in their estimate of the condition of the Indian squaws—they *are* drudges, slaves: and they are right in the opinion that the condition of the women in any community is a test of the advance of moral and intellectual cultivation in that community; but it is not a test of the virtue or civilization of the man; in these Indian tribes, where the men are the noblest and bravest of their kind, the women are held of no account, are despised and oppressed. But it does appear to me that the woman among these Indians holds her true natural position relatively to the state of the man and the state of society; and this cannot be said of all societies.

Take into consideration, in the first place, that in these Indian communities the task of providing subsistence falls solely and entirely on the men. When it is said, in general terms, that the men do nothing but *hunt* all day, while the women are engaged in perpetual *toil*, I suppose this suggests to civilized readers the idea of a party of gentlemen at Melton, or a turn-out of Mr. Meynell's hounds;—or, at most, a deer-stalking excursion to the Highlands—a holiday affair;—while the women, poor souls! must sit

at home and sew, and spin, and cook victuals. But what is the life of an Indian hunter?—one of incessant, almost killing toil, and often danger.* A hunter goes out at dawn, knowing that, if he returns empty, his wife and his little ones must *starve*—no uncommon predicament! He comes home at sunset, spent with fatigue, and unable even to speak. His wife takes off his moccasins, places before him what food she has, or, if latterly the chase has failed, probably no food at all, or only a little parched wild rice. She then examines his hunting-pouch, and in it finds the claws, or beak, or tongue of the game, or other indications by which she knows what it is, and where to find it. She then goes for it, and drags it home. When he is refreshed, the hunter caresses his wife and children, relates the events of his chase, smokes his pipe, and goes to sleep—to begin the same life on the following day.

Where, then, the whole duty and labour of providing the means of subsistence, ennobled by danger and courage, fall upon the man, the woman naturally sinks in importance, and is a dependent drudge. But she is not therefore, I suppose, so *very* miserable, nor, relatively, so very abject; she is sure of protec-

* I had once a description of an encounter between my illustrious grandpapa Waub-Ojeeg and an enormous elk, in which he had to contend with the infuriated animal for his very life for a space of three hours, and the snows were stained with his blood and that of his adversary for a hundred yards round. At last, while dodging the elk round and round a tree, he contrived to tear off the thong from his moccasin, and with it to fasten his knife to the end of a stick, and with this he literally hacked at the creature till it fell from loss of blood.

tion; sure of maintenance, at least while the man has it; sure of kind treatment; sure that she will never have her children taken from her but by death; sees none better off than herself, and has no conception of a superior destiny; and it is evident that in such a state the appointed and necessary share of the woman is the household work, and all other domestic labour. As to the necessity of carrying burthens, when moving the camp from place to place, and felling and carrying wood, this is the most dreadful part of her lot; and however accustomed from youth to the axe, the paddle, and the carrying-belt, it brings on internal injuries and severe suffering—and yet it *must* be done. For a man to carry burthens would absolutely incapacitate him for a hunter, and consequently from procuring sufficient meat for his family. Hence, perhaps, the contempt with which they regard it. And an Indian woman is unhappy, and her pride is hurt, if her husband should be seen with a load on his back; this was strongly expressed by one among them who said it was "unmanly;" and that "she could not bear to see it!"

Hence, however hard the lot of woman, she is in no *false* position. The two sexes are in their natural and true position relatively to the state of society, and the means of subsistence.

The first step from the hunting to the agricultural state is the first step in the emancipation of the female. I know there are some writers who lament that the introduction of agriculture has not benefitted the Indian women, rather added to their toils,

as a great proportion of the hoeing and planting has devolved on them; but among the Ottawas, where this is the case, the women are decidedly in a better state than among the hunting Chippewas; they can sell or dispose of the produce raised by themselves, if there be more than is necessary for the family, and they take some share in the bargains and business of the tribe: and add, that among all these tribes, in the division of the money payments for the ceded land, every woman receives her individual share.

Lewis and Clarke, in exploring the Missouri, came upon a tribe of Indians who, from local circumstances, kill little game, and live principally on fish and roots; and as the women are equally expert with the men in procuring subsistence, they have a rank and influence very rarely found among Indians. The females are permitted to speak freely before the men, to whom indeed they sometimes address themselves in a tone of authority. On many subjects their judgment and opinion are respected, and in matters of trade their advice is generally asked and pursued; the labours of the family too are shared equally.* This seems to be a case in point.

Then, when we speak of the *drudgery* of the women, we must note the equal division of labour; there is no class of women privileged to sit still while others work. Every squaw makes the clothing, mats, moccasins, and boils the kettle for her own family. Compare her life with the refined leisure of an elegant woman in the higher classes of our soci-

* Travels up the Missouri.

city, and it is wretched and abject; but compare her life with that of a servant-maid of all work, or a factory girl,—I do say that the condition of the squaw is gracious in comparison, dignified by domestic feelings, and by equality with all around her. If women are to be exempted from toil in reverence to the sex, and as women, I can understand this, though I think it unreasonable; but if it be merely a privilege of station, and confined to a certain set, while the great primeval penalty is doubled on the rest, then I do not see where is the great gallantry and consistency of this our Christendom, nor what right we have to look down upon the barbarism of the Indian savages who make *drudges* of their women.

I will just mention here the extreme delicacy and personal modesty of the women of these tribes, which may seem strange when we see them brought up and living in crowded wigwams, where a whole family is herded within a space of a few yards; but the lower classes of the Irish, brought up in their cabins, are remarkable for the same feminine characteristic: it is as if true modesty were from within, and could hardly be outwardly defiled.

But to return. Another boast over the Indian savages in this respect is, that we set a much higher value on the chastity of women. We are told (with horror) that among some of the north-west tribes the man offers his wife or sister, nothing loth, to his guest, as a part of the duty of hospitality; and this is, in truth, *barbarism!*—the heartless brutality on one side, and the shameless indifference on the other, may well make a woman's heart shrink within her.

But what right have civilized *men* to exclaim, and look sublime and self-complacent about the matter? If they do not exactly imitate this fashion of the Indians, their exceeding and jealous reverence for the virtue of women is really indulged at a very cheap rate to themselves. If the chastity of women be a virtue, and respectable in the eyes of the community for its own sake, well and good; if it be a mere matter of expediency, and valuable only as it affects property, guarded by men just as far as it concerns their honour—as far as regards ours, a jest—if this be the masculine creed of right and wrong—the fiat promulgated by our lords and masters, then I should be inclined to answer, as the French girl answered the Prince de Conti, "*Pour Dieu! monseigneur, votre altesse royale est par trop insolente!*" There is no woman, worthy the name, whose cheek does not burn in shame and indignation at the thought.

Such women as those poor perverted sacrificed creatures who haunt our streets, or lead as guilty lives in lavish splendour, are utterly unknown among the Indians.

With regard to female right of property, there is no such thing as real property among them, except the hunting-grounds or territory which are the possession of the tribe. The personal property, as the clothing, mats, cooking and hunting apparatus, all the interior of the wigwam, in short, seems to be under the control of the woman; and on the death of her husband the woman remains in possession of the lodge, and all it contains, except the medal, flag, or other insignia of dignity, which go to his son or male rela-

tives. The corn she raises, and the maple sugar she makes, she can always dispose of as she thinks fit—they are *hers*.

It seems to me a question whether the Europeans, who, Heaven knows, have much to answer for in their intercourse with these people, have not, in some degree, injured the cause of the Indian women:—first, by corrupting them; secondly, by checking the improvement of all their own peculiar manufactures. They prepared deer-skins with extraordinary skill; I have seen dresses of the mountain sheep and young buffalo skins, richly embroidered and almost equal in beauty and softness to a Cashmere shawl; and I could mention other things. It is reasonable to presume that as these manufactures must have been progressively improved, there might have been farther progression, had we not substituted for articles they could themselves procure or fabricate, those which we fabricate: we have taken the work out of their hands, and all motive to work, while we have created wants which they cannot supply. We have clothed them in blankets—we have not taught them to weave blankets. We have substituted guns for the bows and arrows—but they cannot make guns: for the natural progress of arts and civilization springing from within, and from their own intelligence and resources, we have substituted a sort of civilization from without, foreign to their habits, manners, organization: we are making paupers of them; and this by a kind of terrible necessity. Some very economical members of our British Parliament have remonstrated against the system of Indian presents, as too

expensive; one would almost suppose, to hear their arguments, that pounds, shillings, and pence, were the stuff of which life is made—the three primal elements of all human existence—all human morals. Surely they can know nothing of the real state of things here. If the issue of the presents from our government were now to cease, I cannot think without horror of what must ensue: trifling as they are, they are an Indian's existence; without the rifle he must die of hunger; without his blanket, perish of cold. Before he is reduced to this, we should have nightly plunder and massacre all along our frontiers and back settlements; a horrid brutalizing contest like that carried on in Florida, in which the white man would be demoralized, and the Red man exterminated.

The sole article of traffic with the Indians, their furs, is bartered for the necessaries of life; and these furs can *only* be procured by the men. Thus their only trade, so far from tending to the general civilization of the people, keeps up the wild hunting habits, and tells fearfully against the power and utility of the women, if it be not altogether fatal to any amelioration of their condition. Yet it should seem that we are ourselves just emerging from a similar state, only in another form. Until of late years there was no occupation for women by which a subsistence could be gained, except servitude in some shape or other. The change which has taken place in this respect is one of the most striking and interesting signs of the times in which we live.

I must stop here: but do you not think, from the

hints I have rather illogically and incoherently thrown together, that we may assume as a general principle, that the true importance and real dignity of woman is everywhere, in savage and civilized communities, regulated by her capacity of being useful; or, in other words, that her condition is decided by the share she takes in providing for her own subsistence and the well-being of society as a productive labourer? Where she is idle and useless by privilege of sex, a divinity and an idol, a victim or a toy, is not her position quite as lamentable, as false, as injurious to herself and all social progress, as where she is the drudge, slave, and possession of the man?

The two extremes in this way are the Indian squaw and the Turkish sultana; and I would rather be born the first than the last:—and to carry out the idea, I would rather, on the same principle, be an English woman or a French woman than an American or a German woman—supposing that the state of feeling as regards women were to remain stationary in the two last countries—which I trust it will NOT.

The ways through which my weary steps I guide,
In this delightful land of faëry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to ear or eye,
That I nigh ravish'd with rare thought's delight,
My tedious travel doe forget thereby,
And when I 'gin to feel decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and clears my dulled spright.

SPENSER.

On the 6th of August I bade adieu to my good friends Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray. I had owed too much to their kindness to part from them without regret. They returned up the lake, with their beautiful child and Indian retinue, to St. Mary's, while I prepared to embark in a canoe with the superintendent, to go down the lake to Penetanguishine, a voyage of four days at least, supposing wind and weather to continue favourable. Thence to Toronto, across Lake Simcoe, was a journey of three days more. Did I not say Providence took care of me? Always I have found efficient protection when I most needed and least expected it; and nothing could exceed the politeness of Mr. Jarvis and his people;—it *began* with politeness,—but it ended with something more and better—real and zealous kindness.

Now, to take things in order, and that you may accompany us in our canoe voyage, I must describe in the first place our arrangements. You shall con-

fess ere long that the Roman emperor who proclaimed a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure, ought to have made a voyage down Lake Huron in a birch-bark canoe.

There were two canoes, each five-and-twenty feet in length, and four feet in width, tapering to the two extremities, and light, elegant, and buoyant as the sea-mew when it skims the summer waves: in the first canoe were Mr. Jarvis and myself, the governor's son, a lively boy of fourteen or fifteen, old Solomon the interpreter, and seven voyageurs. My blankets and night-gear being rolled up in a bundle, served for a seat, and I had a pillow at my back; and thus I reclined in the bottom of the canoe, as in a litter, very much at my ease: my companions were almost equally comfortable. I had near me my cloak, umbrella, and parasol, my note-books and sketch-books, and a little compact basket always by my side, containing eau de Cologne, and all those necessary luxuries which might be wanted in a moment, for I was well resolved that I would occasion no trouble but what was inevitable. The voyageurs were disposed on low wooden seats, suspended to the ribs of the canoe, except our Indian steersman, Martin, who, in a cotton shirt, arms bared to the shoulder, loose trowsers, a scarlet sash round his waist, richly embroidered with beads, and his long black hair waving, took his place in the stern, with a paddle twice as long as the others.*

* The common paddle (called by the Canadians *aviron*, and by the Indians *admee*) is about two feet and a half long.

The manner in which he stood, turning and twisting himself with the lithe agility of a snake, and striking first on one side, then on the other, was very graceful and picturesque. So much depends on the skill, and dexterity, and intelligence of these steersmen, that they have always double pay. The other men were all picked men, Canadian half-breeds, young, well-looking, full of glee and good-nature, with untiring arms and more untiring lungs and spirits. A handkerchief twisted round the head, a shirt and pair of trowsers, with a gay sash, formed the prevalent costume. We had on board a canteen, and other light baggage, two or three guns, and fishing tackle.

The other canoe carried part of Mr. Jarvis's retinue, the heavy baggage, provisions, marquees, guns, &c., and was equipped with eight paddles. The party consisted altogether of twenty-two persons, viz: twenty-one men, and myself, the only woman.

We started off in swift and gallant style, looking grand and official, with the British flag floating at our stern. Major Anderson and his people, and the schooner's crew, gave us three cheers. The Indians uttered their wild cries, and discharged their rifles all along the shore. As we left the bay, I counted seventy-two canoes before us, already on their homeward voyage—some to the upper waters of the lake —some to the northern shores; as we passed them, they saluted us by discharging their rifles: the day was without a cloud, and it was altogether a most animated and beautiful scene.

I forgot to tell you that the Indians are very fond

of having pet animals in their wigwams,—not only dogs, but tame foxes and hawks. Mr. Jarvis purchased a pair of young hawks, male and female, from an Indian, intending them for his children. Just as we left the island, one of these birds escaped from the basket, and flew directly to the shore of the bay, where it was lost in the thick forest. We proceeded, and after leaving the bay about twelve miles onwards, we landed on a little rocky island: some one heard the cry of a hawk over our heads; it was the poor bird we had lost; he had kept his companion in sight all the way, following us unseen along the shore, and now suffered himself to be taken and caged with the other.

We bought some black-bass from an Indian who was spearing fish: and, *a-propos!* I never yet have mentioned what is one of the greatest pleasures in the navigation of these magnificent upper lakes—the purity, the coldness, the transparency of the water. I have been told that if in the deeper parts of the lake a white handkerchief be sunk with the lead, it is distinctly visible at a depth of thirty fathoms—we did not try the experiment, not being in deep water; but here, among shoals and islands, I could almost always see the rocky bottom, with glittering pebbles, and the fish gliding beneath us with their waving fins and staring eyes—and if I took a glass of water, it came up sparkling as from the well at Harrowgate, and the flavour was delicious. You can hardly imagine how much this added to the charm and animation of the voyage.

About sunset, we came to the hut of a fur trader,

whose name, I think, was Lemorondière: it was on the shore of a beautiful channel running between the main land and a large island. On a neighbouring point, Wai,sow,win,de,bay (the Yellow-head) and his people were building their wigwams for the night. The appearance was most picturesque, particularly when the camp fires were lighted and the night came on. I cannot forget the figure of a squaw, as she stood, dark and tall, against the red flames, bending over a great black kettle, her blanket trailing behind her, her hair streaming on the night breeze;—most like to one of the witches in Macbeth.

We supped here on excellent trout and white-fish, but the sand-flies and mosquitoes were horridly tormenting; the former, which are so diminutive as to be scarcely visible, were by far the worst. We were off next morning by daylight, the Yellow-head's people discharging their rifles by way of salute.

The voyageurs measure the distance by *pipes*. At the end of a certain time there is a pause, and they light their pipes and smoke for about five minutes, then the paddles go off merrily again, at the rate of about fifty strokes in a minute, and we absolutely seem to fly over the water. "*Trois* pipes," are about twelve miles. We breakfasted this morning on a little island of exceeding beauty, rising precipitately from the water. In front we had the open lake, lying blue, and bright, and serene, under the morning sky, and the eastern extremity of the Manitoolin Island; and islands all around as far as we could see. The feeling of remoteness, of the profound solitude, added to the sentiment of beauty: it

was Nature in her first freshness and innocence, as she came from the hand of her Maker, and before she had been sighed upon by humanity—defiled at once, and sanctified by the contact. Our little island abounded with beautiful shrubs, flowers, green mosses, and scarlet lichens. I found a tiny recess, where I made my bath and toilette very comfortably. On returning, I found breakfast laid on a piece of rock; my seat, with my pillow and cloak all nicely arranged, and a bouquet of flowers lying on it. This was a never-failing *gallanterie*, sometimes from one, sometimes from another, of my numerous *cavaliers*.

This day we had a most delightful run among hundreds of islands; sometimes darting through narrow rocky channels, so narrow that I could not see the water on either side of the canoe; and then emerging, we glided through vast fields of white water-lilies; it was perpetual variety, perpetual beauty, perpetual delight and enchantment, from hour to hour. The men sang their gay French songs, the other canoe joining in the chorus.

This peculiar singing has often been described; it is very animated on the water and in the open air, but not very harmonious. They all sing in unison, raising their voices and marking the time with their paddles. One always led, but in these there was a diversity of taste and skill. If I wished to hear "*En roulant ma boule, roulette*," I applied to Le Duc. Jacques excelled in "*La belle rose blanche*," and Louis was great in "*Trois canards s'en vont baignant*."

They often amused me by a specimen of dexterity, something like that of an accomplished whip in Lon-

don. They would paddle up towards the shore with such extreme velocity, that I expected to be dashed on the rock, and then in a moment, by a simultaneous back-stroke of the paddle, stop with a jerk, which made me breathless.

My only discomposure arose from the destructive propensities of the gentlemen, all keen and eager sportsmen; the utmost I could gain from their mercy was, that the fish should gasp to death out of my sight, and the pigeons and the wild ducks be put out of pain instantly. I will, however, acknowledge, that when the bass-fish and pigeons were produced, broiled and fried, they looked so *appétissants*, smelt so savoury, and I was *so* hungry, that I soon forgot all my sentimental pity for the victims.

We found to-day, on a rock, the remains of an Indian lodge, over which we threw a sail-cloth, and dined luxuriously on our fish and pigeons, and a glass of good madeira. After dinner, the men dashed off with great animation, singing my favourite ditty,

Si mon moine voulait danser,
Un beau cheval lui donnerai!

—through groups of lovely islands, sometimes scattered wide, and sometimes clustered so close, that I often mistook twenty or thirty together for one large island; but on approaching nearer, they opened before us, and appeared intersected by winding labyrinthine channels, where, amid flags and water-lilies, beneath the shade of rich embowering foliage, we glided on our way; and then we came upon a wide open space, where we could feel the heave of the wa-

ters under us, and across which the men—still singing with untiring vivacity—paddled with all their might to reach the opposite islands before sunset. The moment it becomes too dark for our steersman to see *through* the surface of the water, it becomes in the highest degree dangerous to proceed ; such is the frail texture of these canoes, that a pin's point might scratch a hole in the bottom ; a sunk rock, or a *snag* or projecting bough—and often we glided within an inch of them—had certainly swamped us.

We passed this day two Indian sepulchres, on a point of rock, overshadowed by birch and pine, with the sparkling waters murmuring round them ; I landed to examine them. The Indians cannot here *bury* their dead, for there is not a sufficiency of earth to cover them from sight, but they lay the body, wrapped up carefully in bark, on the flat rock, and then cover it over with rocks and stones. This was the tomb of a woman and her child, and fragments of the ornaments and other things buried with them were still perceptible.

We landed at sunset on a flat ledge of rock, free from bushes, which we avoided as much as possible, from fear of mosquitoes and rattle-snakes ; and while the men pitched the marquees and cooked supper, I walked and mused.

I wish I could give you the least idea of the beauty of this evening ; but while I try to put in words what was before me, the sense of its ineffable loveliness overpowers me *now*, even as it did then. The sun had set in that cloudless splendour, and that peculiar blending of rose and amber light that belongs

only to these climes and Italy; the lake lay welter-ing under the western sky like a bath of molten gold; the rocky islands which studded its surface were of a dense purple, except where their edges seemed fringed with fire. They assumed, to the visionary eye, strange forms; some were like great horned beetles, and some like turtles, and some like crocodiles, and some like sleeping whales, and winged fishes: the foliage upon them resembled dor-sal fins, and sometimes tufts of feathers. Then, as the purple shadows came darkening from the east, the young crescent moon showed herself, flinging a paly splendour over the water. I remember stand-ing on the shore, "my spirits as in a dream were all bound up"—overcome by such an intense feeling of *the beautiful*—such a deep adoration for the power that had created it,—I must have suffocated if——

But why tell *you* this?

They pitched my tent at a *respectful* distance from the rest, and Mr. Jarvis made me a delicious elastic bed of some boughs, over which was spread a bear-skin, and over that blankets: but the night was hot and feverish. The voyageurs, after rowing since daylight, were dancing and singing on the shore till near midnight.

Next morning we were off again at early dawn, paddled "*trois* pipes" before breakfast, over an open space which they call a "traverse," caught eleven bass fish, and shot two pigeons. The island on which we breakfasted was in great part white marble; and in the clefts and hollows grew quanti-ties of gooseberries and raspberries, wild-roses, the

crimson columbine, a large species of harebell, a sort of willow, juniper, birch, and stunted pine, and such was the usual vegetation.

It is beautiful to see in these islands the whole process of preparatory vegetation unfolded and exemplified before one's eyes—each successive growth preparing a soil for that which is to follow.

There was first the naked rock washed by the spray, where the white gulls were sitting: then you saw the rock covered with some moss or lichens; then, in the clefts and seams, some long grass, a few wild flowers and strawberries; then a few juniper and rose bushes; then the dwarf pine, hardly rising two or three feet; and lastly, trees and shrubs of large growth: and the nearer to the main land, the richer of course the vegetation, for the seeds are wafted thence by the winds, or carried by the birds, and so dispersed from island to island.

We landed to-day on the "Island of Skulls," an ancient sepulchre of the Hurons: some skulls and bones were scattered about, with the rough stones which had once been heaped over them. The spot was most wild and desolate, rising from the water edge in successive ledges of rock to a considerable height, with a few blasted gray pines here and there, round which several pair of hawks were wheeling and uttering their shrill cry. We all declared we would not dine on this ominous island, and proceeded. We doubled a remarkable cape mentioned by Henry as the *Pointe aux Grondines*. There is always a heavy swell here, and a perpetual sound of breakers on the rocks, whence its name. Only a few years

ago, a trader in his canoe, with sixteen people, were wrecked and lost on this spot.

We also passed within some miles of the mouth of the *Rivière des Français*, the most important of all the rivers which flow into Lake Huron. It forms the line of communication for the north-west traders from Montreal; the common route is up the Ottawa River, across Lake Nippissing, and down the River Français into Lake Huron, and by the Sault Ste. Marie into Lake Superior. Pray have a map before you during this voyage.*

Leaving behind this cape and river, we came again upon lovely groups of Elysian islands, channels winding among rocks and foliage, and more fields of water-lilies. In passing through a beautiful channel, I had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which an Indian communicates with his friends when *en route*. A branch was so arranged as to project far across the water and catch the eye: in a cleft at the extremity a piece of birch-bark was stuck with some hieroglyphic marks scratched with red ochre, of which we could make nothing—one figure, I thought, represented a fish.

To-day we caught several bass, shot four pigeons, also a large water-snake—which last I thought a gratuitous piece of cruelty. We dined upon a large and picturesque island—large in comparison with those we usually selected, being perhaps two or

* This part of Lake Huron, and indeed all its upper shores, are very incorrectly laid down in Wyld's map of Upper Canada. Bouchette's large map, and also a beautiful small one published by Blackwood in 1833, are much more accurate.

three miles round; it was very woody and wild, intersected by deep ravines, and rising in bold, abrupt precipices. We dined luxuriously under a group of trees: the heat was overpowering, and the mosquitoes very troublesome.

After dinner we pursued our course through an archipelago of islets, rising out of the blue waves, and fringed with white water-lilies;—little fairy Edens, of such endless variety in form and colour, and of such wondrous and fantastic beauty, I know not how to describe them.

We landed on one, where there was a rock so exactly resembling the head and part of a turtle, that I could have taken it fer a sculpture. The Indians look upon it as sacred, and it is customary for all who pass to leave an offering in money, tobacco, corn, &c., to the spirit. I duly left mine, but I could see by the laughing eyes of Jacques and Louis, that "the spirit" was not likely to be the better for my devotion.

Mr. Jarvis asked me to sing a French song for the voyageurs, and Louis looked back with his bright arch face, as much as to say, "Pray do," when a shout was heard from the other canoe, "A mink! A mink!"* and all the paddles were now in animated motion. We dashed up among the reeds, we chased the creature up and down, and at last to a hole under a rock; the voyageurs beat the reeds with their paddles, the gentlemen seized their guns; there were twenty-one men half frantic in pursuit of a wretch-

* A species of otter.

ed little creature, whose death could serve no purpose. It dived, but rose a few yards farther, and was seen making for the land; a shot was fired, it sprang from the water; another, and it floated dead;—thus we repaid the beauty, and enjoyment, and lavish loveliness spread around us, with pain and with destruction.

I recollect that as we passed a lovely bit of an island, all bordered with flags and white lilies, we saw a beautiful wild duck emerge from a green covert, and lead into the lake a numerous brood of ducklings. It was a sight to touch the heart with a tender pleasure, and I pleaded hard, very hard, for mercy; but what thorough sportsman ever listened to such a word? The deadly guns were already levelled, and even while I spoke, the poor mother-bird was shot, and the little ones, which could not fly, went fluttering and scudding away into the open lake, to perish miserably.

But what was really very touching was to see the poor gulls; sometimes we would startle a whole bevy of them as they were floating gracefully on the waves, and they would rise soaring away beyond our reach; but the voyageurs, suspending their paddles, imitated exactly their own soft low whistle; and then the wretched, foolish birds, just as if they had been so many women, actually wheeled round in the air, and came flying back to meet the "fiery death."

The voyageurs eat these gulls, in spite of their fishy taste, with great satisfaction.

I wonder how it is that some of those gentry whom

I used to see in London, looking as though they would give an empire for a new pleasure or a new sensation, do not come here? If epicures, they should come to eat white-fish and beavers' tails; if sportsmen, here is a very paradise for bear-hunting, deer-hunting, otter-hunting; and wild-fowl in thousands, and fish in shoals; and if they be contemplative lovers of the picturesque, *blasés* with Italy and elbowed out of Switzerland, let them come here and find the true philosopher's stone—or rather the true elixir of life—*novelty!*

At sunset we encamped on a rocky island of most fantastic form, like a Z. They pitched my tent on a height, and close to the door was a precipitous descent into a hollow, where they lighted vast fires, and thus kept off the mosquitoes, which were in great force. I slept well, but towards morning some creature crept into my tent and over my bed—a snake, as I supposed; after this I slept no more.

We started at half-past four. Hitherto the weather had been glorious; but this morning the sun rose among red and black clouds, fearfully ominous. As we were turning a point under some lofty rocks, we heard the crack of a rifle, and saw an Indian leaping along the rocks, and down towards the shore. We rowed in, not knowing what it meant, and came upon a night-camp of Indians, part of the tribe of Aisence, (the Clam.) They had only hailed us to make some trifling inquiries; and I heard Louis, *sotto voce*, send them *au diable!*—for now the weather lowered darker and darker, and every moment was precious.

We breakfasted on an island almost covered with flowers, some gorgeous, and strange, and unknown, and others sweet and familiar; plenty of the wild-pea, for instance, and wild-roses, of which I had many offerings. I made my toilette in a recess among some rocks; but just as I was emerging from my primitive dressing-room, I felt a few drops of rain, and saw too clearly that our good fortune was at an end. We swallowed a hasty breakfast, and had just time to arrange ourselves in the canoe with all the available defences of cloaks and umbrellas, when the rain came down heavily and hopelessly. But notwithstanding the rain and the dark gray sky, the scenery was even more beautiful than ever. The islands were larger, and assumed a richer appearance; the trees were of more luxuriant growth, no longer the dwarfed pine, but lofty oak and maple. These are called the Bear Islands, from the number of those animals found upon them; old Solomon told me that an Indian whom he knew had shot nine bears in the course of a single day. We found three bears' heads stuck upon the boughs of a dead pine—probably as offerings to the souls of the slaughtered animals, or to the "Great Spirit," both being usual.

We dined on a wet rock, almost covered with that species of lichen which the Indians call wa,ac, and the Canadians *tripe de roche*, because, when boiled till soft, and then fried in grease, it makes a dish not unpalatable—when one has nothing else.* The Clam

* It is often mentioned in the Travels of Back and Franklin.

and some of his people landed and dined at the same time. After dinner the rain came on worse and worse. Old Solomon asked me once or twice how I felt; and I thought his anxiety for my health was caused by the rain; but no:—he told me that on the island where we had dined he had observed a great quantity of a certain plant, which, if only touched, causes a dreadful eruption and ulcer all over the body. I asked why he had not shown it to me, and warned me against it? and he assured me that such warning would only have increased the danger, for when there is any knowledge or apprehension of it existing in the mind, the very air blowing from it sometimes infects the frame. Here I appealed to Mr. Jarvis, who replied, "All I know is, that I once unconsciously touched a leaf of it, and became one ulcer from head to foot; I could not stir for a fortnight."*

This was a dreadful night, for the rain came on more violently, accompanied by a storm of wind. It was necessary to land and make our fires for the night. The good-natured men were full of anxiety and compassion for me, poor, lonely, shivering woman that I was in the midst of them! The first thought with every one was to place me under shelter, and my tent was pitched instantly with much zeal, and such activity, that the sense of inconvenience

* I do not know the botanical name of this plant, which resembles a dwarf sumach: it was subsequently pointed out to me in the woods by a Methodist preacher, who told me that his daughter, merely by standing to windward of the plant while looking at it, suffered dreadfully. It is said that formerly the Indians used it to poison their arrows.

and suffering was forgotten in the thankful sense of kindness, and all things became endurable.

The tent was pitched on a height, so that the water ran off on all sides; I contrived for myself a dry bed, and Mr. Jarvis brought me some hot madeira. I rolled myself up in my German blanket, and fell into a deep, sound sleep. The voyageurs, who apparently need nothing but their own good spirits to feed and clothe them, lighted a great fire, turned the canoes upside down, and, sheltered under them, were heard singing and laughing during great part of this tempestuous night.

Next morning we were off by five o'clock. My beautiful lake looked horribly sulky, and all the little islands were lost in a cold gray vapour: we were now in the Georgian Bay. Through the misty atmosphere loomed a distant shore of considerable height. Dupré told me that what I saw was the Isle des Chrétiens, and that formerly there was a large settlement of the Jesuits there, and that still there were to be seen the remains of "*une grande cathédrale*." About nine o'clock we entered the bay of Penetanguishine, so called from a high sand-bank at the entrance, which is continually crumbling away. The expressive Indian name signifies "Look! it is falling sand!"

We spent the greater part of two days at Penetanguishine, which is truly a most lovely spot. The bay runs up into the land like some of the Scottish lochs, and the shores are bolder and higher than usual,

and as yet all clothed with the primeval forest. During the war there were dockyards and a military and naval depot here, maintained at an immense expense to government; and it is likely, from its position, to rise into a station of great importance; at present, the only remains of all the warlike demonstrations of former times are a sloop sunk and rotting in the bay, and a large stone building at the entrance, called the "Fort," but merely serving as barracks for a few soldiers from the garrison at Toronto. There are several pretty houses on the beautiful declivity, rising on the north side of the bay, and the families settled here have contrived to assemble round them many of the comforts and elegancies of life. I have reason to remember with pleasure a Russian lady, the wife of an English officer, who made my short sojourn here very agreeable.

There was an inn here, not the worst of Canadian inns; and the *wee* closet called a bed-room, and the little bed with its white cotton curtains, appeared to me the *ne plus ultra* of luxury. I recollect walking in and out of the room ten times a day for the mere pleasure of contemplating it, and anticipated with impatience the moment when I should throw myself down into it, and sleep once more on a Christian bed. But nine nights passed in the open air, or on rocks, and on boards, had spoiled me for the comforts of civilization, and to sleep *on a bed* was impossible: I was smothered, I was suffocated, and altogether wretched and fevered;—I sighed for my rock on Lake Huron.

At Penetanguishine there is a hamlet, consisting

of twenty or thirty log-houses, where a small remnant of the poor commuted pensioners (in all a hundred and twenty-six persons) now reside, receiving daily rations of food, and some little clothing, just sufficient to sustain life.

From some particular circumstances the case of these commuted pensioners was frequently brought under my observation while I was in Canada, and excited my strongest interest and compassion. I shall give you a brief sketch of this tragedy, for such it truly is; not by way of exciting sympathy, which can now avail nothing, but because it is in many points of view fraught with instruction.

The commuted pensioners were veteran soldiers, entitled to a small yearly pension for wounds or length of service, and who accepted the offer made to them by our government in 1832, to commute their pensions for four years' purchase, and a grant of one hundred acres of land in Canada.

The *intention* of the government seems to have been to send out able-bodied men, who would thus cease, after a few years, to be a burthen on the country. A part of the money due to them was to be deducted for their voyage and expenses out; of the remaining sum a part was to be paid in London, part at Quebec, and the rest when settled on the land awarded to them. These *intentions* sound well; unluckily they were not properly acted upon. Some received the whole of the money due to them in England, and drank themselves to death, or squandered it, and then refused to leave the country. Some drank themselves to death, or died of the cholera, at Quebec; and of

those who came out, one half were described to me* as presenting a list of all the miseries and diseases incident to humanity—some with one arm, some with one leg, bent with old age or rheumatism, lame, halt, and even, will it be believed, blind !† And such were the men to be set down in the midst of the swamp and forest, there to live as they could. When some few, who had been more provident, presented themselves to the commissary at Toronto for payment of the rest of the money due to them, it was found that the proper papers had not been forwarded; they were written for to the Chelsea Board, which had to apply to the War-office, which had to apply to the Treasury: the papers, after being bandied about from office to office, from clerk to secretary, from secretary to clerk, were sent, at length, after a lapse of eight or ten months, during which time the poor men, worn out with suspense, had taken to begging, or to drinking, in utter despondency; and when the order for their money *did* at last arrive, they had become useless, abandoned creatures.

Those who were located were sent far up into the bush (there being no disposable government lands nearer,) where there were no roads, no markets for their produce if they *did* raise it; and in this new position, if their hearts did not sink, and their limbs fail at once, their ignorance of farming, their improvidence and helplessness, arising from the want

* I have these particulars from the chief of the commissariat in Upper Canada, and the emigrant agent.

† One of these men, stone-blind, was begging in the streets of Toronto.

of self-dependence, and the mechanical docility of military service, were moral obstacles stronger than any physical ones. The forest-trees they had to contend with were not more deeply rooted than the adverse habits and prejudices and infirmities they had brought with them.

According to the commissary, the number of those who commuted their pensions was about twelve hundred. Of these it is calculated that eight hundred reached Upper Canada: of these eight hundred, not more than four hundred and fifty are now living; and of these, some are begging through the townships, living on public charity: some are at Penetanguishine: and the greater part of those located on their land have received from time to time rations of food, in order to avert "impending starvation." To bring them up from Quebec during the dreadful cholera season in 1832, was a heavy expense to the colony, and now they are likely to become a permanent burthen upon the colonial funds, there being no military funds to which they can be charged.

I make no reflection on the commuting the pensions of these poor men at four instead of seven years' purchase: many of the men I saw did not know what was meant by *commuting their pension:* they thought they merely gave up their pension for four years, and were then to receive it again; they knew nothing of Canada—had never heard of it—had a vague idea that a very fine offer was made, which it would be foolish to refuse. They were like children—which, indeed, disbanded soldiers and sailors usually are.

All that benevolence and prudence *could* suggest, was done for them by Sir John Colborne: he aided them largely from his own purse—himself a soldier and a brave one, as well as a good man—the wrongs and miseries of these poor soldiers wrung his very heart. The strongest remonstrances and solicitations to the heads of the government at home were sent over in their behalf; but there came a change of ministry; the thing once done, could not be undone—redress was nobody's business—the mother country had got rid of a burthen, and it had fallen on Canada; and so the matter ended: that is, as far as it concerned the Treasury and the War-office; but the tragedy has not yet ended *here*. Sir Francis Head, who never can allude to the subject without emotion and indignation, told me, that when he was at Penetanguishine last year, the poor veterans attempted to get up a feeble cheer in his honour, but, in doing so, the half of them fell down. "It was too much for me—too much," added he, with the tears actually in his eyes. As for Sir John Colborne, the least allusion to the subject seemed to give him a twinge of pain.

From this sum of mischief and misery you may subtract a few instances where the men have done better; one of these I had occasion to mention.* I have heard of two others, and there may be more, but the general case is as I have stated it.

These were the men who fought our battles in Egypt, Spain, and France! and here is a new page

* Vol. i., p. 327.

for Alfred de Vigny's "Servitude et Grandeur Militaire!" But do you not think it includes another lesson? That this amount of suffering, and injury, and injustice, can be inflicted from the errors, ignorance, and remoteness of the home government, and that the responsibility apparently rests nowhere—and that nowhere lies redress—seems to me a very strange, a very lamentable state of things, and what *ought* not to be.*

Our voyageurs had spent the day in various excesses, and next morning were still half tipsy, lazy,

* I give the following individual case, noted at the time in my diary:

"*Sept.* 7, 1837.—Called on me Anthony M'Donell, invalided from the 47th, first battalion, to the 12th veteran battalion—located in the twelfth concession of the township of Emily; aged 69; twenty-one years in active service; commuted his pension of 14*l.* a year for four years; never knew what commuting meant; received 26*l.* in Ireland, and 13*l.* odd shillings at Quebec; deducting the expense of his voyage, 13*l.* remains due to him from government; does not know where to apply for it—has applied to the commissariat here in vain; *has no friend;* has a daughter aged nineteen, an idiot, and subject to epileptic fits. He brought his daughter with him; the unhappy girl is tall and handsome; the father dare not leave her for a moment; there is no lunatic asylum in Canada to receive her, only the jail, "*and I'll die,*" said the father vehemently, "*before she shall go there.*" He cannot *sell* his land, for present subsistence, because he cannot take out his deed—cannot take out his deed, because he cannot do the duty-work on his land required by law—cannot work, because he cannot leave his poor daughter: he had come to Toronto to beg a few articles of clothing

and out of spirits, except Le Duc; he was the only one I could persuade to sing, as we crossed Glouces-

for her. The poor man cried very much, while the childish insensibility and good looks of the daughter were yet more deplorable.

Here is another case of a different kind:—

Dr. Winder, a gentleman who has distinguished himself by writing cleverly in the newspapers here, on what is considered the right side of politics (*i. e.* the support of the British supremacy in the colony,) came out with an order from Lord Bathurst for 500 acres of land, having served in the army twenty years. He was told, on arriving, that his papers were irregular, and that he must have an order from the Commander-in-chief. What is to be done? "Petition the Colonial-office." Will you forward my petition? "You must petition *direct*." The petition was sent—returned in some months as irregular, because not sent through the governor: the ministry changed—there was delay on delay, and at this time (1837) Dr. Winder has not received his grant of land.

Colonel Fitz Gibbon, a very *preux chevalier* of bravery and loyalty, who saved Toronto, on the fourth of December, by placing the pickets before M'Nab came up, is likely to be involved in a similar predicament. The House of Assembly, on meeting, voted him unanimously five thousand acres of the waste government lands, as an acknowledgment of his services. The grant waits for royal confirmation: it is to be hoped it will not wait long.

There is no sense of injustice that would shake the loyalty and principles of such a man as Colonel Fitz Gibbon: like the old Roman, "it were easier to turn the sun from its course, than him from the path of honour;" but all are not like *him;* and the ranks of the disaffected are perpetually recruited in Canada from the ranks of the injured. The commissary told me expressly, that some of these commuted pensioners, who were respectable men, had joined what he called the "Radical set," from a sense of ill treatment.

ter Bay from Penetanguishine to Coldwater. This bay abounds in sturgeon, which are caught and cured in large quantities by the neighbouring settlers; some weigh ninety and one hundred pounds.

At Matchadash (which signifies "bad and swampy place") we had nearly lost our way among the reeds.

There is a portage here of sixteen miles across the forest to the Narrows, at the head of Lake Simcoe. The canoe and baggage were laid on a cart, and drawn by oxen; the gentlemen walked, as I must also have done, if a Methodist preacher of the neighbourhood had not kindly brought his little wagon and driven me over the portage. We stopped about half-way at his log-hut in the wilderness, where I found his wife, a pretty, refined looking woman, and five or six lovely children, of all ages and sizes. They entertained me with their best, and particularly with delicious preserves, made of the wood-strawberries and raspberries, boiled with the maple sugar.

The country here (after leaving the low swamps) is very rich, and the settlers fast increasing. During the last winter the bears had the audacity to carry off some heifers, to the great consternation of the new settlers, and the wolves did much mischief. I inquired about the Indian settlements at Coldwater and the Narrows; but the accounts were not encouraging. I had been told, as a proof of the advancement of the Indians, that they had here saw-mills and grist-mills. I now learned that they had a saw-mill and a grist-mill built for them, which they never used themselves, but *let out* to the white settlers at a certain rate.

The road through the forest was bordered in many places by raspberry bushes, bearing fruit as fine, and large, and abundant, as any I have seen in our gardens.

In spite of the mosquitoes, my drive was very pleasant; for my companion was good-natured, intelligent, and communicative, and gave me a most interesting, but rather sad, account of his missionary adventures. The road was, *as usual*, most detestable. We passed a lovely little lake called Bass Lake, from the numbers of these fish found in it; and arrived late at the inn at the Narrows. Though much fatigued, I was kept awake nearly the whole night by the sounds of drunken revelry in the room below. Many of the settlers in the neighbourhood are discharged soldiers and half-pay officers, who have received grants of land; and, removed from all social intercourse and all influence of opinion, many have become reckless and habitual drunkards. The only salvation of a man here is to have a wife and children; the poor wife must make up her mind to lead a hard life; but the children are almost *sure* to do well—that is, if they have intelligent parents: it is the very land for the young, and the enterprising. I used to hear parents regret that they could not give what is called a *good* education to their children: but where there are affection and common sense, and a boundless nature round them, and the means of health and subsistence, which (with common industry) all can command here, it seems that education—*i. e.* the developement of all the faculties in a direction suited to the country in which they

are to exist—comes of course. I saw an example of this in the excellent family of the Magraths of Erindale; but those persons are unfortunate and miserable, and truly pitiable, who come here with habits previously formed, and unable to adapt themselves to an entirely new existence—of such I saw too many. My landlady gave me no agreeable picture of the prevalent habits of the settlers round this place; the riot of which I complained was of nightly occurrence.

Next day we went on a fishing and shooting excursion to Lake Cuchuching, and to see the beautiful rapids of the river Severn, the outlet from these lakes into Lake Huron. If I had not exhausted all my superlatives of delight, I could be eloquent on the charms of this exquisite little lake, and the wild beauty of the rapids. Of our *sport*, I only recollect the massacre of a dozen snakes which were holding a kind of *conversazione* in the hollow of a rocky islet where we landed to dine. The islands in Lake Cuchuching belong to the Indian chief, the Yellow-head; and I understand that he and others of his tribe have petitioned for *legal titles* to their reserved lands. They represent to their Father the governor that their prosperity is retarded from the circumstance of their not having titles to their lands, like their white brethren. They say, "Many of our young men, and some of our chiefs, fear that the time will arrive when our white brethren will possess themselves of our farms: whereas, if our Father the governor would be pleased to grant us titles, we should work with more confidence,"—and they *humbly* en-

treat, (these original lords of the soil!) as a particular boon, that their "little bits of land" may be secured to their children and posterity for ever.

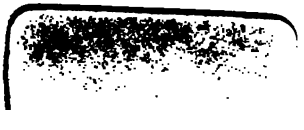
Next morning we embarked on board the Peter Robinson steamer, and proceeded down Lake Simcoe. This most beautiful piece of water is above forty miles in length, and about twenty in breadth, and is in winter so firmly frozen over, that it is crossed in sledges in every direction. The shores are flat and fertile; and we passed a number of clearings, some very extensive. On a point projecting into the lake, and surrounded by cleared land, a village has been laid out, and some houses built. I went into one of them to rest while they were taking in wood, and found there the works of Shakspeare and Walter Scott, and a good guitar; but the family were absent.

We reached the Holland Landing, at the southern extremity of the lake, about three o'clock, and the rest of our way lay through the Home District, and through some of the finest land and most prosperous estates in Upper Canada. It was a perpetual succession, not of clearings such as I had seen of late, but of well-cultivated farms. The vicinity of the capital, and an excellent road leading to it, (called Yonge Street,) have raised the value of landed property here, and some of the farmers are reputed rich men. Every thing told of prosperity and security: yet all this part of the country was, within a few weeks after, the scene of ill-advised rebellion, of tumult, and *murder!*

Mr. Jarvis gave me an account of an Irish emi-

grant, a labouring man, who had entered his service some years ago as teamster (or carter :) he was then houseless and penniless. Seven years afterwards the same man was the proprietor of a farm of two hundred acres of cleared and cropped land, on which he could proudly set his foot, and say, "It is mine, and my children's after me!"

At three o'clock in the morning, just as the moon was setting in Lake Ontario, I arrived at the door of my own house in Toronto, having been absent on this wild expedition just two months.

THE END.

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